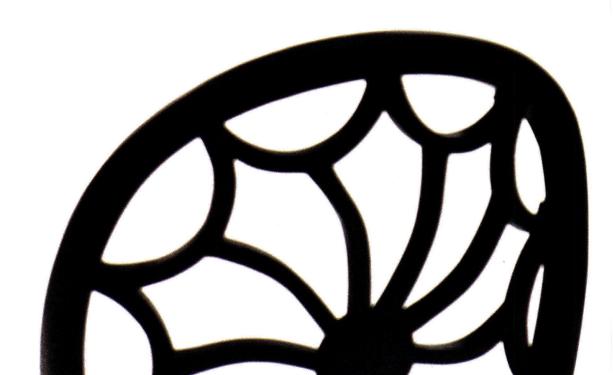


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HOUSE & GARDEN SEPTEMBER 1989

Volume 161, Number 9

cover A lush green garden leads to a pool at La Vagnola, a home away from Rome for Giancarlo Giammetti. Page 146. Photograph by Oberto Gili.





A slate and urn

table surrounded by

Tuscan Pastoral Renzo Mongiardino transforms a country retreat for fashion executive Giancarlo Giammetti. By Charles Maclean **146**

The Big Picture Grand scale meets fine detail in the house of Los Angeles art collectors. By Pilar Viladas **160**

Double Exposure Photographers Helmut and June Newton focus on their work in Monte Carlo. By Alexander Cockburn **168**

The Vicar's Walk An English garden preserves the timeless patterns of life in a country parish. By Caroline Seebohm **174**

Creole Comforts New Orleans has become home for designer Mario Villa. By Nancy Lemann **180**

Pared Down Penthouse If adman Peter Rogers's apartment doesn't look good, he doesn't look good. By Amy Virshup 186

The Sultans of Sag Harbor Painter Donald Sultan and his family compose a vivid still life on Long Island. By Dodie Kazanjian 192

Artists' Assemblage In the California wine country, two painters work in a house by Richard Fernau and Laura Hartman which captures the lively spirit of a campsite in the woods. By Martin Filler 198

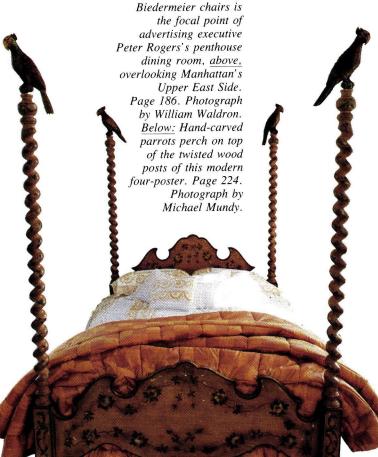
Back Bay Reflections A Boston town house mirrors the multifaceted style of decorator William Hodgins. By Glenn Harrell **206**

A Somers Place Suzanne Somers and Alan Hamel find a little piece of Provence in Palm Springs. By Pilar Viladas 210

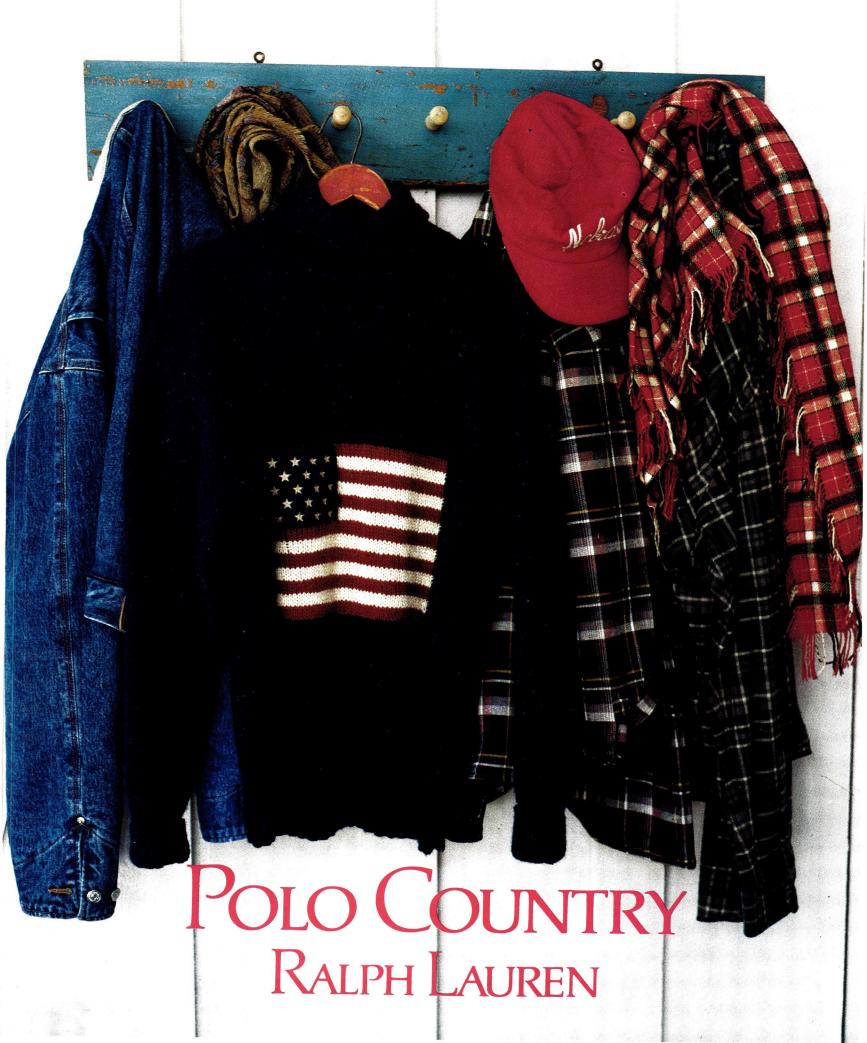
Country Neoclassic In a Connecticut gardener's cottage, a designer puts down roots. By William Bryant Logan **216**

Bedtime Story Six inviting designs to dream on. By Dana Cowin **224**

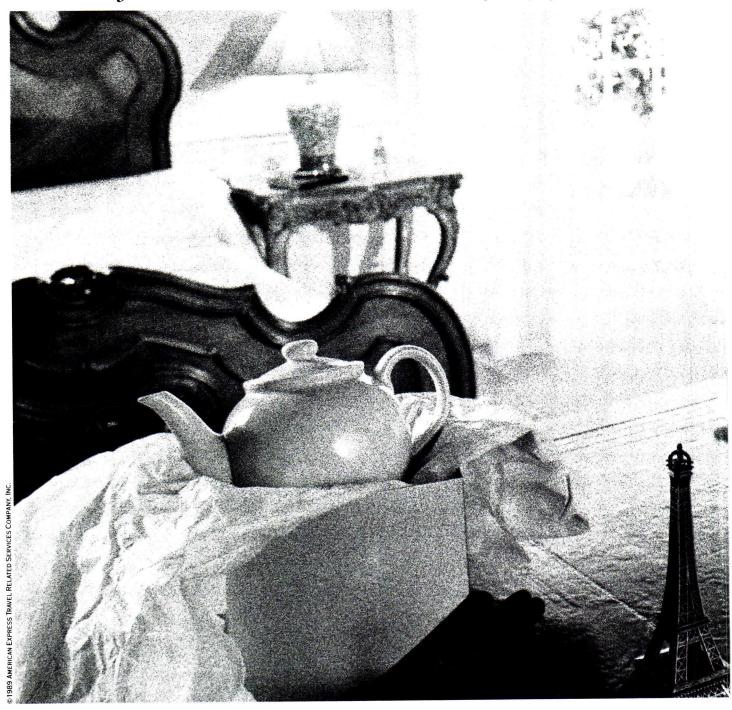
Actress Suzanne Somers, below, and husband Alan Hamel relax in terry cloth robes outside their Palm Springs







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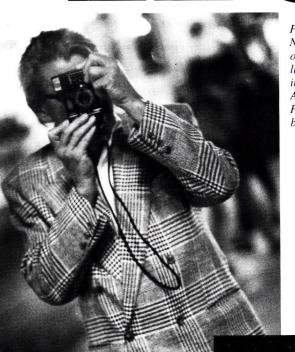
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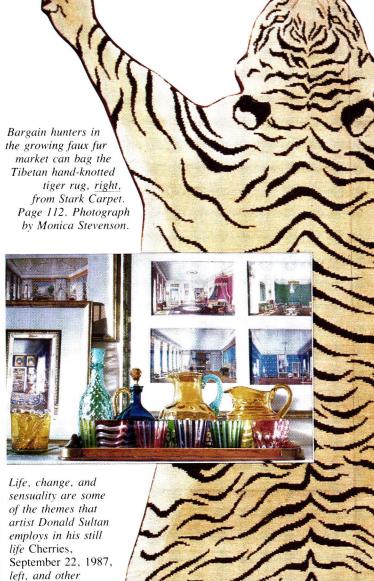


Photographer Helmut Newton, left, sheds light on his illustrious career and life with his wife, June, in an interview with Alexander Cockburn. Page 168. Photograph by Sheila Metzner.

Renzo Mongiardino cultivated his design ideas for Giancarlo Giammetti's Tuscan country house by studying the 19th-century watercolors of Austrian and German interiors which hang in the garden room, right. Page 146. Photograph by Oberto Gili.

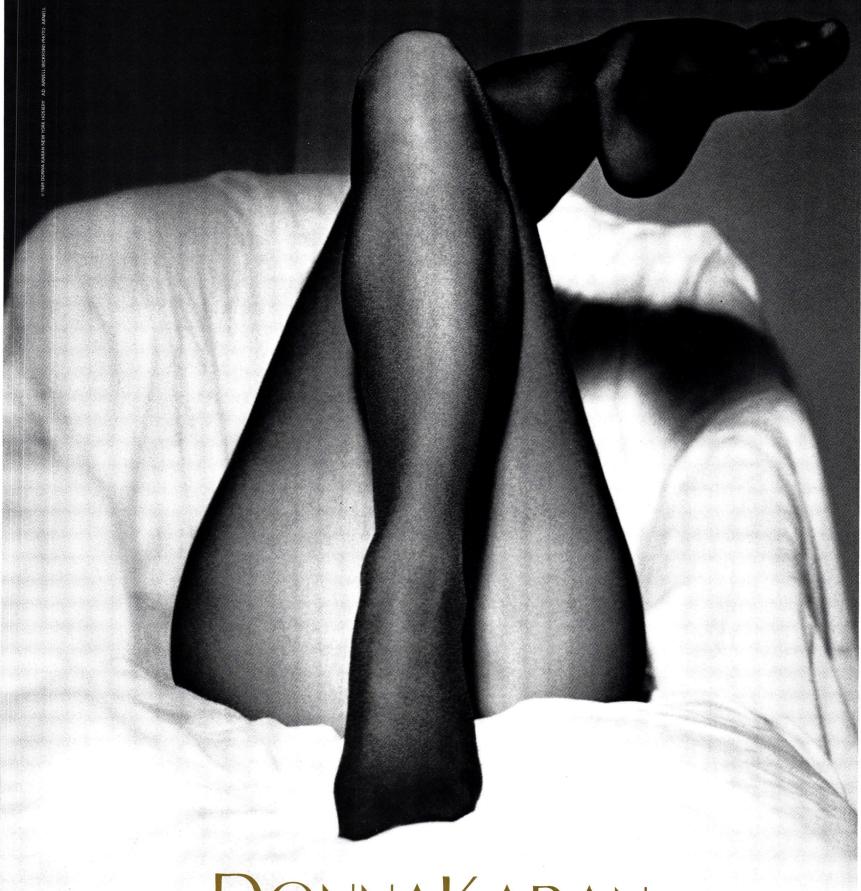


Organizers of the International Antique Dealers Show hope pieces like this Russian malachite clock, <u>left</u>, will mark a new era of competition in antiques shows. Page 100. Photograph by Franck Dieleman.



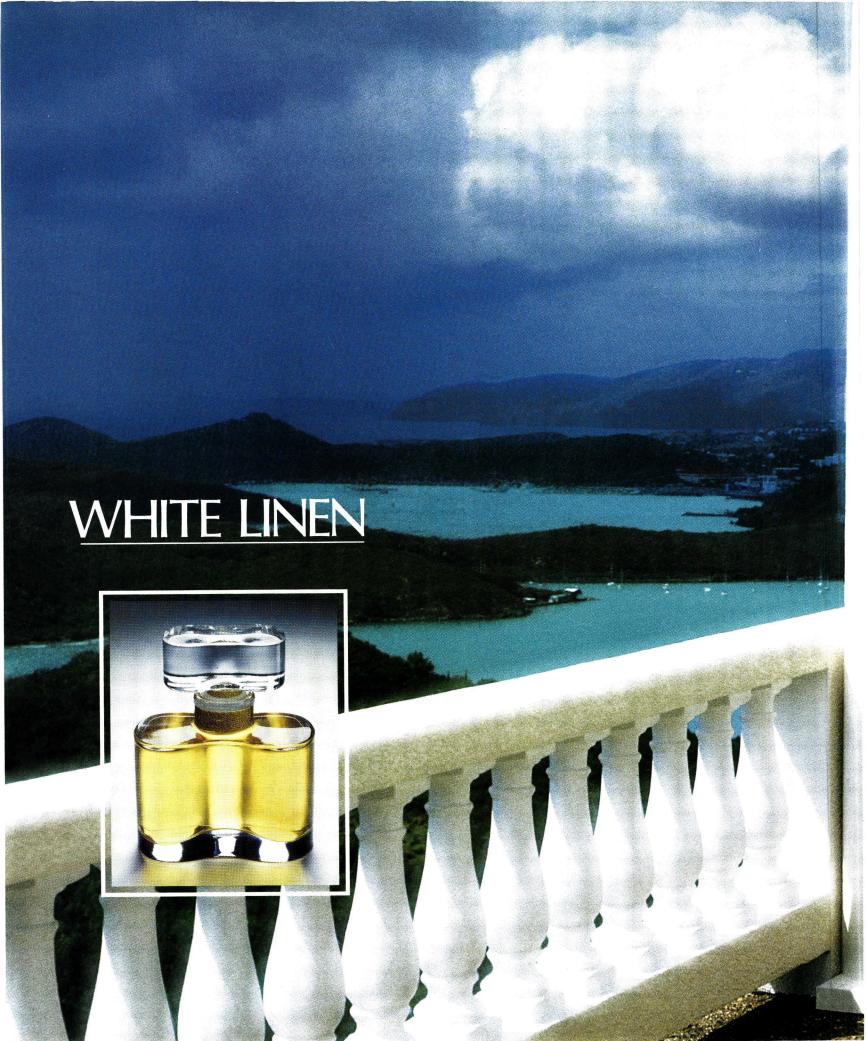
For art collectors Marc and Jane Nathanson, decorator Kalef Alaton created a study in contrast, right, by setting off an Ed Ruscha painting against pale Indian silk upholstery and white walls. Page 160. Photograph by Tim Street-Porter.

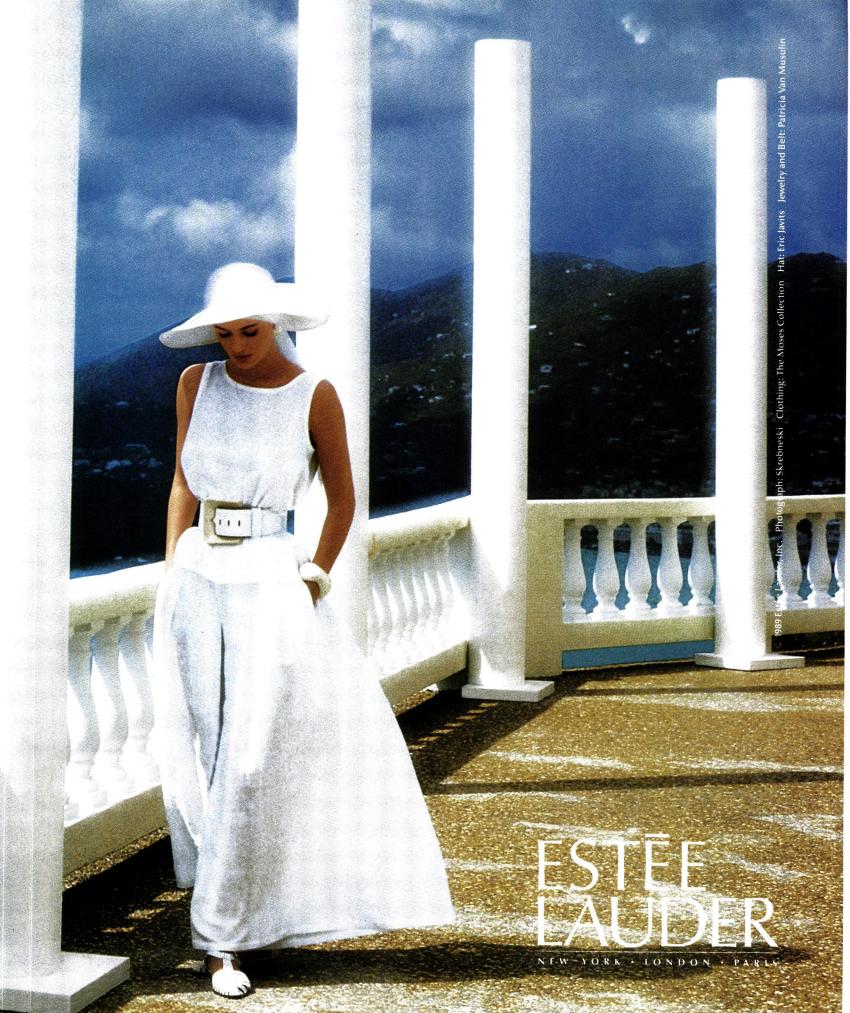
works. Page 192.

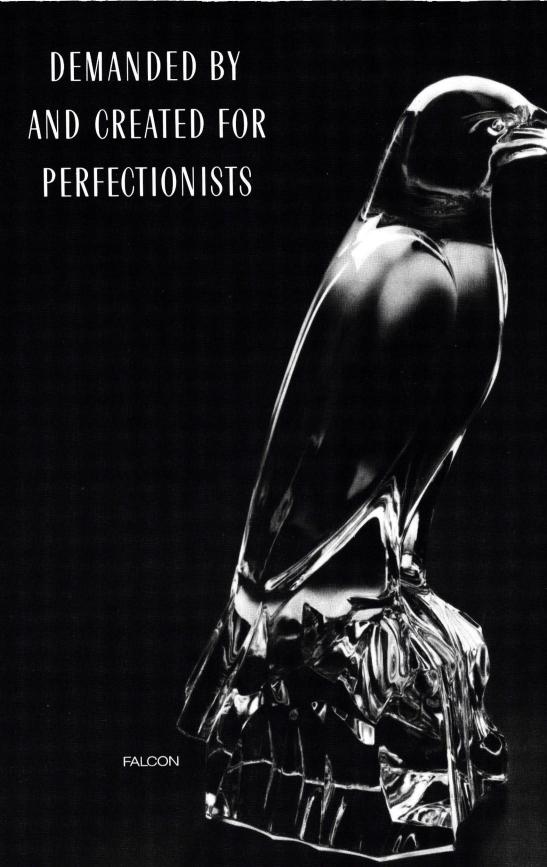


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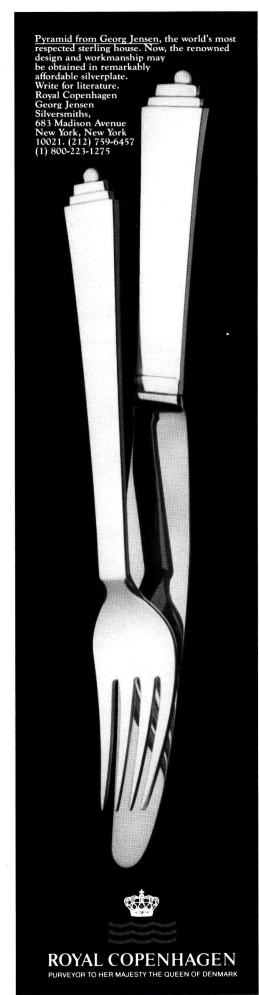


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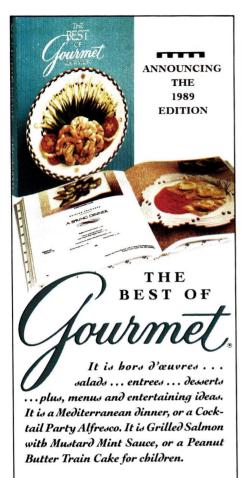
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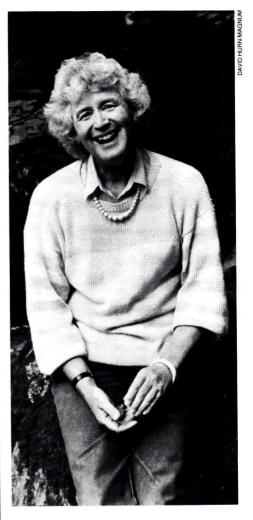
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

Jan Morris has written more than twenty books, including *Pleasures of a Tangled Life*, to be published next month by Random House. She frequently writes on travel and is currently at work on a book on Sydney, Australia. In the "Writer in Residence" column, Morris describes the pleasure she derives from her house in North Wales. "When I am at home, I wander around its rooms gloatingly," she writes. "When I am away, I lie in my hotel dreaming of it."

Nancy Lemann is the author of *The Ritz of the Bayou* and the novel *Lives of the Saints*. For the September issue, she traveled to her hometown of New Orleans for a visit with furniture designer Mario Villa. "He's an eccentric," she says. "And that's a high compliment."





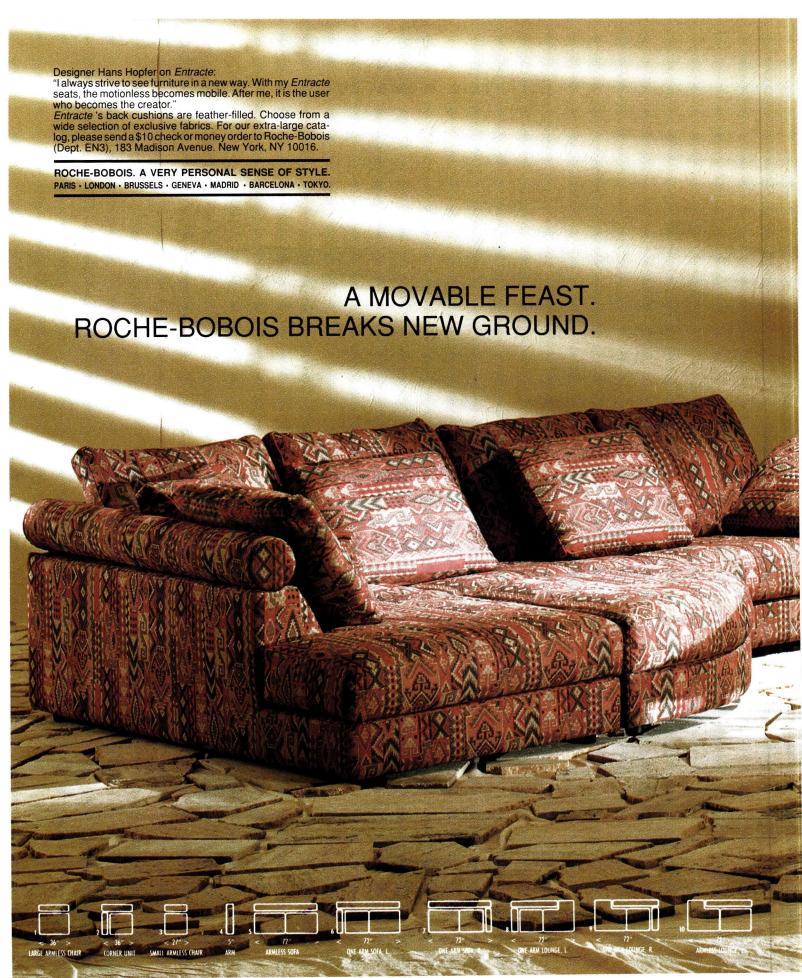


William Bryant Logan reports on interior and garden designer Lisa Krieger's Connecticut cottage. "Her house is a rare example of taste," he remarks. "She has married the things she loves to the way she lives." A writer-in-residence at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine and a poetry and creative writing teacher to school children, Logan translated Federico García Lorca's Once Five Years Pass, to be published by Station Hill Press this fall.

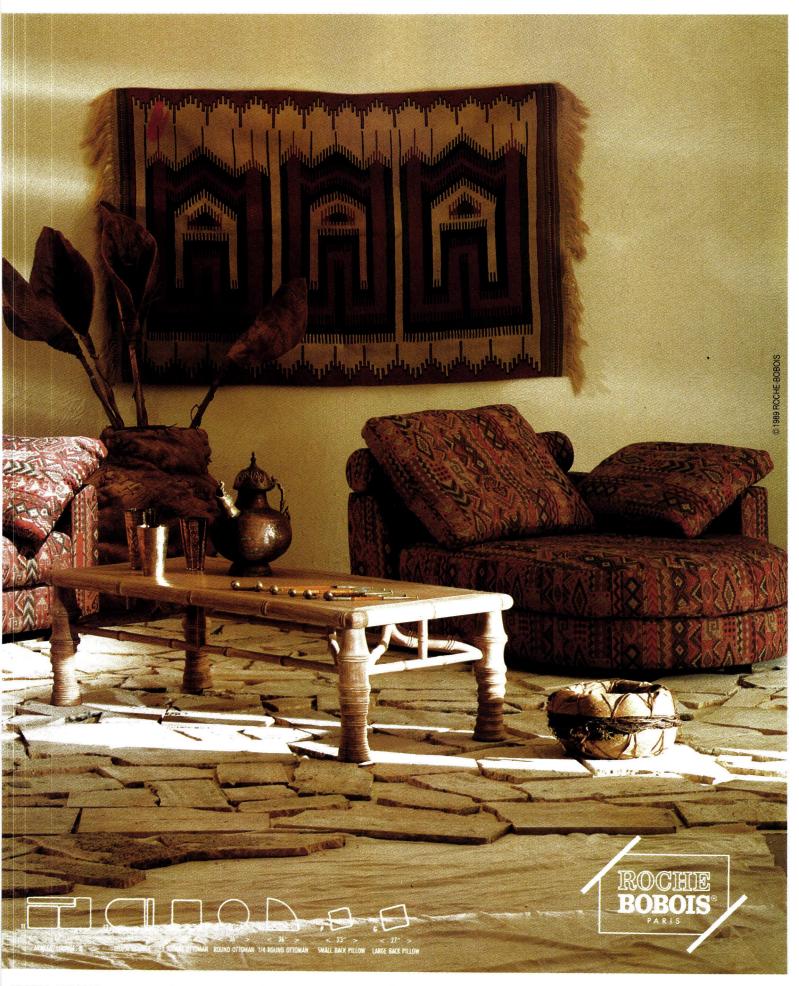
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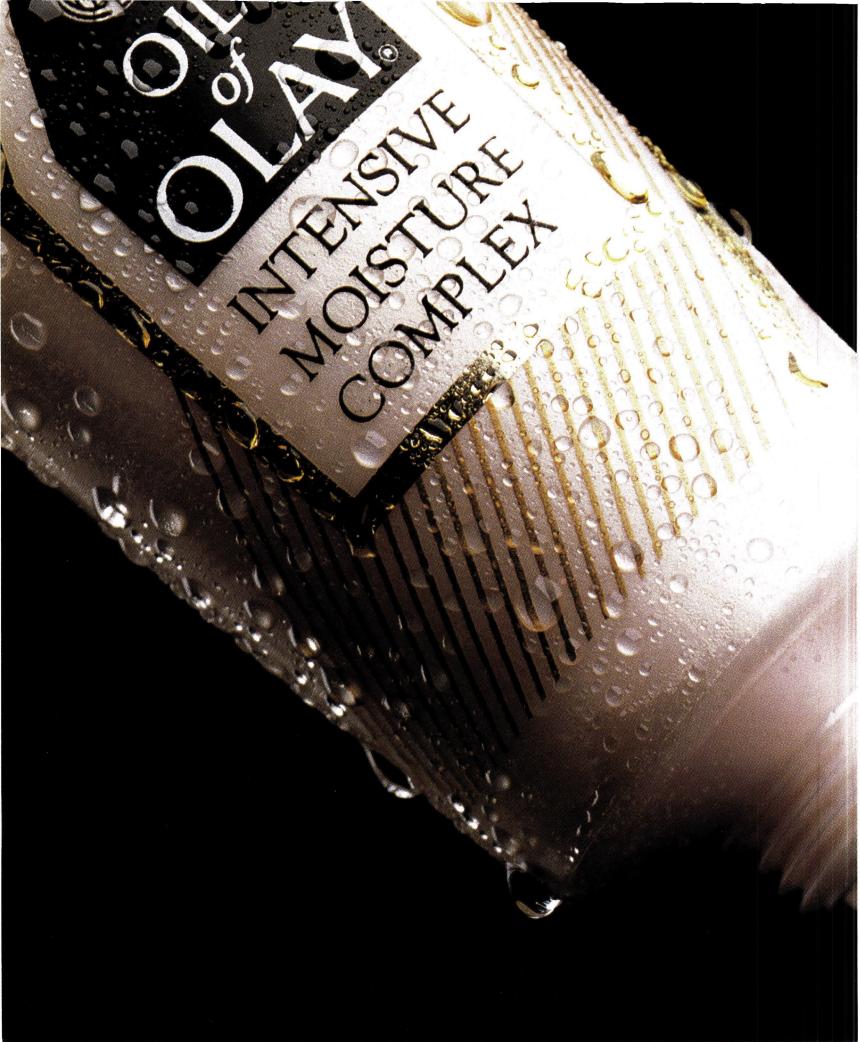




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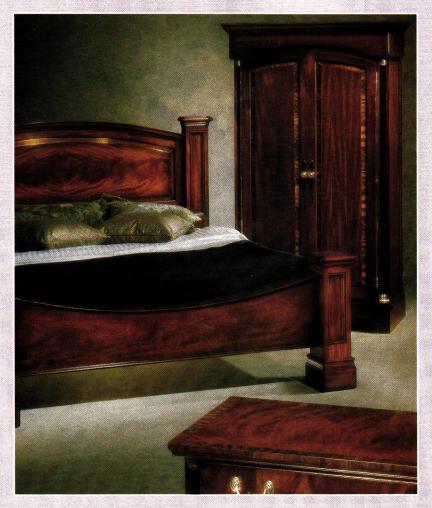
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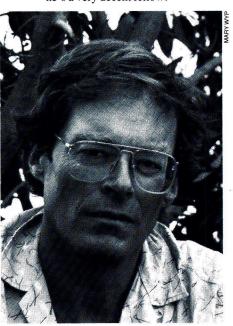
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Alice Springs, known in private life as June Newton, began her career as a photographer nearly twenty years ago when she filled in for her husband, Helmut Newton, at a sitting. A collection of her portraits was published by Twelvetrees Press in 1986. For this month's HG, she and Sheila Metzner both photographed the Newton apartment in Monte Carlo.

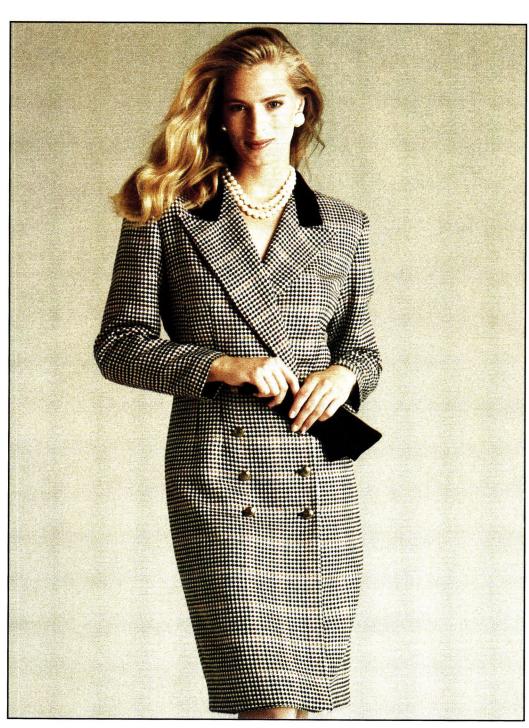


SHEILA METZNEF

Alexander Cockburn, a columnist for *The Nation* and *The Wall Street Journal*, has recently completed *The Fate of the Forest*, coauthored with Susanna Hecht, to be published in England in the fall by Verso. For this issue, Cockburn spent an afternoon with photographer Helmut Newton and his wife, June, in Monte Carlo. "They were lots of fun," says Cockburn. "I thought he would be a self-inflated 'great man,' but actually he's a very decent fellow."



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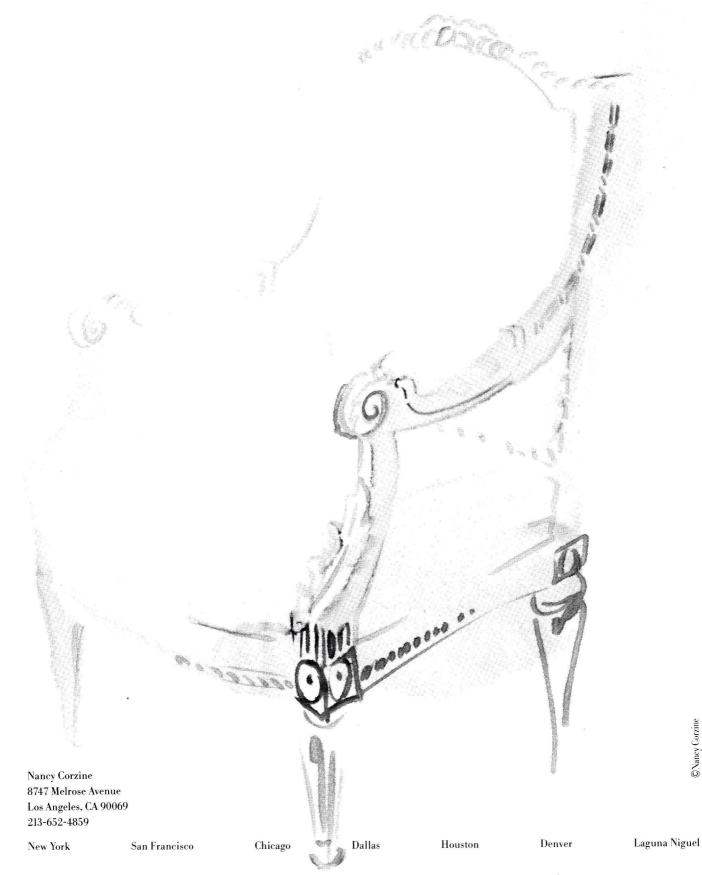
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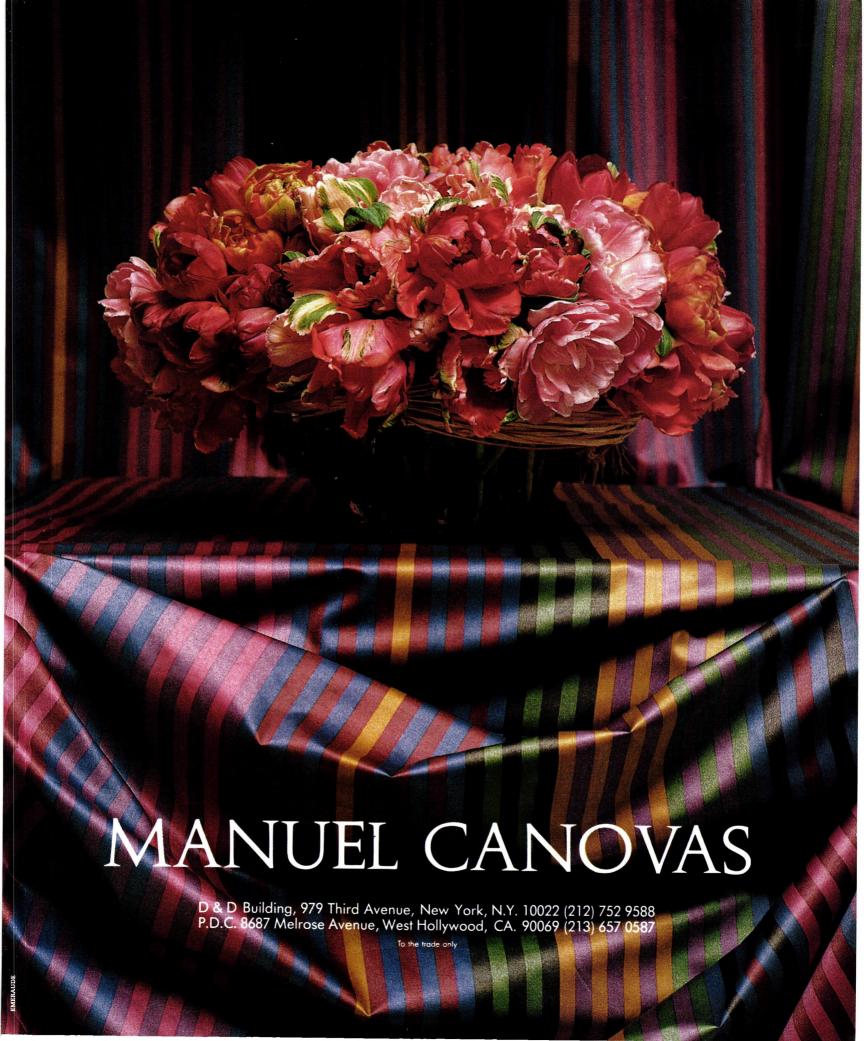


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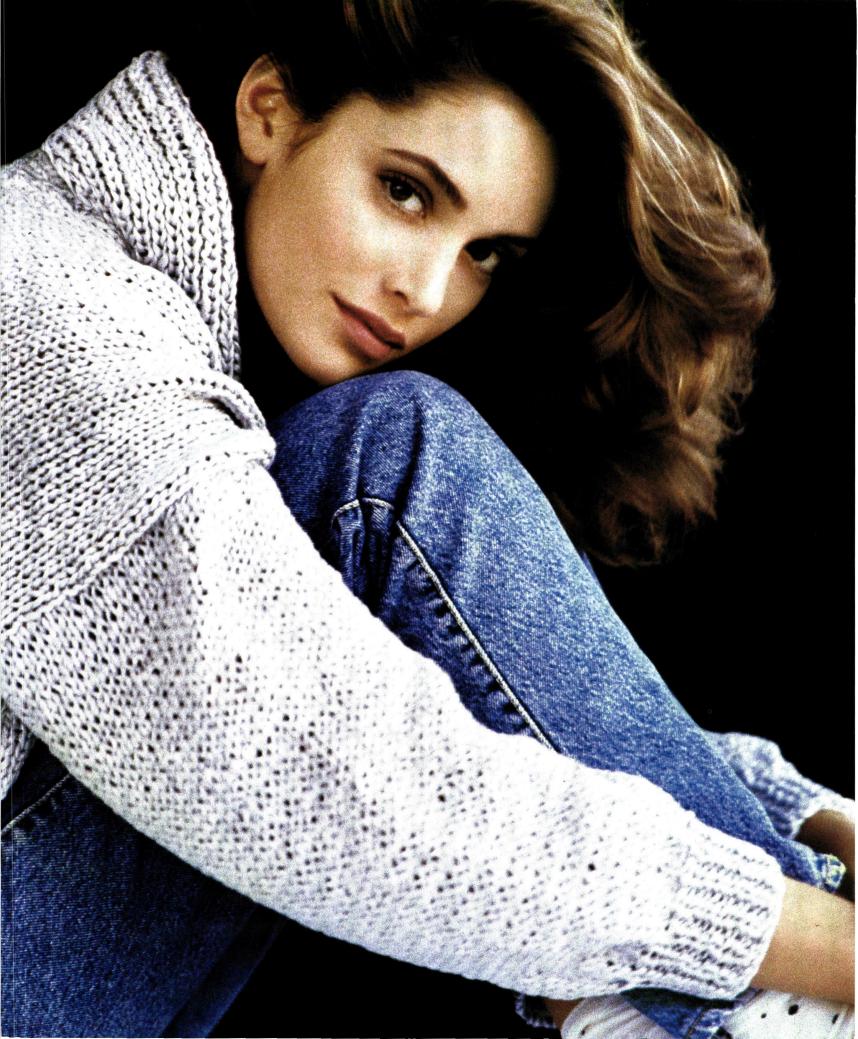
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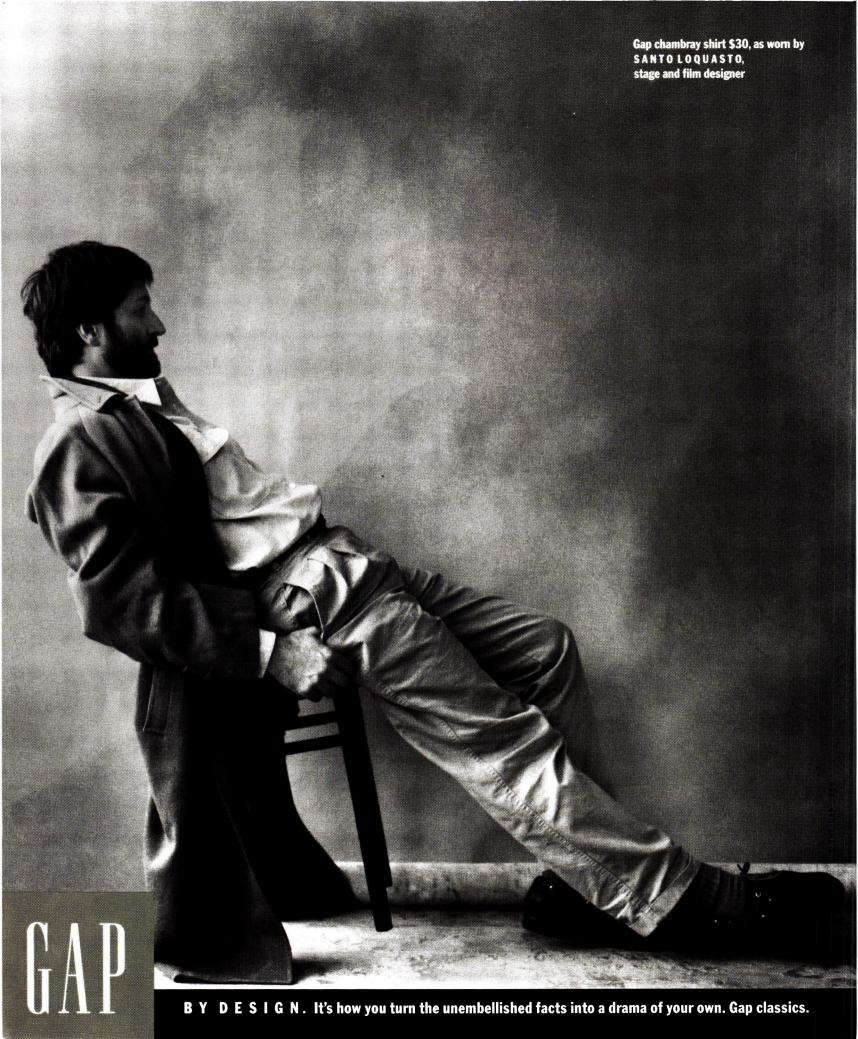
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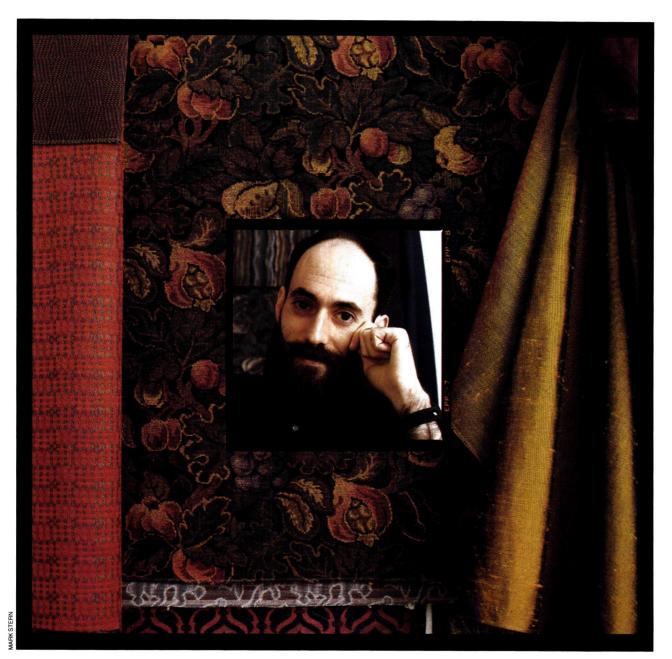




NOTES

HG reports on the new and the noteworthy.

Edited by Heather Smith MacIsaac

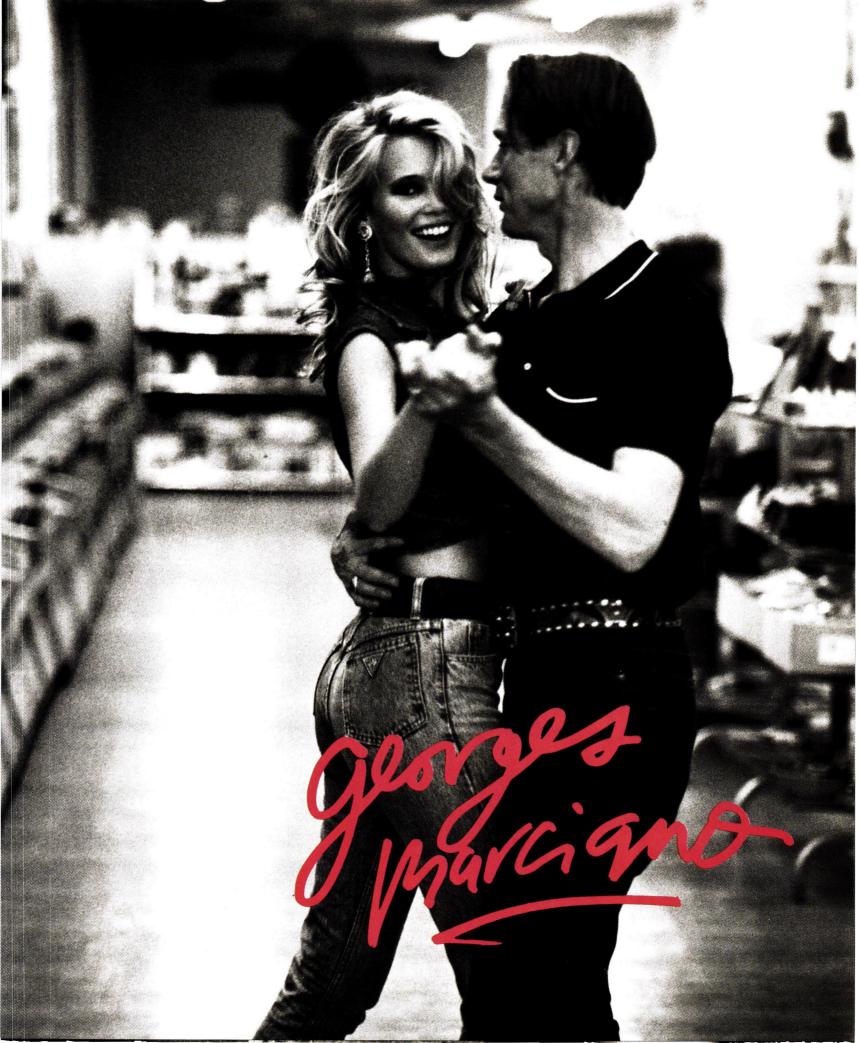


LOOMING TALENT

Although Mark Pollack chose playful names—Twist and Shout, Leave It to Weaver, and My Friend Flicker—for three of the latest additions to his fabric line, his approach to textile design is decidedly calculating. "I relate to fabrics mathematically and structurally, building them from the ground up. If there's this and you add this, then you get that." His experiments on the loom

have produced beautiful jacquards and reversible fabrics in both natural and synthetic fibers, ranging from \$25 to \$105 a yard, for the collection of his young company, Pollack & Associates, NYC. "I'm trying to produce fabrics that will be in the line for a long time, with timeless patterns as well as colors. I think—and hope—that the trend is away from trends."







OPULENT OBJETS

A frog on its lily pad is the cover for a rare cire perdue vase (right), one of the exceptional objects from private American collections in the exhibit "Lalique: A Century of Design for a Modern World," through September 30 at Fashion Institute of Technology, NYC. Flowers and clocks, like the 1922 topaz and jade Mandarin Duck Mystery Clock (far right), are the focus of "Cartier Masterworks from the George and Frayda Lindemann Collection," at Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, Aug. 27–Oct. 15.







CUP OF CHOICE

Inspired by the cool marble floors of Venice, the soup cup and saucer (left), in the Venetian pattern, is one of four tabletop designs by David Linley and Matthew Rice for Mappin & Webb, London. Through Kogan & Co., NYC (212) 288-8523. Artist Otto Piene created the teacup and saucer (above). 24-kt gold trimmed, \$295, when Rosenthal invited him to "express his personality" for their new line, the Artist Tea Cup Collection. For nearest store call (718) 417-3400.

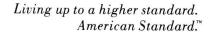
MISE EN SCÈNE

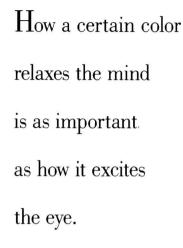
The three collages, Nuance Française, Byzance, and Hémisphère Sud (above from top), are stylist Nelly Rodi's thematic interior decoration predictions for the 1989 Scènes d'Intérieur at the Salon International de la Décoration, 64 rue du Rocher, Paris, Sept. 1-6. There will be about 120 exhibitors previewing their new lighting, tableware, upholstery, and other decorative arts. There will be a chamber orchestra and restaurant facilities. Admission to the Salon, open 9:30 A.M.-7 P.M., is free. For further information call Paris 42-93-60-25.



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ARCHITECTURE

Vienna Vanguard

Two young architects take

Deconstructivist design to the rooftops

By Joseph Giovannini

Visitors crossing the Ringstrasse into the safe and sound world of Vienna's historic First District may be surprised by arcs of steel overhanging the stone cornice of an otherwise traditional apartment building—as startling as a jazz riff in the midst of a Strauss waltz. These curved metal tangents coyly draw the eye beyond the heavy Classical façade to a filigreed aerie atop the building's corner. There, in a space just renovated by the Viennese firm Coop Himmelblau, the lines of steel transform into a web of roof parts spun, it seems, by a spider gone delirious. Just beyond the building's edge, the tangents turn into a tilted truss that serves as a spine for irregular ribs framing a glass roof. Set at a tipsy diagonal, the truss alights on a balcony where it arches, taut as a bow, Another section of the roof, folded like the edges of a fan, hovers next to the glass. Only a long

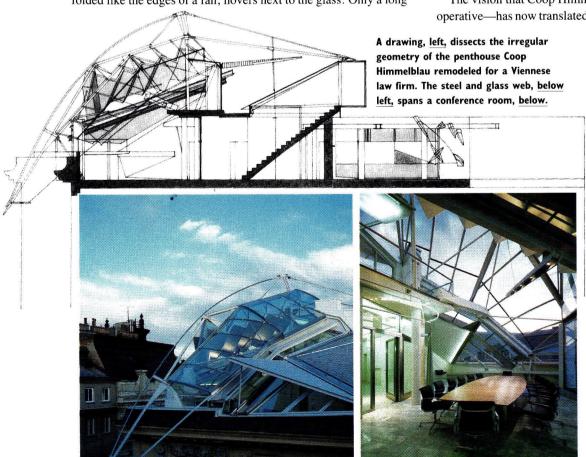
table surrounded by deeply upholstered swivel chairs hints that this luminous space, vaulted in such a bewildering way, is a conference room for lawyers. Two wings of offices connect to the room through original roof timbers.

A delirious spider? Tipsy trusses? Taut bows? Zigzag fans? The space triggers metaphors because familiar images help make an unprecedented room understandable. It is as though the architects had never seen architecture before and didn't know how to behave at a drafting board. It took nearly two decades for Coop Himmelblau's Helmut Swiczinsky and Wolf Prix to achieve this state of knowing innocence. As architect radicals in the 1960s, they staged performance architecture that made the case for environments directly responsive to the human body. In 1969, for example, the heartbeat of a woman at the center of a translucent plastic chamber cued lights that throbbed to the beat. In 1970 heartbeats detonated dozens of explosions, arranged across fields in lines two kilometers long, to delineate space with smoke.

Since then, Prix and Swiczinsky—increasingly interested in building—have developed a kind of automatic drawing that, they believe, projects intangible circumstances of a design directly onto paper. When the two start a project, they discuss for hours their intentions and feelings and other forces shaping the design—but not the building codes and functional requirements—and then, in a blaze of sketching, they record these impulses. Their fuzzy drawings are later interpreted three-dimensionally into complex models in which every line is built. Examples of these drawings and models, including those for the Viennese rooftop, occupied a prominent spot in the 1988 exhibition "Deconstructivist Architecture" at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

The vision that Coop Himmelblau—which means Blue Sky Cooperative—has now translated into glass and steel seems to advance

> in architecture what Freud, working in the same Vienna precincts, uncovered in the personality about a century ago. For Prix and Swiczinsky, a field of forces and energy beneath the civilized façade of this building and neighborhood can be uncovered through drawings they call "seismographs of feeling." If Postmodernists have based their anthropomorphic designs on the symmetrical human body (with its top, middle, and base), Coop Himmelblau is searching for a kind of richly complex and freeing architectural subconscious. The architects call it, simply, "open architecture." Although their rooftop project builds upon a long Viennese tradition of corner cupolas, it is of a different era and order entirely-not static or monumental but sprung, caught at the moment of lift-off on a runway of metaphors.





NOTES

PEOPLE

Maestro at the Met

Museum shows are high drama for star curator Everett Fahy By Celia McGee

Everett Fahy, left, spreads out some of his photographs of paintings on a Turkish carpet in his living room. Paolo Pagani's The Sacrifice of Isaac hangs above a Mark Hampton sofa. Above: Blackenameled bookcases in the study were inspired by Edwin Lutyens.

ounting exhibitions is like doing theater or opera," says Everett Fahy. "You set up, and you strike sets. Things are constantly changing." Both the mechanics and the melodrama still intrigue the chairman of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's European paintings department—the courting of reluctant lenders; the insuring, shipping, and unloading of the works; choosing colors for the walls; savoring the final moment before the opening when the lights go on and "the paintings sing."

This hot summer day, the desk in Everett Fahy's Central Park West study is stacked with catalogue copy and label information for his Velázquez retrospective, which opens at the Met on October 3. Fahy has been working on the exhibition since he arrived at the Met two and a half years ago. Pulling out a catalogue entry here, a reproduction there, he talks breathlessly about every detail of the first full-scale show of an artist he calls "the greatest painter ever."

Maybe the enthusiasm of the boyish-looking 48-year-old, his sense of drama, has to do with the way he discovered art. Traveling

through Italy on prize money he won for an undergraduate paper at the University of Virginia (on Jay Gatsby's "green light," which fits), he ended up living with a widow and her two children in Orvieto. They took him to every church in the area. "I learned to look at the painting first, not the label," Fahy recalls. The pre-med and English major went on to study art history at Harvard, where he was early spotted as one of the stars of his generation. He became director of the Frick Collection at 32.

The paintings and drawings scattered around Fahy's Beaux-Arts apartment on old-master red walls are not, he feels, something he collected. He treats them more as friends he brought to live with him, often rescuing them from unknowledgeable dealers or an unappreciative audience at auction. They're on a nickname ba-

sis—a "Frago" is a Fragonard. Nevertheless, his purchases have been shrewd. Most of the paintings are Italian Baroque, still an extremely undervalued period. They're primarily very large and of religious subjects. "I take great pride in my fourteen-foot ceilings," he says with a smile. His five-by-six-foot Pagani of *The Sacrifice of Isaac* is "not a subject for everybody's living room."

"The only things I collect are books," Fahy explains, pointing to the bookcases that line his study. "And photographs of paintings." Shelf upon shelf of file boxes contain an exhaustive research collection. Many of his jauntily assorted curios were gifts, including a Staffordshire inkwell in the shape of a head, given to him by John

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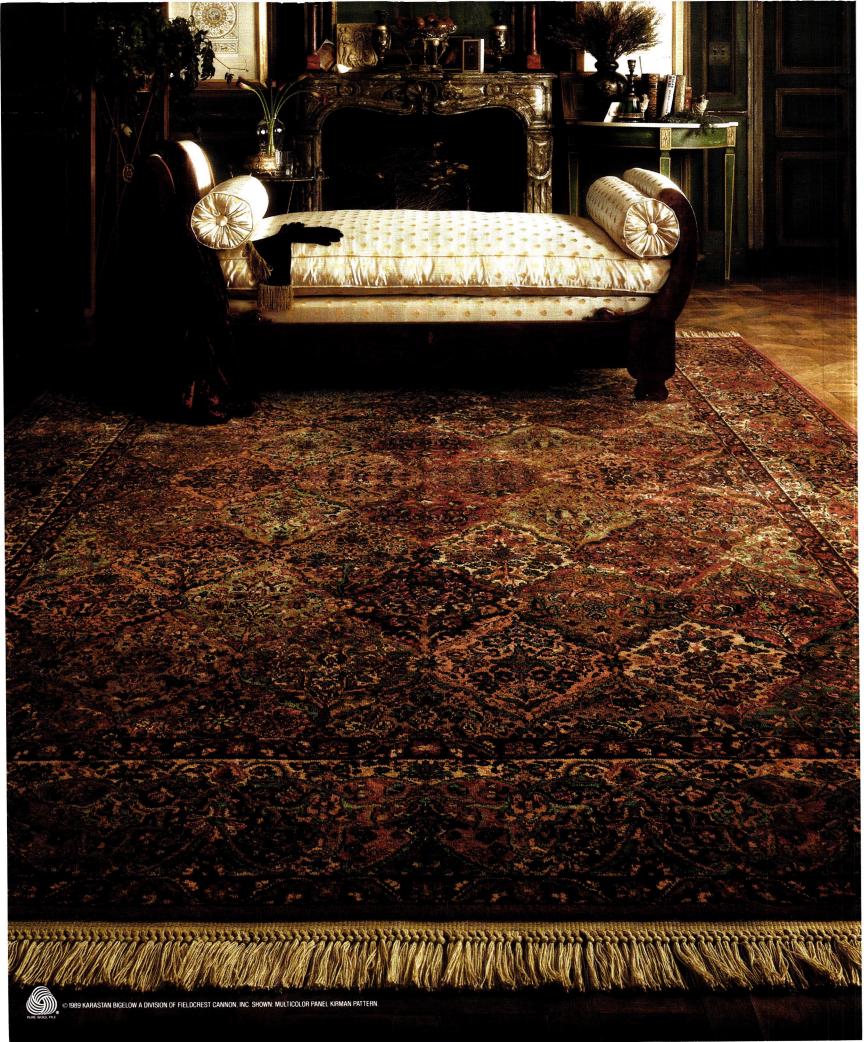
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NOTES

Pope-Hennessy, his mentor and predecessor at the Met, during a bout of writer's block.

Fahy's "Manhattan saint," he jokes, is a painting of Saint Joseph Copertino, who saved a boy falling out the window of a "high-rise palace." It hangs next to his own window overlooking Central Park. The view speaks to his other great passion, plants and gardens, which he developed at the Frick while working with Russell Page to create a garden for the museum. Fahy rides a bike everywhere "because I enjoy what I can see": the Conservatory Garden up at 105th Street, the Shakespeare Garden near the Belvedere sown only with plants mentioned by the bard. "I run down seeds for the Shakespeare Garden and the Central Park Conservancy on my travels," he says. "I write letters to botanical gardens all over the world."

The world also comes to him. Fahy loves to entertain: "My ideal dinner party is Shirley Hazzard, Francis Steegmuller, and Jayne Wrightsman. And I adore having younger people from the Met over, the ones just starting out." He learned to cook in Italy. In Florence, at Bernard Berenson's villa, I Tatti, he honed his social skills

A desktop vignette, <u>left.</u>
<u>Below:</u> The living room with summer slipcovers. On the mantel is a Tang figurine.
<u>Right:</u> Near 17th-century Italian paintings, an Attic vase, and other antiquities, Fahy displays a favorite
Staffordshire inkwell, at left.

He savors the final moment before the lights go on and "the paintings sing"



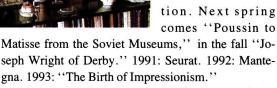
as well. Nicky Mariano, Bernard Berenson's mistress and I Tatti's grande dame, took the young graduate student under her wing. "You had dinner with just about anyone," he remembers—"the king of Sweden, Sir Kenneth Clark. People stayed for two or three days. You took long walks and talked about serious things."

Fahy decided recently that he wanted to make his living/dining room more amenable to entertaining. Mark Hampton, who was visiting one day, stepped in to help. They devised an arrangement of a round center table and two sofas, "so people wouldn't cluster." Hampton designed the high-backed sofas to go with the lofty ceilings and suggested building bookshelves on either side of the fireplace as high as possible. Around the table Hampton put nineteenthcentury slipper chairs, of which Fahy is especially fond because they're the kind found in many Ingres paintings—he strikes a princesse de Broglie pose to demonstrate. Hampton covered the seating in red velvet for winter and had red and white striped slipcovers made for summer. During the summer months Fahy's room-size Turkish carpet is stored under the table. The black enamel on the living room bookcases and on the study walls and cabinetwork are his homage to Edwin Lutyens, his favorite twentieth-century architect: "In every house he lived in he had one room painted black."

Fahy prefers to stay close to home—"Going to dinner parties up and down Park Avenue depletes you physically and intellectually"—though he makes an exception for the opera. He'll see one production as many as ten times to absorb every nuance. Music is what he misses most about the Frick, where he helped organize the chamber music series and the U.S. debuts of Kiri Te Kanawa and

Kathleen Battle.

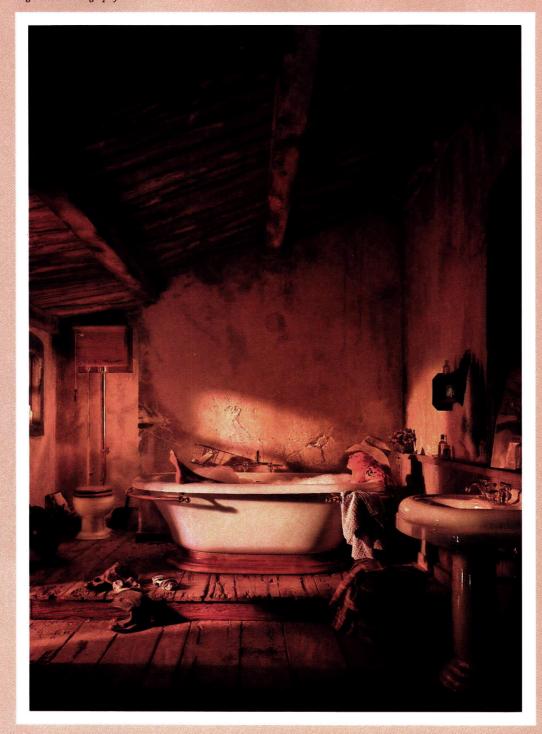
But things move slowly at the Frick. At the Met, Fahy's energy rises to a barrage of occasions. He writes and does research, and handles a large amount of administration. Hot on the heels of "Velázquez," his department is mounting an important Canaletto exhibition. Next spring comes "Poussin to



Fahy's pet project at the moment is a series of oneroom shows which will focus on individual painters,
works, or themes. Take the theme of the married couple
in art: "You can't understand a painting of a husband
completely unless you see the picture of the wife his hand
is reaching for." Fahy assumes one final pose. No, two
poses: the husband stretching out his arm, the wife leaning coyly, sweetly back. "The point is to make the most
of the originals. To present them so that the experience of
looking is richer." Again, a stage has been set.

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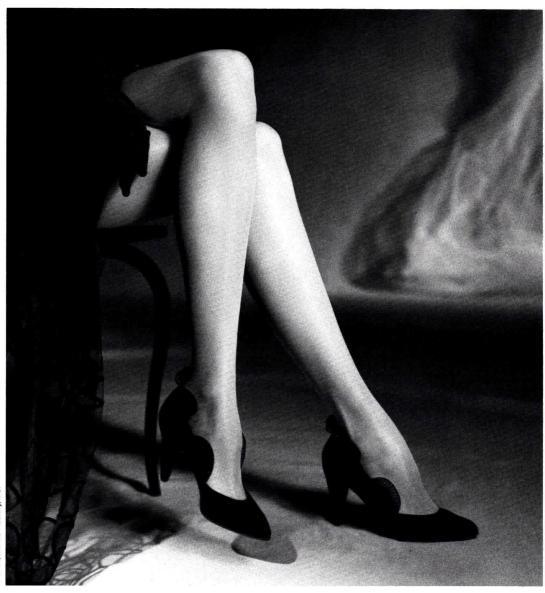
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NOTES

ART

Cubism's Odd Couple

Picasso and Braque shattered and then reassembled our way of looking at art By Deborah Solomon

hey were, in their own way, as improbable a couple as Mutt and Jeff. What people first noticed about Picasso were his eyes—dark and fiery—and a sense of agility about his body that made him look like a small bullfighter. Braque, by comparison, stood as tall and rigid as a tree. Picasso was a Spaniard with a restless temperament. Braque was a Frenchman from the provinces with a quiet dignified manner: he smoked a pipe, was loyal to his wife, and spoke in slow, careful rhythms. Braque was hesitant, but Picasso was impetuous. He pushed himself toward goals and answers

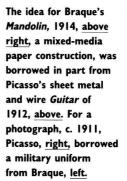
("To find is the thing," he boldly proclaimed), whereas Braque was content simply to ponder the questions.

Despite their differences—or because of them—Picasso and Braque were one of art history's most remarkable pairs. For a brief period in the years before the First World War, they were like "mountaineers roped together," as Braque put it, and out of their collaboration came the amazing discovery of Mount Cubism. Picasso, never one for modesty, was reluctant to give his friend full credit ("Braque," he once said, "he is my wife!"), yet Braque was no mere nurturer. From the beginning, Cubism was a joint venture, and Braque's balance and moderation were every bit as essential to its founding as Picasso's demonic, metamorphic energy. Their partnership was one of equals, and you can be sure that Picasso's demure "wife" won't be hiding in the kitchen when a big, important exhibition chronicling the birth of Cubism opens this month at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism" is the sort of show that only MOMA, with its vast scholarly resources, could undertake. But it's also a show that only MOMA would want to undertake. There's something almost weirdly obsessive about the idea of devoting two floors of a museum to a group of works that spans a decidedly brief period—1907 to 1914—and represents just the first chapter in the lengthy saga of Cubism. But the show's narrowness is what promises to make it so great. "Picasso and Braque" freezes a









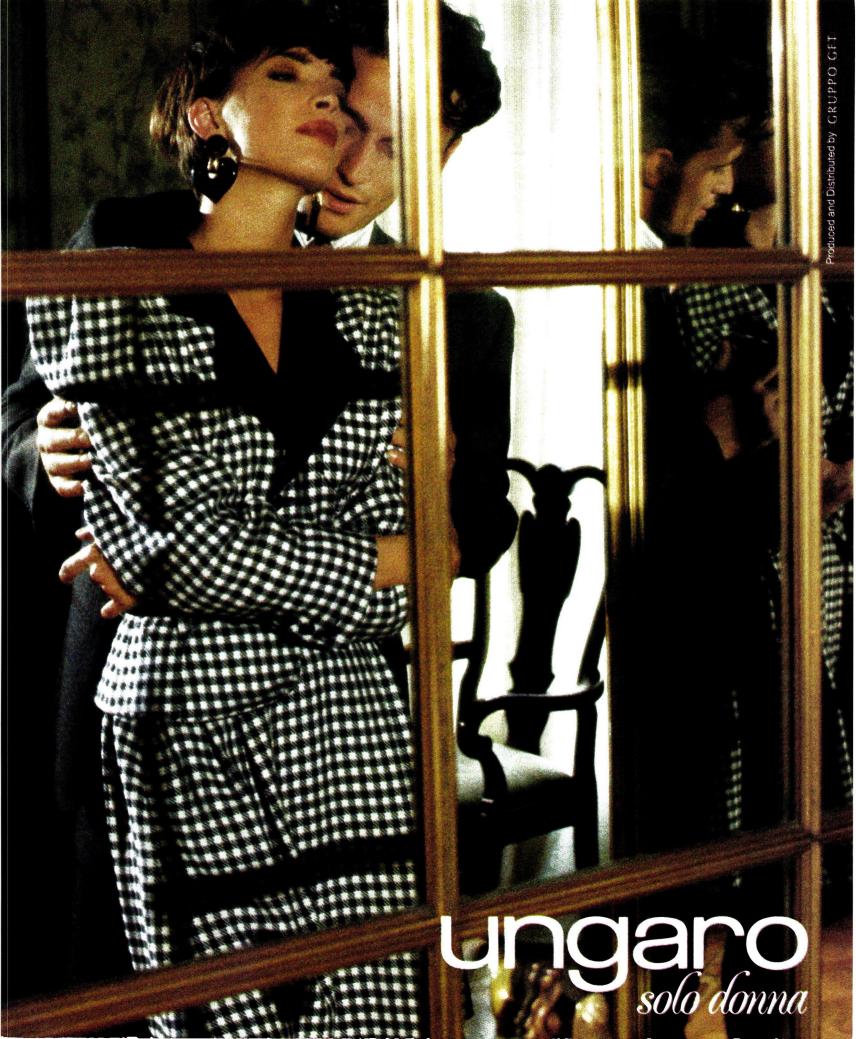
single frame of art history, putting us in touch with the climb-everymountain optimism of the moment when Cubism first sprang to life.

Legend has it that the two painters first met in 1907, when the poet Guillaume Apollinaire escorted Braque to Picasso's studio on the rue Ravignan in Montmartre. Resting on the easel was Les Demoiselles d'Avignon, that startling picture in which five witchy women rebuke us with their jagged outlines and hostile stares. Braque angrily accused Picasso of "wanting to make us drink gasoline to spit fire." It may not sound like the most heartwarming tribute, yet despite his initial dismay, Braque recognized Les Demoiselles as a powerhouse of aesthetic possibilities and he didn't waste any time in exploring them. The following summer he came back from a trip to L'Estaque with what some consider the first truly Cubist paintings.

Picasso, meanwhile, had begun turning to Braque for guidance. "We lived in Montmartre, we saw each other every day, we talked," Braque later said of their collaboration. "During those years Picasso and I discussed things nobody will ever discuss again, which nobody else would know how to discuss, which nobody else would know how to understand."

And, he might have added, which nobody else cared about. Picasso and Braque were still young men when they embarked on the adventure of Cubism, and their relative obscurity gave them the freedom to experiment as they pleased. The experiment they had in

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It has never been completely clear whether it was Picasso or Braque who led the way in the founding of Cubism. Picasso, the more sure-handed of the two, seems to have defined the fundamental approach, but it was Braque, with his reserves of patience, who did the most to articulate its forms. And it was Braque who was the first to experiment with trompe l'oeil effects and to create a papier collé. It seems possible that Braque could have pioneered Cubism on his own, yet surely it was Picasso, with his intuitive flashes, who invested the style with its tension and emotional resonance.

Emotional resonance? There has always been an unfortunate tendency to see Cubism as a dry intellectualized endeavor in which emotion plays no part. This is particularly

true of the early works, with their regimented planes and rigorous geometries and nearmonochromatic tones. The style they define is known as Analytic Cubism-an awful label. It evokes visions of Picasso and

Braque dissecting forms with the cold precision of scientists. The status that's been attached to Cubism has in a way distanced us from its achievements. Standing before a major Cubist painting, we see an object, but we also see the pages of history books opening in front of it. It's as if the ideas sur-

rounding the work mattered more than the delectable object on the wall.

Cubism wasn't founded as a laboratory experiment but as a means for expressing emotion. There are those who believe that it wasn't until later years, when Picasso gave us the screaming heads of Guernica, that the style acquired real force, but the truth is that the emotion was there right from the beginning. The early compositions, with their tilting planes, brown tones, and occasional traces of newspaper lettering, eloquently

ASABLANCA SITKA NAVPLION ISLE OF PINES ASHDOD DUNEDIN YALTA PUERTO MADRYN HELLESYLT AKUREYRI VISBY FLAAM

Picasso's 1912 Still Life with Chair Caning, below, an early Cubist collage. Right: Braque's Glass, Bottle, and Newspaper of 1914.



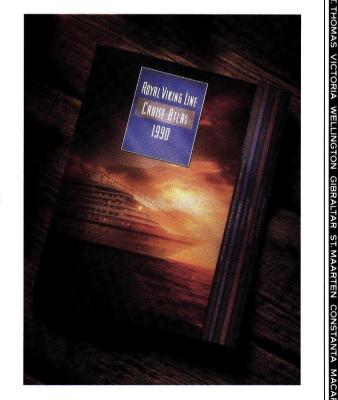
convey the pathos of their time. They're rooted, I think, in the experiences of the city, and they enable us to imagine what it was once like to turn an anonymous street corner in Paris and take in the dizzying rush of sights: sidewalk cafés and street musicians and people scurrying home from work with newspapers under their arms. Picasso and Braque weren't scientists. Nor were they paintbrushwielding philosophers. They were two men rushing through the city, a couple of dreamers in step with the rhythms of daily life. •

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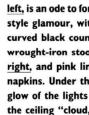
Below the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel, this is the counter that counts By Pilar Viladas

oan Collins drops in for coffee after her manicure. Bill Cosby has a long-standing habit of stopping by to feign outrage at the price of orange juice (\$4.50 a glass). And Jaclyn Smith is mad about the pancakes. Is this the latest in trendy Tinseltown cafés? Far from it. We're talking about a coffee shop—but not just any coffee shop. It is the Fountain Coffee Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel, that watering hole of the rich and famous. Unlike the renowned Polo Lounge.

> the hotel's see-and-be-seen mecca for power breakfasters, the tiny coffee shop, with a twentyseat counter, is one of the better-kept secrets in town. And its clientele wouldn't have it any other way, since this is where hungry celebrities go when they want to be alone.

> > The coffee shop

isn't easy



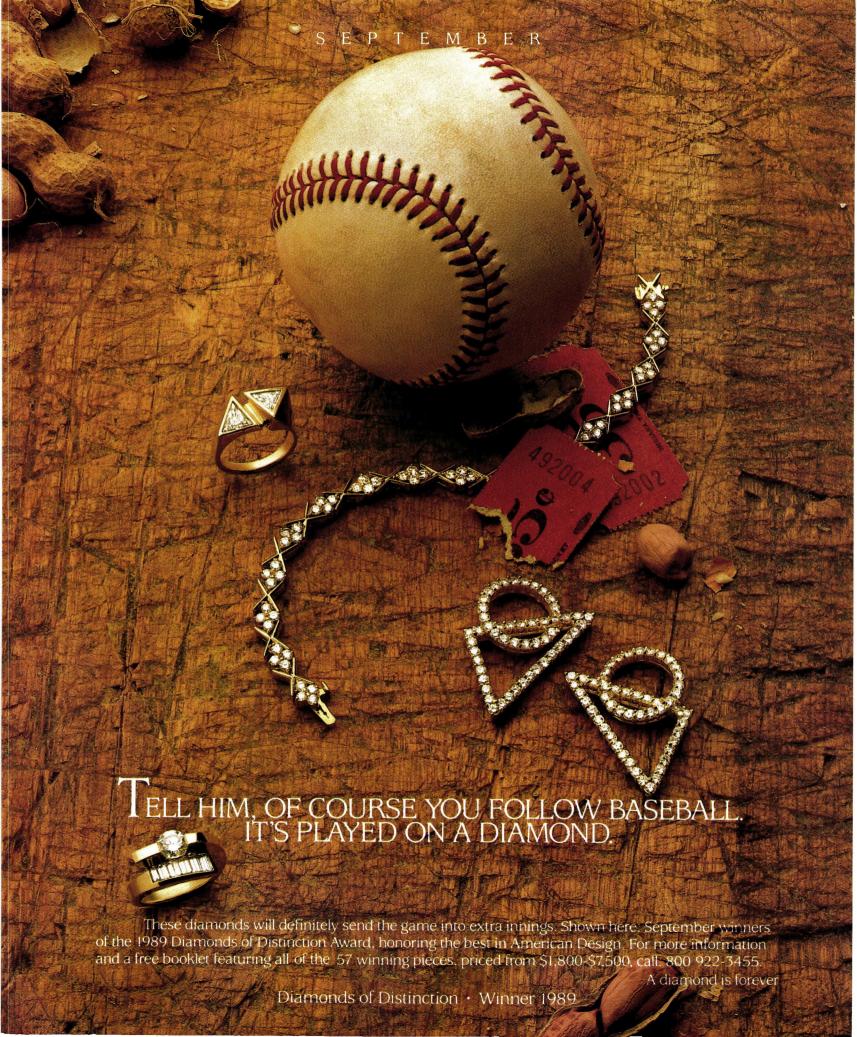
to find; it's tucked away under the stairs that lead from the Polo Lounge down to the hotel's lower level. But it's worth the trip—this is the kind of coffee shop they don't make anymore. It's a wonderful period piece of a room, with all its 1940s glamour still intact. The giant banana leaf wallpaper was designed by Hollywood couturier Don Loper. A biomorphically shaped Morris Lapidus-style ceiling "cloud" hovers above a streamlined counter of similarly sinuous contours. The counter's glossy black Bakelite surface is set with the hotel's signature green and white trimmed china and pink linen napkins to echo the hotel's pink and green color scheme. Even the pink packets of Sweet 'N Low are printed with the hotel's crest in green. And when you hop up onto one of the pink-cushioned, white wrought-iron stools (taller versions of the ivy-patterned furniture on the Polo Lounge patio), you feel like a movie star.

But even if you're not Joan Collins, you're still treated like one of the family. The waitresses are both efficient and maternal. The orange juice, toast, and hot cereals are made to order, and the scrambled eggs, which are cooked in butter before your eyes, are L.A.'s best. Realtor to the stars Thelma Orloff has had breakfast here nearly every day for 29 years. "It's like they adopt you," she says. "Everything you order comes out just the way you want it, and often even better." Credit for that goes to chef Gary Bantle, who has presided over the coffee shop since 1959, catering to customers such as Truman Capote, Johnny Carson, Bette Davis, Liza Minnelli, and Barbra Streisand, to name only a few. "We'll do anything to please," says supervisor Gladys Gonzalez, a sixteen-year veteran, noting the time a customer walked in at ten thirty in the morning and asked for a veal chop, which was promptly rustled up. Chris Serpa, who has been a waitress at the coffee shop for 28 years, served breakfast to Robert F. Kennedy's children the week before their father was assassinated in 1968. With nannies and bodyguards, "they took up all the seats at the counter," she recalls fondly.

The tab for all this low-profile but high-class treatment is not small. With valet parking, breakfast for one can easily hit the \$20 mark. But to its fans, the coffee shop's perfect blend of star quality, small-town friendliness, and time-capsule design is priceless.

The Beverly Hills Hotel's coffee shop, left, is an ode to fortiesstyle glamour, with its curved black counter, wrought-iron stools, right, and pink linen napkins. Under the glow of the lights in the ceiling "cloud," diners can watch their meals being prepared and served on the hotel's green and white trimmed china.





NOTES

DESIGN

Merchant of Memphis

Detroit's Keith Johnson introduces the next generation of Italian design By Martin Filler

ine design is more a passion than a business for its most successful entrepreneurs. And in the U.S. today there is no more passionate believer in what he is selling than Keith Johnson, president of the Detroit-based firm Urban Architecture, which imports and distributes high-style Italian furniture and lighting. Johnson contradicts every stereotype of both the midwestern



businessman and the design groupie. The 38-year-old dealer is an amiable bearish man with an open demeanor more Michigan than Milano. Nonetheless, he dresses in the gray-to-black range of the international hip rather than the tans and plaids native to his region. Yet there is no mistaking that his keen knowledge of his neighbors and their way of life has been the key to his success.

"Midwesterners don't put their money into stocks," Johnson explains. "They want tangible things for their money. That's one of the reasons why architecture has always been so important here: people wouldn't hesitate to invest in a building by Sullivan or

Sandro Chia's bronze
S. Chia chair and table,
right. The table spells out
the artist's name. Below:
Artist Joseph Kosuth's
Modus Operandi settee,
based on Freud's
psychoanalytic couch.
Both from Meta Memphis.
Details see Resources.

Wright. I started out buying old buildings and renovating them for my brother, and he was the one who pointed out to me that the avant-garde design he was interested in was just as important as the avant-garde art I was always talking about."

Johnson has excellent instincts and has





Keith Johnson of Urban Architecture, below left, on Big Sur sofa by Peter Shire for Memphis. Below right: Patrick Naggar's Mercure floor lamp and gold-leaf screen for ARC International. Left: From the new Meta Memphis collection, artist Mimmo Paladino's Solus dresser.



followed them with impressive results. During the seventies he amassed a comprehensive collection of European conceptual art, including works by Joseph Beuys, Marcel Broodthaers, Daniel Buren, and Jan Dibbets, among other figures who have since attained international prominence. He was equally quick to pick up on the significance of the rebirth of the Milan design

scene in the early eighties. After a decade of somnolence, the oncevigorous Italian furniture and lighting industry came alive again through the jolt of Memphis. "Suddenly there was this whirlwind of creativity, the first time in a long time that design was fun again. And that alone is enough to capture the public's imagination."

In conjunction with his renovation work for his brother, Johnson placed such a large order in 1984 with Atelier International (the American distributor of the distinguished Cassina line of architect-designed furniture) that they asked him to become their representative in Detroit, which he was for five years. "Their other sales reps could talk business but didn't have any feeling for these things," explains Johnson, whose infectious enthusiasm leaves little question as to why he has done so well in proselytizing among the unconverted. "Actually, some of my best clients for the really far-out stuff were conservative bankers and corporate heavies. They understood instantly that these were the antiques of the future. I was able to convince them that Ettore Sottsass was far too seasoned an industrial

designer to go totally off his track with Memphis, and they collected his furniture and glass in the same way they would invest in art."

As the exclusive American outlet for Memphis—which Johnson calls the "ultimate design laboratory, where the bizarre was encouraged rather than questioned"—Urban Architecture brought the highest of style into the heartland of America, a refreshing break in the virtual bicoastal monopoly on innovative decorative arts. It was only five years ago that Johnson be-

gan to market the Memphis line, with its spiky

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Sometimes it's nice to fool Mother Nature.

Shown: Damask Rose pattern in stainless. For a sample teaspoon send \$1.00 and pattern name to: Oneida Sample Center, P.O. Box 1142, Maple Plain, MN 55348

forms, garish colors, crawly patterns, and kitschy materials. But even then its creative days were numbered. From the beginning, Sottsass, the prime mover behind Memphis, knew that the life span of such an intentionally confrontational style was limited and would soon be superseded. Artemide, the Milan-based manufacturing concern that produced the Memphis objects, was reluctant to let the creative thread drop after Sottsass withdrew from active participation in Memphis last year, and thus the parent firm decided to set off on its next radical tangent.

The upshot is Meta Memphis, a new collection of furniture designed by artists, which Urban Architecture will introduce to North America in an exhibition in New York in November. "Instead of having designers playing as artists with Memphis, artists are playing as designers with Meta Memphis," says Johnson of the nineteen-piece line of furniture and lighting. Several of the best-known be clearer. Where Memphis was uninhibited, raucous, and immediate, Meta Memphis is reflective, subtle, and reminiscent of no particular moment except any point after the advent of Marcel Duchamp. By commissioning several artists with a particularly conceptual point of view—such as the Italian Alighiero E Boetti, the Austrian Franz West, and the Amsterdam-based American Lawrence Wiener-Artemide president Ernesto Gismondi and Memphis director Alberto Bianchi Albrici set the stage for works very much in the tradition of Duchamp and Man Ray. As with Duchamp, titles and inscriptions carry a large part of the

Incorporating the name of the original movement into its own, Meta Memphis inevitably invites comparisons, and they could not

Meta Memphis message: the words "What Is Set upon the Table

the oak desk by Wiener. Alighiero E Boetti's Orogio clock is inscribed with the Italian words for the cardinal numbers rather than Arabic numerals. Chia's eponymous S. Chia table is in fact both its own name as well as his: its legs spell out the letters of the painter's surname, his first initial entwined around the bottom of those supports. The playful incongruities of Man Ray's Dadaist transformed household objects find an echo in West's Private Lamp for Artists, a sinuous welded steel torchère

Rests upon the Table" are inlaid in brass on

Meta Memphis is reflective, subtle, and reminiscent of no particular moment in design history

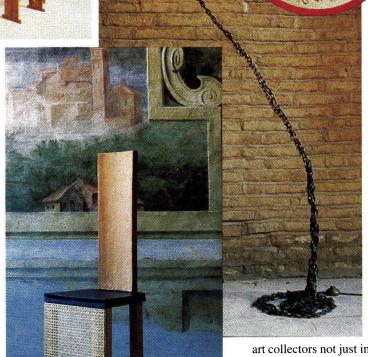
that is made from a length of chain apparently frozen in space.

The delicate, often self-effacing chairs, tables, dressers, settees, desks, and lamps of Meta Memphis seem precisely geared to

art collectors not just in conception but in their respectful reticence toward their surroundings. These are pieces that will not distract attention from the Twombly, override the Ryman, or be jarring next to the Johns. Whether or not the Meta Memphis designs recapture the stunning impact that Memphis had in the early eighties, they are yet another provocative chapter in the continuing history of postwar Italian design. Though the mood in Milan in recent seasons has been cautious and restrained, this new direction reconfirms the endless resilience of the creative spirit there. And spreading the word here in the U.S. is Keith Johnson, whose motto, inscribed in Italian between the elevator doors in his Detroit showroom, says it all: "Tutto è possibile''—Everything is possible.



Four pieces from the new Meta Memphis collection. Clockwise from above: An oak and inlaid-brass table and stool entitled What Is Set upon the Table Rests upon the Table, by the Amsterdambased American artist Lawrence Wiener: Austrian artist Franz West's Private Lamp for Artists of welded steel: Italian artist Alighiero E Boetti's Orogio clock is incised with the names of the hours in Italian; artist Pier Paolo Calzolari's Rivolo chair of ash. cane, and terra-cotta



names on the current art scene are represented, such as the Italians Sandro Chia and Mimmo Paladino and the American Joseph Kosuth. After a decade of increasing interplay between artists and furniture designers-including the furniture art of Richard Artschwager and Scott Burton and the art furniture of Frank Gehry and Robert Wilson—the challenge of doing something adventurous is more difficult than it might seem, but the Meta Memphis collection is a major departure and advance nonetheless.

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An Adriatic Idyll

The Macleans' annual trek to Korčula is an ongoing family adventure By Charles Maclean

n a walled city on a remote Adriatic island, the Boschi palace could hardly be described as easily accessible. Yet it's a rare September that we have the place to ourselves. The overnight boat from Rijeka, a stately but less than luxurious liner, threads its way through the Dalmatian archipelago and lets you off in Korčula around noon the following day. But the long awkward journey, which I make with my family every year (usually in September, the month of fresh figs, fewer tourists), never seems to discourage

friends and relatives from just turning up—on that noon boat, by car and ferry, in the middle of the night.

After twenty years of more or less riotous Korčulan summers (of the house being full for weeks on end, three generations staying at once, and rows of children in sleeping bags on the terrace), my parents have taken to coming here out of season. They think of the palace now as their second home, and short of another earthquake-the last one, in 1608, left a zigzag crack down the palace wallsfeel that the connection they struck with this beautiful island is likely to continue, something my father, Fitzroy Maclean, could never have imagined when he first turned up in Korčula nearly half a century ago.

Then a brigadier in the British army, he had parachuted into occupied Yugoslavia in 1943, sent out by Winston Churchill at the head of a military mission to Tito and the partisans. With the added responsibility of having Randolph Churchill and Evelyn Waugh along as his junior officers, he spent the next several months fighting a guerrilla campaign in the

mountains of Bosnia. After walking down to the coast through the enemy lines accompanied by a Serbian partisan officer who had never seen the sea, he set sail one autumn night in a small dinghy, dodging the searchlights of German patrol boats, for Korčula: "We arrived just as it was getting light. I woke up to this marvelous view of a city on a little promontory rising out of the mist and thought I must be dreaming. We came ashore opposite the Hotel Korčula, and it seemed extraordinary to be somewhere civilized and, at that time, still relatively unscathed by the war.

"There were pretty girls in silk stockings and friendly, enormously hospitable people who plied us with wonderful fish and wine. We'd had nothing much to eat on a roughish journey from Bosnia and were very hungry indeed. And very, very dirty. I remember taking my first dip in the Adriatic, just below the city walls—where I always swim now—and feeling decidedly exposed when some German Stukas chose that moment to dive-bomb the harbor.

"It was a memorable swim. Looking up at Korčula from the sea, I thought it one of the most beautiful places I'd ever seen and promised myself that if I survived, I'd come back."

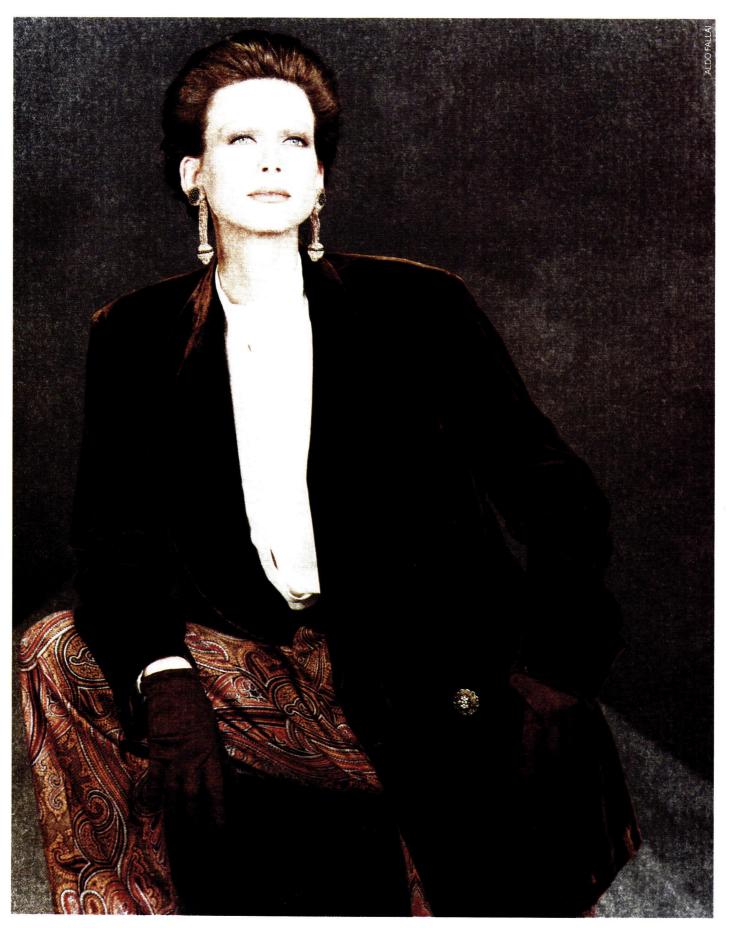
He returned to Yugoslavia soon after the war, taking his wife, Veronica, to meet Marshal Tito at an unexpectedly tense reunion on Lake Bled in 1948. Tito presented my mother with a diamond brooch and after lunch led the party on a wild horseback ride through the Slovenian woods, briefly shaking off the oppressive mood that only days later would be explained by his defiance of Stalin and the







The Romanesque cathedral of Saint Mark rises above Korčula, top, a Yugoslav island off the Dalmatian coast. Above: Sir Fitzroy Maclean, a former British brigadier, reminisces with President Tito. Left: Maclean outside the Boschi palace, his Korčula retreat.

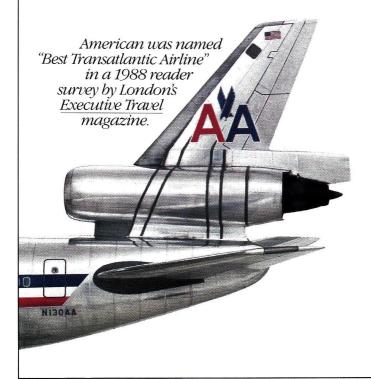


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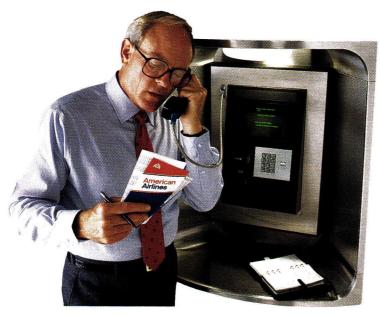


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TRAVEL

hot weather, sleep out under the stars—it's like living on the bridge of a great liner. The sea ahead, within easy reach for a swim below the ramparts, must be one of the busiest shipping lanes in Dalmatia. Foghorns sound in all weather as merchantmen coming through the Korčulanski Kanal salute the retired sea captains who live in the old town. At dusk swallows and bats swoop down from the

cathedral tower, and the deepening blue sky above the terrace can seem as vast as it does over Kansas.

When my parents are here alone, sharing a life of routine simplicity, my mother shops early at the open-air market and does all the cooking and housework, while my father, who finds Korčula a good place to write, sits out on the terrace at his stone table and works until their ritual swim before lunch. It's really an Adriatic reflection of the life they lead in Argyll, where he writes in the garden at another stone table with a distant view of sea and hill, and she reluctantly keeps him company in the frigid waters of Loch

Fyne. The terrace may be noisier, but the clamor of church bells, rooftop conversations between neighbors, cats fighting, even blaring radios are not the distractions they would certainly be at home.

"I should miss all the excitement if it wasn't there," my father insists. "The point about Korčula is that it's a city—with its own cathedral, city chambers, guilds, and a thousand years of civilization—but the size of a village. It's city life on a human scale without the aggravations of traffic, crime, smog, anonymity. What I don't miss is the telephone."

A summer refuge on the Mediterranean conjures the image of a gin-and-tonic enclave. In Korčula, although the town was occupied by a British garrison in Napoleonic times, there's no danger of nightly bridge parties with retired colonels. In high season the island swarms with tourists. And ever since Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson came here on a getaway cruise in 1936, visiting yachts have continued to supply a little welcome glamour.

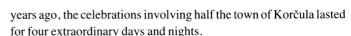
But it's the Korčulans themselves who make the island's richly various social life fun and interesting. As a family, we all have our own friends here, and now that the connections extend over several generations, we are beginning to feel that we belong. My parents, recently made honorary citizens, take an active interest in local affairs. When my brother, Jamie, got married in the cathedral a few

Wearing a Scottish military bonnet, Maclean, below, patrols the streets of Korčula with partisan officers in 1943. Right:
Maclean, son Charlie, and granddaughter
Margaret Augusta breakfast on the terrace of the Boschi palace.



Owning a tumbledown palace on an island in a Socialist republic is one thing, turning it into a manageable Balkan pied-à-terre another

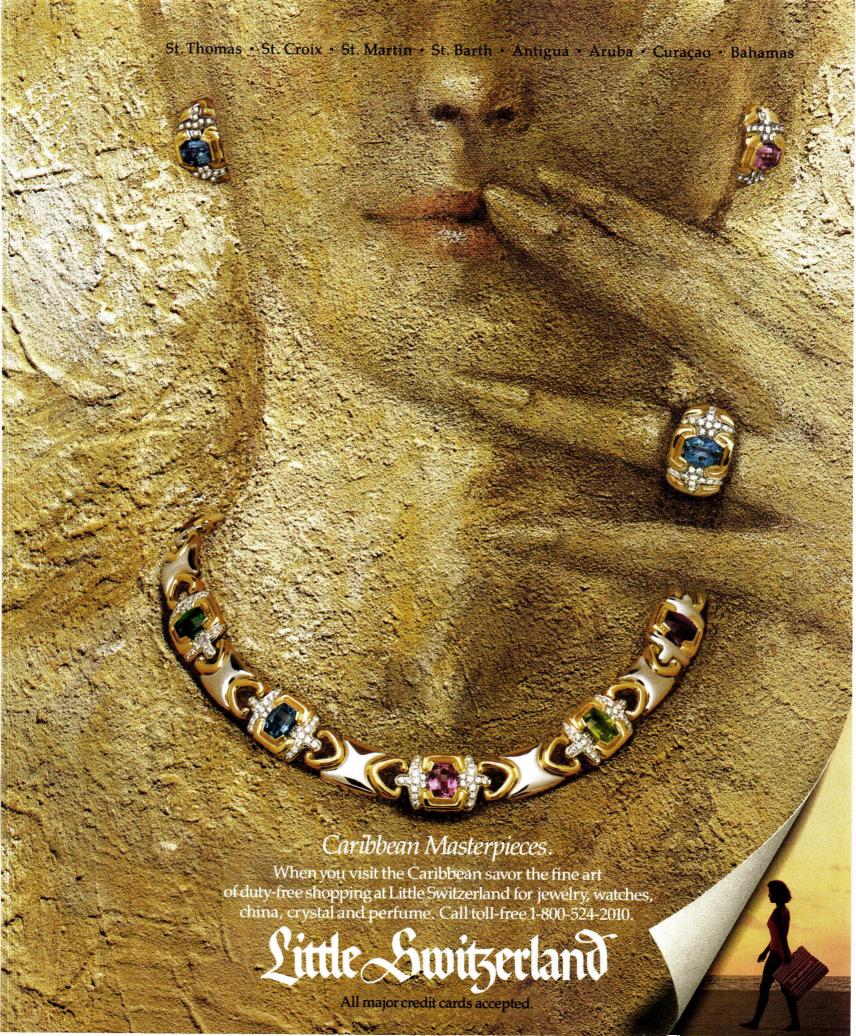
A flying staircase leads to the 14thcentury main gate of Korčula.



If you take a guided tour of the old town, you will be shown the house where Marco Polo may or may not have spent a year as prisoner of the Genoese. You are also likely to have pointed out the Boschi palace, home of "Serfizroy Maklen," another foreigner whose contribution to the island's history has gradually been absorbed into Korčulan mythology.

Since Homeric times, when Circe is said to have lured Ulysses's men ashore to the golden beaches of Lumbarda, Korčula has eased the wanderlust of world travelers. My father claims to feel less restless here than in most places, but he still has a tendency to swim out dangerously far into the busy shipping lanes beyond the city walls. "It would be a little ironic at this point to get decapitated by a German tourist in a speedboat," he cheerfully admits. But he continues to take in the unchanging view of the city from the sea—to make him give up the pleasure, the odds would have to be a lot tougher.

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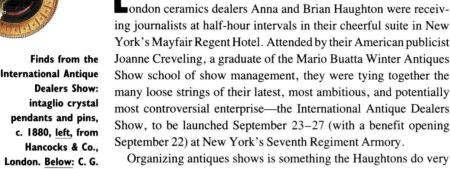


SHOPPING



New York's newest antiques show challenges its most prestigious rival By Stuart Greenspan

Greek dog's head drinking cup, 4th century B.C., left, from the Merrin Gallery, NYC. Below: An 18th-century portrait by John Francis Rigaud, from Arthur Ackermann & Son. London. Below left: Greek red figure wine and water krater, 4th century B.C., from the Merrin Gallery.



Diehl box, c. 1860, from Didier Aaron,

NYC. Bottom: Chelsea

plate, c. 1755, from

Brian Haughton,

London.

ing journalists at half-hour intervals in their cheerful suite in New York's Mayfair Regent Hotel. Attended by their American publicist Joanne Creveling, a graduate of the Mario Buatta Winter Antiques Show school of show management, they were tying together the many loose strings of their latest, most ambitious, and potentially most controversial enterprise—the International Antique Dealers Show, to be launched September 23-27 (with a benefit opening September 22) at New York's Seventh Regiment Armory. Organizing antiques shows is something the Haughtons do very well, having established over the past decade two of

the most successful specialist shows in Europe, the International Silver and Jewelry Fair and Seminar and the International Ceramics Fair and Seminar, both in London. But in presenting the New York show in September, which they are producing with the cooperation of the National Antique and Art Dealers Association of America, the Haughtons appear to be going head-to-head with the best established and most prestigious show in America, the Winter Antiques Show, a January tra-

dition which for 35 years has made a great deal of money for the East Side House Settlement in the south Bronx.

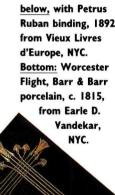
The East Side show is regarded as the personal fiefdom of esteemed decorator Mario Buatta, who over the past fifteen years has transformed the formerly stodgy Winter Antiques Show into one of the chicest events of the winter season. The show raises about \$800,000 annually for East Side House, nearly a third of its entire budget. Although his charm and wit are legendary, Buatta has not accomplished this by being a "nice guy." There are many people who dislike his autocratic manner when it comes to making decisions about such things as who is in and out of the show. Although there are committees who ostensibly rule by vote, Buatta,

it is generally conceded, has the final word and often the first one, too.

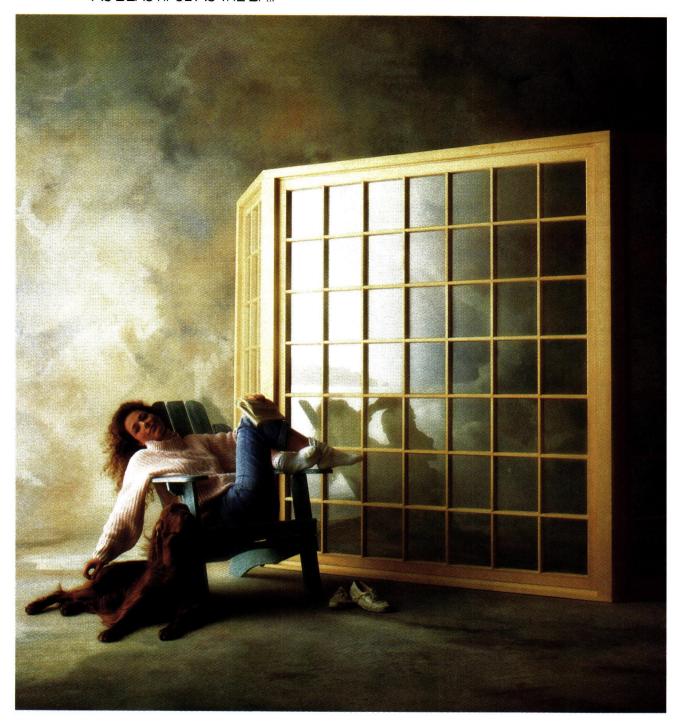
The source of Buatta's power is East Side House itself whose aristocratic committee members are delighted by the money







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SHOPPING

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he makes for the charity and at the same time are cowed by his flamboyance and style. Buatta's way, as successful as it has proven to be, is not their way, but when push comes to shove, these gentlemen turn the other cheek in the name of charity.

Buatta's other power base is made up of the friends and clients whom he has handpicked for the various committees responsible for the show. Glamorous people, Buatta knows, appreciate special handling and show their gratitude by bringing along their friends, who almost always travel with their checkbooks.

But in all this, one has to ask, What about the antiques? Ah! This is where the Haughtons come in. One of the major complaints about Buatta is that he turned what had been a fine if slightly provincial Americana-dominated show into a "decorator" show, where no one much cared if the goods for sale weren't "right," as long as they looked right. As the situation worsened some dealers suggested that in order to reassure buyers of authenticity and to support the

Buatta, it is conceded. integrity of the show, East Side should be vetted. Vetting, in which committees of experts examine evhas the final word erything on the floor to certify that it is just what and often the Pair of Worcester flowerpots, below, from Brian Haughton, London. Right: English 1658 embossed silver porringer and stand first one, too

the dealer says it is—if not, it is banished—is standard procedure at European shows, but it has never caught on in America. Maybe this can be attributed to that streak of fierce individualism which runs through so much of American enterprise; or maybe, despite our sophistication and worldly wisdom, we are still suspicious of "foreign" ways—and in the American antiques world, vetting is definitely foreign.

Nevertheless, a few years ago a group of dealers in the East Side show banded together and advertised, by means of placards displayed in their booths, that their goods were vetted. The rest of the exhibitors were outraged and some threatened to walk out if the offending signs were not removed. Two years later when Buatta broke faith with the dealers by ignoring their recommendations regarding which of them should be invited back, the dealers threatened to close down the show. Buatta backed down, but it remains an uneasy truce. Few exhibitors, if any, however, are prepared to give up their spot at East Side because it's still the most highly acclaimed and profitable show in America. Some dealers take home a huge chunk

firm, which has not done a show like this in years, and Robert H. Ellsworth, the New York Orientalist who is so exclusive he does not even keep a shop. As if running the show were not enough, the Haughtons will also be exhibiting ceramics, as will Earle D. Vandekar and a slew of others. Didier Aaron, the decorative arts specialist, antiquities dealer Edward Merrin, and twenty others will be showing at the International as well as at East Side. Although Buatta has grumbled a bit about crossovers—dealers doing both shows—he

of their annual income through this ten-day gig, alone. That East

Side might be superseded by the International show, which will be

tiques shows," the Haughtons, at least, do not see it that way. "We're not interested in the power side at all," says Brian

Haughton, picking up immediately on Buatta's most remarked-

upon trait. "We're not interested in egos. We're very happy to be

Brian and Anna Haughton." All very well and good, but one

doesn't get to put on a high-powered international show by emulat-

ing Mother Teresa, either. In order to avoid any appearance of

poaching, the Haughtons did not invite exhibitors to join them, per

se, but once the word got out they did entertain written applications.

and include Israel Sack, the great New York American furniture

The 84 dealers they've lined up are among the best in the world

Although much has already been made of this "war of the an-

fully vetted, has some people quaking.

In fact, despite all the criticism directed at him, Buatta generally has seemed impervious to it, delighting in the negative as well as the positive attention he gets. Buatta has been known to write or call journalists to thank them even when he has been savaged. But the announcement of the new show must have rattled him because for a while he was wondering out loud if the Haughtons might not want him to come over to their side. The Haughtons were aghast at the suggestion. "We haven't even met the man," Brian Haughton sniffed. Wait and see.

seems to be taking a wait-and-see attitude.

HG SEPTEMBER 1989 78

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BOOKS

Exploring Space

Four current works probe the dimensions of our interior lives By Michael Sorkin

was at the video store the other night, cruising the tapes. Passing in delicious perplexity among the genres, I hauled up in front of a rack marked CULT. The category seemed to embrace those hard-to-classify movies vehemently admired by smallish groups, films like *Blue Velvet* and the marvelous *Brazil*. By this standard of the fervor of minorities, Robert Harbison's recently reissued book **Eccentric Spaces** (David R. Godine, \$10.95) is also a cult classic. Since it was first published in 1977, it has become a standard text in that small but fervent canon of works about architecture which seeks to understand the poetic dimension of space.

The book is about the relationship between architecture and fiction in the broadest sense—about the threads that join space making and the imagination, about, in the author's words, "domesticating reality" and "bringing things indoors." Harbison adopts a double strategy. The first part of the book considers a sequence of things, gardens, rooms, machines, and cities, that he arrays in an unfolding order of complication. By examining places of exemplary eccentricity, the weird gardens of Bomarzo, Sir John Soane's house in London, Horace Walpole's zany mansion Strawberry Hill, Victorian train sheds, Ledoux's and Boullée's ideal cities, the architecture of Bernini, and that of the "Bernini of the present," one Eddie di Bartolo, a shopping mall magnate from Youngstown, Ohio, Harbison presses the edges of his envelope of inscription, shows the way in which the most fantastic literary ideas reproduce themselves in material reality.

PHILLIP LOPATE

The second half of the book inverts the approach of the first. Here Harbison looks at a sequence of fictions that order the world of places, an architecture of ideas. Again, the range of instances rivets with its eccentricity: the strange architecture in Gothic novels and those of Kafka; cities evoked in Hawthorne, James, Robbe-Grillet, Dickens,

Flaubert; the encapsulating spatialization of maps and of the paintings of Brueghel and Van Eyck; the ordering of things embodied at the Victoria and Albert Museum and in the Sears catalogue. All represent evanescent codings of states of mind, the shadowy architecture of the imaginary.

Eccentric Spaces is, of course, also a mapping of Harbison's own sensibility, autobiographical, and preoccupied. Like architecture, which he decodes as the expression of individual lives, the book returns persistently to certain centers, to Rome, Venice, and London, to Victorian novels, to Joyce, to the primal scenes of modernity's struggles between reason and romance. What makes the book marvelous, however, is not the axis of return but the twists in the road, Harbison's uncannily fresh mental topographies.

In form, Eccentric Spaces is a kind of picaresque, a rogue wandering through a singular imagination. The writing is brilliant, supple, and nuanced. The book's unexpected juxtapositions are always exacting, propelling the reader in one new direction after another. This exquisite piling on exemplifies just the sorts of relationships the book is about, the ways in which the space of building and the space of fiction are constructed from the same matrix of conjury. Harbison is a Marco Polo, inviting us to travel to places mysterious and new, to see the labyrinths of the exotic in the spaces we inhabit.

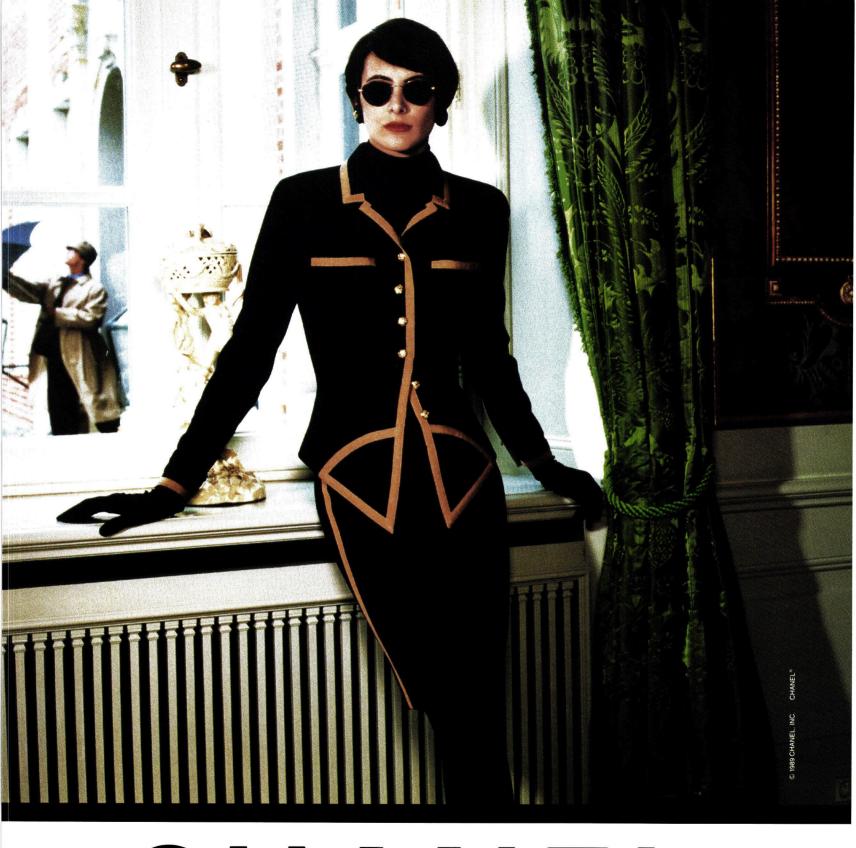
Witold Rybczynski's The Most Beautiful House in the World (Viking, \$18.95) is also structured as

a picaresque, a series of associative wanderings prompted by the contemplation of architecture. In this case, the stimulating object is a little house Rybczynski built for himself near Montreal. At one level, then, the book is a memoir of the amateur carpenter's travails, an immemorial form, incarnate from *The Swiss Family Robinson* to *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* and down to *The Money Pit* and sundry other pittings of Tom Hanks or Chevy Chase against the teeny malevolences of the suburbs.

Unlike Tom Hanks, though, when Rybczynski contemplates a two-by-four, he's put immediately in mind of Bernini or, at least, Le Corbusier. There's something charming and affecting, even grand, in the leap, in the conceit that, immanent in every work of architecture, however modest, resides the collective memory of all architecture. It's scarcely a new insight, this vision of buildings as mnemonics, and, indeed, it is this very idea of building as a residence for ideas that Harbison so skillfully

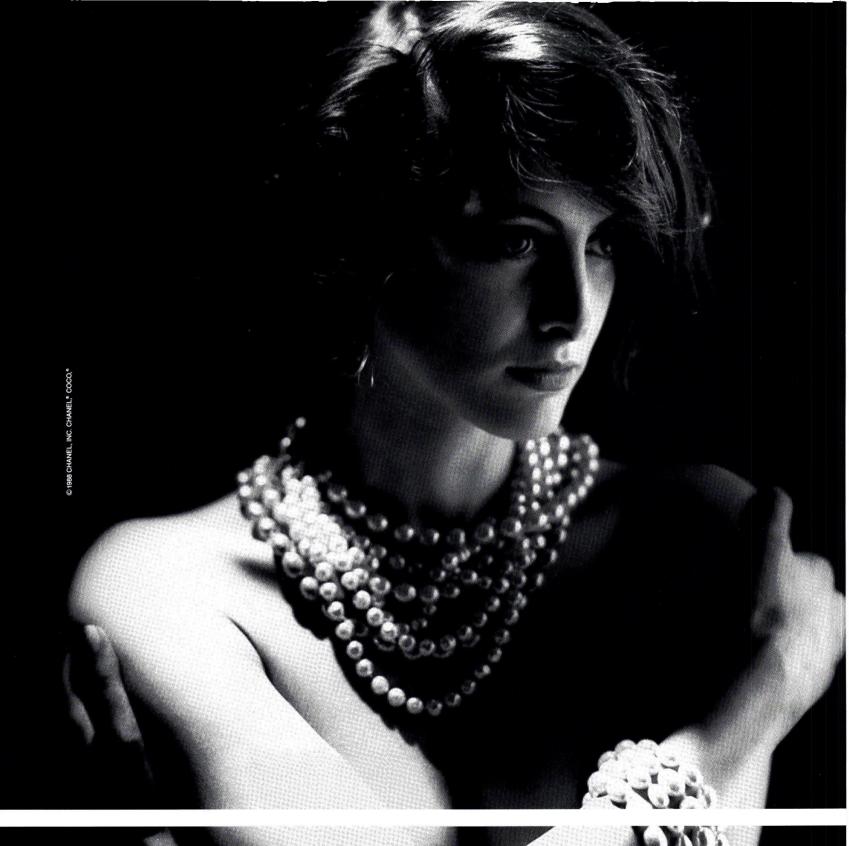
elaborates. The problem for me with Rybczynski lies in both a consonance and a dissonance between his little shingled goad and the larger thoughts it inspires.

The consonance problem is the same one I had with his earlier book, *Home*, that popular paean to the cozy comforts of the absolutely bourgeois: there is no eccentricity. The march of associations



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BOOKS

is exactly what one would expect of a kindly, catholic, and conscientious schoolmaster. One can't fault his mini discourses on feng shui or Fallingwater, but the analysis is always so, well, comfortable. Where Harbison measures the dimensions of fictive words, Rybczynski describes the houses famous authors lived in. Harbison offers a ride in a roaring Maserati through the lifting mists on a twisting alpine road. Rybczynski takes us for a leisurely Sunday drive to Grandmother's house in the family flivver.

The dissonance, on the other hand, comes from contemplating the particular object of Rybczynski's energies, the house described in the text and presented in a series of unlovely little sketches. Now, the universe may well be visible in a grain of sand to some, but most of us, trodding the beach, don't spot the cosmos. Invited to find fascination in Rybczynski's stimulating relationship to the shed he has built, we're given only his own fascination to be fascinated with. The homely little building, however homey, is something only a parent could love.

The month's picaresque prize must, however, surely go to Parisian Jean Baudrillard and his latest book, **America** (Verso, \$24.95). Baudrillard is a picaresque hero in the most metropolitan incarnation: the philosophical *flâneur*. Picture Baudrillard, the great avatar of simulation, proponent of the idea that experience is growing ever more ersatz, tooling down the American superhigh-

Rybczynski's homely little building is something only a parent could love

way in his rented Buick as the satanic manufactories of mediated mendacity, from Madison Avenue to Hollywood, flash by on either side. Did a philosopher ever have greater incitement to find the *mot juste*?

Alas, he's not quite up to it in this brief work. The geography of Baudrillard's travels is too familiar, trod or driven by so many Europeans looking for themselves in the mirror of America, projecting their visions of utopia on our yielding shores. But we are still dealing with Baudrillard, who is nothing if not an astute reader of the "affectless succession of signs" that signal the shifting shapes of this "primitive society of the future." Embedded in the hyperbolic torrent are plenty of gratifying and deadly accurate riffs: on Los Angeles (that El Dorado of European speculation), on Salt Lake City, on the desert, the movies, Ronald Reagan, automobiles, and much more. If Baudrillard isn't exactly the Postmodern Tocqueville we've been waiting for, his lambent insights seldom fail to amuse.

Finally, I'm pleased to note the publication of **Against Joie de Vivre** (Poseidon Press, \$18.95), a fine book of essays by Phillip Lopate. A number of these deal with places and ways in which people live in the city (specifically, New York and Houston). His accounts of these intimate relations with the urban environment are finely nuanced and wise. His is a fine eye for the little rituals of propinquity that make up everybody's strategies of inhabitation. I especially like "Never Live above Your Landlord," with its reverberant, if chilling, bong of familiarity.



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Eire Apparent

Dublin designer Sybil Connolly's cottage industry goes global By Douglas Brenner

Connolly, below, with fabrics she designed for Schumacher and Robert Allen. Above left: Porcelain for Tiffany & Co. echoes 18th-century botanical collages.



Brunschwig & Fils has

re-created a 1760 Dublin

decoration of a Regency

cottage ornée, shown in photo. Below: On an Irish

wallpapers for Schumacher,

Georgian table from Kentshire Gallery, Connolly

fabric for Ametex and

comforter for Martex.

and a clock for Tiffany.

Robert Allen, pillow and

toile, left, used in Connolly's

ometimes I wonder if I don't really prefer houses to clothes," muses Sybil Connolly, the doyenne of Irish couture, as she sips her favorite jasmine tea in a friend's Manhattan apartment. "The tea," she confides in a cozy whisper, "is my drug," a soothing restorative amid a hectic round of professional and social engagements across the United States. For many years after her transatlantic debut in Philadelphia in 1953, her frequent visits to this country promoted the now-classic fashions in linen, tweed, and lace that have won her a loyal clientele (Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis wore a Connolly

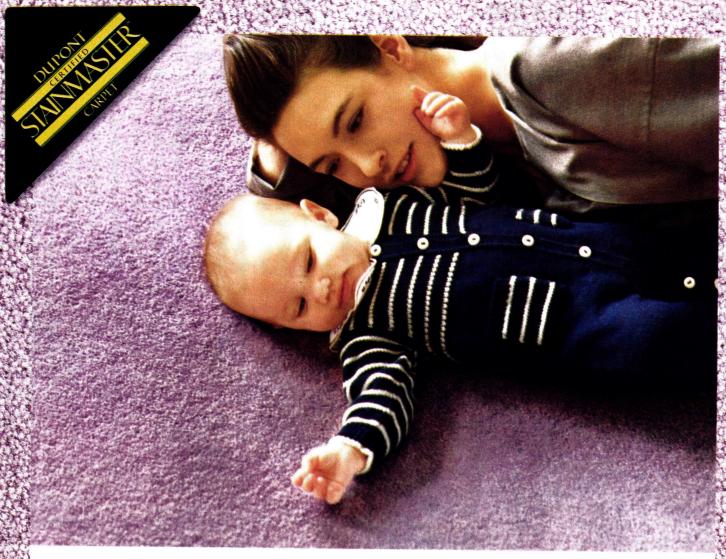
gown to sit for her White House portrait; Cary Grant was partial to the Dubliner's menswear). More recently, however, Americans have also come to know Sybil Connolly as the designer of china place settings, enamel boxes, and clocks for Tiffany's, fabrics and wallcoverings for Brunschwig & Fils, Robert Allen, and Schumacher, and bed linens for Martex and as the editor of two new books, In an Irish Garden (a collaborative effort with Helen Dillon) and In an Irish House, both published by Harmony.

Sybil Connolly's teacup pauses in midair at the mention of a second career-"Well," she offers with an indulgent smile, "one does evolve, doesn't one?" Clearly, though, she would no sooner countenance such an idea than she would talk about "lifestyle" as a commodity. Style is something she absorbed as a girl from her half-Welsh, half-English mother, a woman who cared as deeply about Georgian houses, eighteenth-century cabinetwork, and old silver as she did about the newest Balenciaga frock: "She and Nancy Lancaster had the best taste—about houses, about everything of anybody I have ever known. I always knew when my mother

had been in a room from the placement of a single object."

Connolly sharpened her eye for detail and craftsmanship as a teenage apprentice at Bradley's, an exclusive London dressmaking salon (she was once allowed to hold the pins at a Buckingham Palace fitting for the dowager Queen Mary). Later, back in Ireland with a design label of her own, she worked with seamstresses to perfect methods for hand-pleating gossamer linen, organized teams of knitters, and sat by peat fires with cottage weavers in Donegal, devising novel lightweight tweeds for American customers used to central heating. Between foreign tours and fittings, she personally supervised the restoration of the circa 1770 town house on Dublin's Merrion Square where she still lives and runs her salon after 32 years, surrounded by "Irish Chippendale" furniture, rare Dublin delft, Waterford and Simon Pearce glass, and a collection of chatelaines she treasures as relics of the high art of housekeeping.

Sybil Connolly has been decorating other people's houses almost



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DECORATION

sical urns or in the Goblet Look of 1955, whose silhouette reflected the contours of antique Waterford claret glasses (turned upside down). But even at her subtlest and most original, Connolly has never ceased to learn from the decorative arts of earlier eras. The sprigged Angoulême pattern of Louis XVI china reappeared in one of her earliest fabric designs, the ribbon cartouche of a Chinese export wallpaper threaded its way into a Connolly chintz, and the botanical "paper mosaicks" of Mary Delaney, the eminent collagist, diarist, and needlewoman of eigh-

"Line endures— in a piece of furniture, in a room, in a dress"

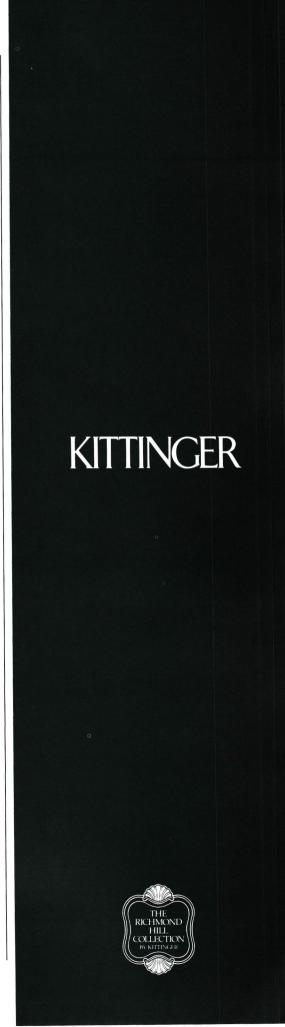
teenth-century England and Ireland, inspired the jewel-like flowers against black backgrounds on Connolly porcelain. A skilled watercolorist and an avid gardener, Connolly bases most of her floral motifs on paintings of the plants she grows behind her Dublin house. "I used 29 colors in my first design for Brunschwig & Fils—there were eleven greens!" she recalls. "But they forgot to tell me that one is limited to a certain number of colors. So I had to learn how to paint with a bit of gouache."

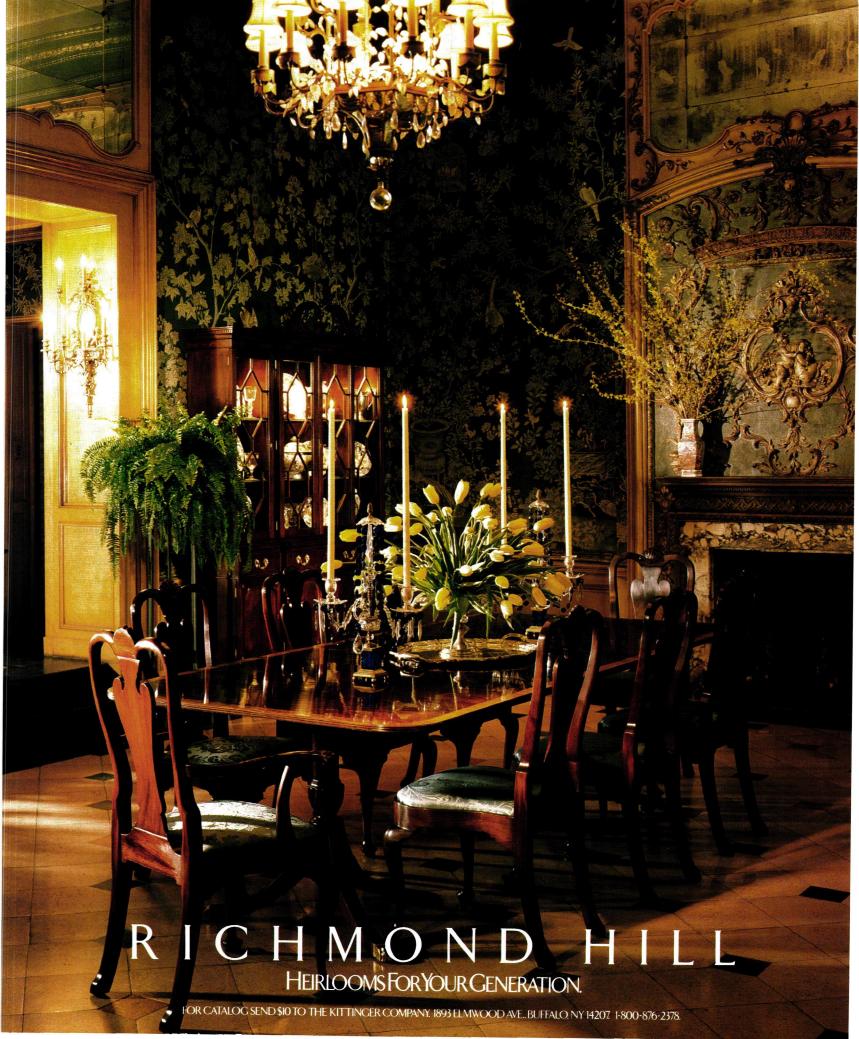
Besides helping to organize the 1986 exhibition that brought Mrs. Delaney's long-neglected collages and embroidery from the storerooms of the British Museum to the galleries of New York's Morgan Library, Connolly has aided in the rescue of other forgotten art forms. In the 1970s she was one of the first to revive the appliqué paper mural technique of the Georgian print room-an adaptation of which adorns the endpapers of In an Irish House—and now she is eager to broadcast the little-known fact that the method for printing eighteenth-century toile de Jouy with copper plates was invented by an Irishman, whose process was eventually appropriated by a French manufacturer. She recounts the behind-the-scenes museum detective work that led to this discovery with the unabashed delight of Miss Marple unraveling a knotty case.

A reprinted 1760 "toile de Dublin" from the National Museum of Ireland is an important element in Connolly's decoration of a Regency folly near Cahir in County Tipperary, a thatched cottage ornée said to have been designed by John Nash. "The place is wildly romantic, like a sleeping beauty," she exclaims. "What adds to the aura, I suppose, is that it was rumored to have been commissioned by the Earl of Glengall for his mistress." With its vine-clad trellises and tree trunk columns, the cottage ornée was meant to be a fanciful, sophisticated version of rustic architecture-rather like one of Connolly's most famous dresses, the Irish Washerwoman, which transformed the Connemara peasant's red flannel petticoat, white blouse, and black crochet shawl into an elegant evening ensemble. The Cahir cottage is owned by the Irish government and is now being restored as a public landmark with funds from the New York-based Port Royal Foundation. The Irish toile and other fabrics and wallpapers, based on documentary sources as well as original Connolly designs, have been produced for the restoration by Brunschwig, which will market them this fall as the Cottage Ornée Collection.

Meanwhile, Sybil Connolly is gathering material for a book on the decorative arts of Ireland, studying floral-patterned antique papier-mâché with a new series of trays in mind, consulting with couture clients, and "working hard, and not succeeding very much, to do white-on-white sheets with just a bit of color. Indeed the best seller I have ever designed for Martex is just blue and white. It's been out two years or so, and I am still receiving royalties. I don't think I'll ever get over the novelty of receiving royalties."

As always, Connolly looks forward to seeing her designs in the houses of friends at home and abroad—and will no doubt view the results with a gentle appreciation for the mysterious influence of national taste. "American houses are neater than Irish or English houses," she observes, "and sometimes I am not too sure that they shouldn't look a bit more as though people are living in them. You want to see a cushion not quite straight or stumble over a child's train set or find somebody's knitting. I think that makes a charming room. It's rather encouraging, don't you think, to feel that human beings are still necessary."





Timely Obsessions

After cornering the market on 1950s clocks, a couple moves on to lunch boxes By Margot Guralnick

Like a fisherman who's just pulled in a prize trout or a butterfly collector with a rare specimen in his net, New York sculptor Peter Reginato is feeling the flush of a recent catch. "I almost lost my cool when I saw it," he says gazing at a light blue vinyl lunch box, packed among rows and rows of similar lunch boxes dating from the 1950s

to the near present. Though the cachet of this model—or any for that matter—is far from obvious to the uninitiated, a 1964 Mickey Mouse Kaboodle Kit represents a blue-chip find to lunch box aficionados like Reginato, and for \$10 from an uptown New York gallery it's something to gloat over.

Then again, each of the lunch boxes lining Reginato's studio has a story behind it—a tale of a fruitful garage sale, a three-hour drive to a backwoods flea market, or a complex trading deal negotiated over the telephone with a stranger in Wyoming. "Every popular figure from Zorro to Twiggy found their way onto a lunch box," says Reginato. "To me these aren't just kitsch collector's items, they're documents of an era."

What started four years ago with a \$3 find has led to a pioneering collection nearly eight hundred strong, a mere twelve away from featuring every steel example ever made. (The last steel lunch box, fittingly emblazoned with Rambo graphics, came out in 1986 before a group of disgruntled mothers, insisting steel was a deadly weapon, forced manufacturers to switch to molded plastic.) Lunch boxes, of course, are far from rare—between 1950 and 1970, 120 million were produced—but a recent book on the subject and a rash of new collectors have sent prices soaring. To keep up with the competition, Reginato forgoes art openings in favor of hours of long-distance box talk. And though his own colorful steel sculptures can be found in prominent collections all over the country, he's more likely to be overheard effusing about "full-faced Hoppies" (lunch box code for Alladin's 1954–56 likenesses of Hopalong Cassidy) than about the Whitney Museum's Edward Hoppers.

Collecting may be a new sideline for Reginato but developing untapped territories is a longtime speciality. During the late sixties,

Peter Reginato and Felicia de Chabris, left, count the minutes with their collection of 1950s George Nelson clocks. Top: One of de Chabris's vintage hat forms wearing a concoction by Victoria DiNardo. Below: Lunch boxes climb the walls in Reginato's studio. Bottom: A 1954 Howdy Doody.

long before the acquisitive urge had surfaced, he was one of the first artists to carve a combination studio and living space out of a seedy downtown New York warehouse. "Stripped, bright, without redundancies," as an article in Vogue described it, the loft was a stylish wilderness of "almost no furniture, considerable art, and continuous music." Things had changed, however, by the time Reginato met his wife, Felicia de Chabris, more than a decade later. His hand-me-down modular orange sofa no longer had that outré edge, the rooms begged for doors, and the ceiling was on the verge of caving in.

Some quick structural improvements were followed by a mad search for furniture. "After rejecting one black leather couch after another," recalls de Chabris, a former interior designer turned ceramic artist, "we decided to focus on furniture classics." Soon an Eames sofa, a vintage jukebox, an Arne Jacobsen Swan chair, and a rug with Calder-style abstractions had formed an ensemble in the living room and it seemed they wanted only one more detail—a ball clock produced by fifties design hero





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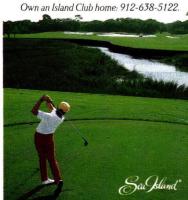
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96



COLLECTING

George Nelson. By the time the desired model presented itself, however, seven other Nelson designs had already surfaced and were forming kaleidoscopic patterns on the living room walls. A year later so many had joined the group that whenever Reginato blew a fuse welding, he had to get up on a ladder and reset thirty clocks. "First we bought what we liked," says de Chabris, "then Peter started buying everything."

With her own extensive collections of fifties plastic pocketbooks, Barbie dolls, cocktail shakers, and wire hatstands, de Chabris is an understanding and indulgent cohort. "There are only about ten that I don't like," she says, staring up at a collection of sunburst-, diamond-, pinwheel-, and asterisk-shaped clocks, which is now unrivaled in its scope. "But the ones I don't like," she adds, "I really don't like." For Reginato, however, these designs hold endless fascination,



Felicia de Chabris's collection of cocktail shakers line up on shelves of her own design, against a wall she sponged turquoise.

both as timepieces evocative of an era and as sculpture that bears a strong link to his own work: "I see hints of Miró, Matisse, and Léger all over them."

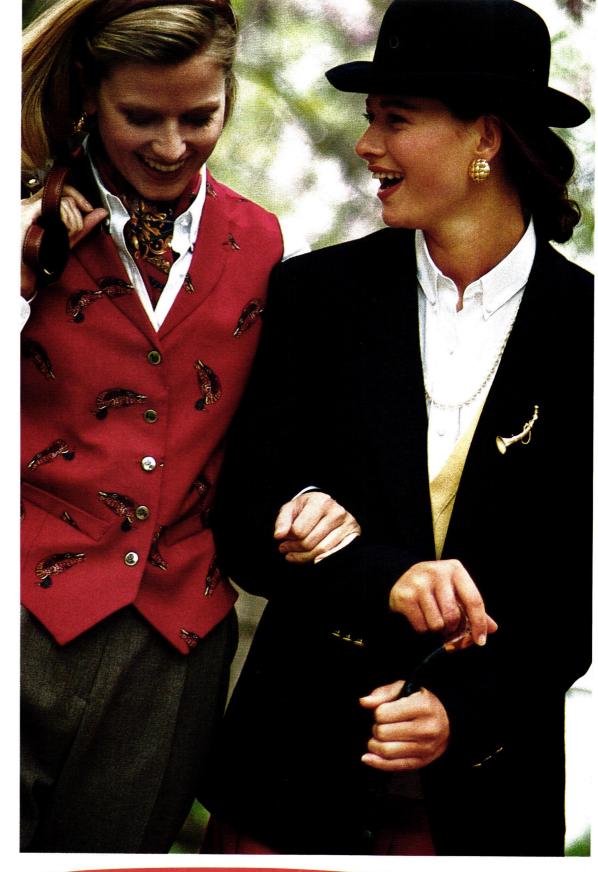
It was during the course of his indefatigable search for clocks that Reginato inevitably spotted his first lunch box—"a 1973 Evel Knievel lying in the most pitiful pile of junk." Feeling that the next clock would be a long time coming, he threw himself into "lunch boxing" and has since barely gone a day without a discovery. Still, during more reflective moments, he talks of finding another hobby, wary of becoming another collectibles casualty. "A man I knew is now under doctor's care," he notes with concern. "He OD'd on lunch boxes."

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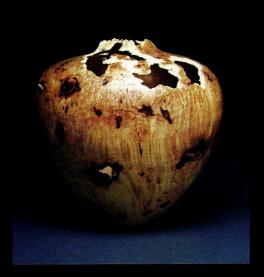
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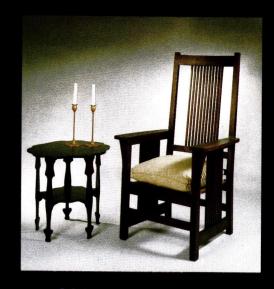
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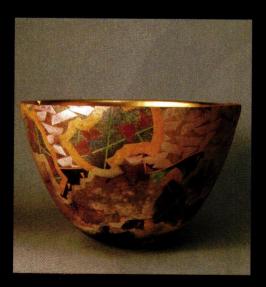
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ANTIQUES



A Palissyinspired French plate of shellfish, c. 1860, from Ann Lawrence Antiques.

reau was willing to marry one of Palissy's daughters for a dowry of pottery molds. The proud father clearly felt his molds were worth more than his daughter because he reneged on the deal and Moreau spent years after the wedding, even after his wife's death, suing for his share.

Sons-in-law, however, were the least of Palissy's troubles. More than once, his studio, a well-known Huguenot meeting spot, was wrecked by anti-Protestant mobs and Palissy himself imprisoned. He was saved from being burned at the stake as a heretic by an influential patron, Constable Anne de Montmorency, governor of the province of Saintonge and keeper of the king's sword, for

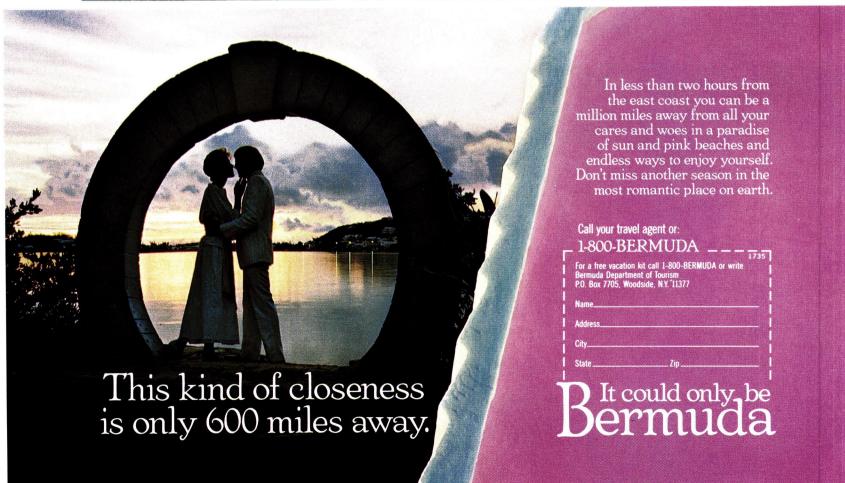
whom Palissy designed an elaborate garden grotto that caught the attention of Catherine de Médicis.

Summoned to Paris by Catherine in the mid 1560s, Palissy was put to work in the garden of the Tuileries Palace masterminding another ceramic grotto, long since destroyed but still celebrated as the most spectacular of its kind in Europe. Adding the latest chapter to the story, archaeologists working on the grounds of the Louvre in 1984 unearthed a storage chamber filled with fragments of grotto molds and pottery hailed as the most important Palissy find to date. Art historian Leonard Amico, at work on a book about Palissy to be published in France next year, describes this grotto as a "cross between a romantic ruin and a natural cave," complete with colonnades, weatherworn statues, and a fountain that cascaded into a pool of pottery lobsters and fish so that as the water fell, the creatures appeared to swim.

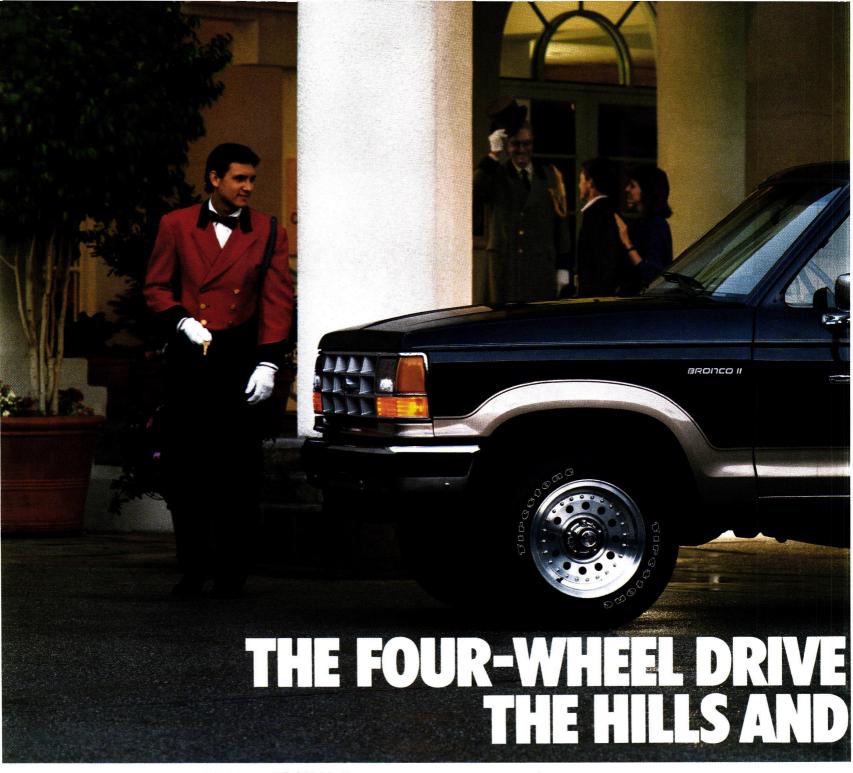
Protected by the title Creator of the King's Rustic Wares, Palissy continued to devise visionary garden plans in which topiaries took the form of dining pavilions, and plants were composed of clay. Even royal support, how-

ever, proved short-lived. Prosecuted for heresy in 1586, the potter spent four years in various dungeons, winding up in the Bastille, where he died at the age of eighty.

"The drama of Palissy's life makes him that much more appealing," says Didier Aaron, whose dining room in his Paris antiques gallery is a treasury of Palissy-style designs. Richly detailed seventeenth- and nineteenthcentury French plates and platters share wall space with cruder early twentieth century examples turned out by Mafra, a Portuguese pottery with a predilection for gruesome snake-swallowing lizards. Connoisseurs such as Aaron, New Orleans art collector Howard Barnett, and New York decorative arts dealers Linda Horn and Edward R. Lubin find their Palissy ware anywhere from out-of-theway European antiques shops to Sotheby's and Christie's London ceramics auctions to prominent New York galleries. Prices for museum-quality pieces run in the five figures, but more common examples go for \$200 and \$300. French history books aside, Palissy is still very much an unsung hero. (For a list of dealers of Palissy-style ceramics see Resources.)







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DEALER'S EYE

From Folk to Federal

A new gallery in Baltimore provides a sumptuous setting for high-style Americana By Amy Cunningham





A Renaissance Revival armchair, 19th-century painted screen, and vintage Parcheesi board, above, lend a baronial look to the gallery. Left: Colwill-McGehee's lavish Neoclassical drawing room. Below left: Detail of a bronze Egyptian Revival fire fender.

he more you see, the more you start to focus on what was really special in the eye of the artist making the piece," says Milly McGehee in a deep Natchez, Mississippi, accent. She is surveying a flamboyantly painted four-drawer chest dated 1800. The bold green brushstrokes on its dark mustard finish are anachronistically mod-

ern and wildly abstract—as if the craftsman had been listening to something dissonant, like Béla Bartók, that day. McGehee has studied the chest dozens of times, and yet it still grips her in an extraordinary way. This object meets all her criteria and more. This object "sings" in a piercing voice.

The chest is just the kind of American rarity that McGehee, 39, a recent transplant from Dallas, and Stiles Tuttle Colwill, 37, a Baltimore native, resolved to trade in exclusively when they formed their Baltimore partnership in

March 1988. Almost every piece in their gallery is an exquisite oddity in some respect. A walk around all four rooms reveals two rare rosewood-grain painted card tables attributed to Baltimore furniture makers John and Hugh Findlay, a late Federal sofa extremely valuable for its diminutive size, and an 1820 sideboard made by John Needles and purchased from Andy Warhol's estate.

"Whether it's textiles or furniture, we look for things that are vi-

Milly McGehee, below left, conducts business from a Federal lolling chair with partner Stiles Colwill. The sideboard is Renaissance Revival, c. 1860.

brant, spirited, unusual," says McGehee, a gregarious blonde who had her own museum-quality Americana business in Dallas for eight years before hooking up with Colwill. The two met nearly a decade ago while examining a Baltimore painted settee that McGehee was selling to the Maryland Historical Society, where Colwill worked for sixteen years, the last two as museum director. They got better acquainted at annual Sotheby's luncheons and came to see the kicky compatibility of their seemingly opposing tastes. She loves sophisticated country. He has a scholar's knowledge of formal American furniture and landscape paintings. It's the juxtaposition of their preferences that now constitutes Colwill-McGehee's sumptuous look.

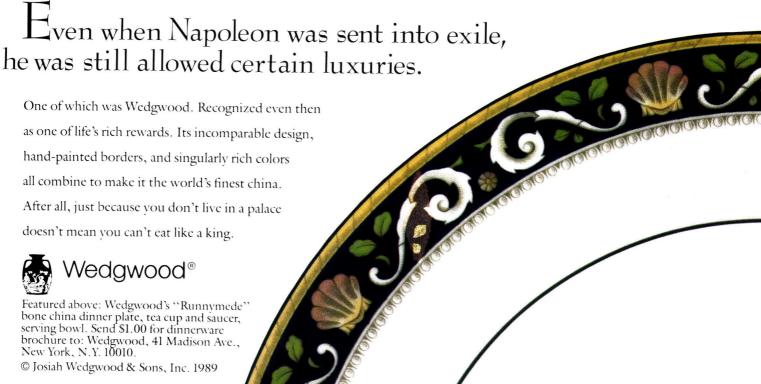
The gallery, which had been used as a copy store, occupies the first floor of a 1901 Greek Revival town house. Abused for many years, it took seven months to remodel and decorate the place. Colwill and McGehee carefully restored the Robert Adam—style plasterwork and trim and enlisted British decorative painter Harry Lendrum to do the graining and marbling in the first two rooms.

Colwill-McGehee's lavish Neoclassical drawing room is brightly lined with a giddy yellow wallpaper. Under McGehee's critical eye, Colwill draped the front window with four layers of dramatically swagged

curtains of dark green silk. The bright yellow and green carpet was custom-woven in England from an 1806 pattern. British and American landscapes and portraits hang by chains from brass picture rails. An early nineteenth century gilded eagle with spread wings looks down from a pediment. McGehee is quite fond of eagles.

Among the gallery's boldest combinations is in the baronial fourth gallery room, their office, which looks like a library or smoking room in a Scottish castle. Since this space has become an extension of home, it's not unusual to find them eating lunch beside one of the two working fireplaces, complaining vehemently about the quotidian chicken sandwiches they've been forced to purchase from the only carryout place within blocks. "Frankly," says McGehee, "anything ordinary just isn't acceptable to us." (Colwill-McGehee Antique Decorative and Fine Arts, 1106 North Charles St., Baltimore, MD 301-547-8607)









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GARDENING

Floral Decorum

Only the French would decree which blooms signify good taste By Jane Kramer

shy, bearded gardener by the name of Yves Martignon comes from the suburbs two or three times a year to help with my Paris garden, which is one of those big secret gardens hidden behind the walls and courtyards of the Left Bank. It was intended as an English garden. A gardening lady from one of the Scilly Isles looked it over years ago, when it was a neat grass plot with gravel "walking borders," and said that it would never do — and then she carried over

the proper English bulbs and seeds and fertilizers in her Mini-Minor and turned the earth two shovels deep and scattered everything around with great artful nonchalance. Soon she had herbs and iris, camellias and roses and petunias appearing and reappearing like the themes of a pastorale, overflowing their beds onto old stone paths that wandered through the garden from the far wall to the dining room door. The garden was rarely bare, except for a few months in winter. Then M. Martignon took it over.

M. Martignon is actually allergic to flowers. In a bad year he has to retire from gardening with the first crocus and cannot go back to work until the last fall rose has died. This means that he is rarely around to see the flowers he has planted bloom, but, even so, he is as rigorous in his views about flowers as any of the fancy florists in town. It is against M. Martignon's principles to plant a yellow tulip, say, next to a pink tulip or to mix the seeds he brings in little paper bags from his *pépinière* in the suburbs and wait for surprises. Left to his own taste, he plants an austere—even a devout—garden. He

was distressed, of course, by the terrible winter we had in France a few years back, but when he arrived at my garden that April and was busy pulling up the dead bushes and stuffing them into black plastic garbage sacks, he did remark that the garden looked "plus pur, plus classique" with its big new empty patches and not much of its old bosky greenery left to make him sneeze. When he came back to plant, I was away in Italy, and I got home just as the new flowers he put in began to bud. I was astonished to see that every one of those flowers was a marigold. There were hundreds and hundreds of marigolds, and they were coming up in neat straight rows, all the way back to the garden walls, looking less like flowers than like nervous little yellow soldiers on a drill field. M. Martignon was so excited by the thought of all those marigolds that he took a couple of antihistamines and drove into Paris to admire his handiwork. It was hard to argue with him when he announced, with considerable pride, that my vard looked just like a municipal garden now. I asked him where the petunias were and where the begonias were and the impatiens but M. Martignon gave me a cool look and said simply, "Madame, ça que j'ai fait, c'est plus raffiné."

The French are often peculiar when it comes to flowers. They suspect that flowers are beautiful, and beauty here is a serious business and does not always have much to do with gaiety or amusement. It has to do with "taste," as M. Martignon remarked while he was admiring his marigolds—with *le bon goût*. The famous flowers of

Provence, the jasmine and the agapanthus and the hot, splashy bougainvillea of the south, belong to Latin France, the France where nature, so to speak, lets go the way the French themselves let go when they get to Beaulieu or Saint-Tropez and take off their clothes and lie right down in the sunshine. They do not let go like that at home. By all accounts, no one in Normandy thought much of Giverny when Claude Monet started planting. The locals considered Giverny a

wild, romantic, messy sort of place, something they would expect from a painter. They had no appetite for all that dripping wisteria, all those overgrown borders (where the geraniums clashed with the pansies and the pansies with the peonies), all those tulip beds where rhododendrons squatted. They preferred their boxwood hedges and their sculpted trees. They put their own Monets—Monet was cheap, and when he could get away with it, he paid his bills with paintings—in the attic or the barn. The French are just beginning to stop at Giverny along with the other tourists. They still refer to artful dis-



GARDENING

order in a garden as *le style anglais*, and occasionally take it up along with Laura Ashley wallpaper and long white petticoats under summer skirts. But they are more at home visiting Versailles than visiting Giverny. In France, it is mainly the artists, like Monet, who seem to know that nature and gardens have something in common. The French, for all their talk about being the fifth industrial power in the world, still believe themselves to be a country of farmers, and the fact is that farmers think of a garden the way they think of a living room—as an antidote to the realities of life outdoors.

The painter Charlotte de Bresson is a neighbor of mine, and like Monet, she loves flowers. She works in a big studio at home, and whenever she is not actually in the studio painting she is out on her roof or on a ledge or hanging from a window watering her flowers, weeding and snipping, and trimming leaves. Or she is down in her courtyard—dressed in a paint-smeared apron with a lot of little trowels and shovels in the pockets—turning the dirt in the pale green wooden tubs that she has helped contribute to the building. In the days when she and her husband had a

BRITA

farm, she used to get her cuttings from the countryside. Today, she stays in Paris. She takes a basket, heads for the Jardin des Plantes, and follows the city gardeners on their rounds, collecting whatever leftover cuttings look good or take her fancy. One bleak day last winter, it occurred to me that Charlotte would like to have something fragrant and exotic for her house, something that smelled like a hot sweet day in the Midi and took her mind off the frost on her window boxes and her rooftop planters. I thought of narcissus. I stopped at the florist on my street and asked for narcissus, but he was out of narcissus, and so was everybody else in the neighborhood, so I checked my old Paris Gault Millau and ran through a list of florists, all of them unctuously described-"élégance rare," "couleurs réjouissantes," "plus harmonieux qu'on puisse rêver" though none of them with a pot of narcissus in stock. The last florist on the list—I was going through the list backwards—was an establishment over in the sixteenth called Arène. I knew Arène. It had the reputation of being rigorously appropriate—the sort of place that had moved generations of Paris's anxious bourgeoisie through births and baptisms and weddings and funerals with the right arrangements, the right bouquets. The man in charge of potted bulb flowers at Arène (there are specialists for these things in Paris) took over the search for Charlotte's narcissus, and after several days he called to report that there was not a pot of narcissus to be had in Paris or any of its suburbs. It would have to be hyacinths, he said. He had pots of blue hyacinths and pots of yellow hyacinths and pots of pink hyacinths and, obviously, pots of white hyacinths. They sounded pretty, and I told him to choose a big basket and put in a couple of pots of each color hyacinth until the basket was full. There was a long silence on the telephone. Finally, the man in charge of potted bulb plants at Arène said, "Madame, you cannot send mixed pots to the Bressons."

"Why not?" I asked him.

There was another silence—and then, "It would not be right, madame."

- "Why wouldn't it be right?"
- "For people of family, white is appropriate."
 - "White?" I said.
 - "White, madame. C'est plus raffiné."

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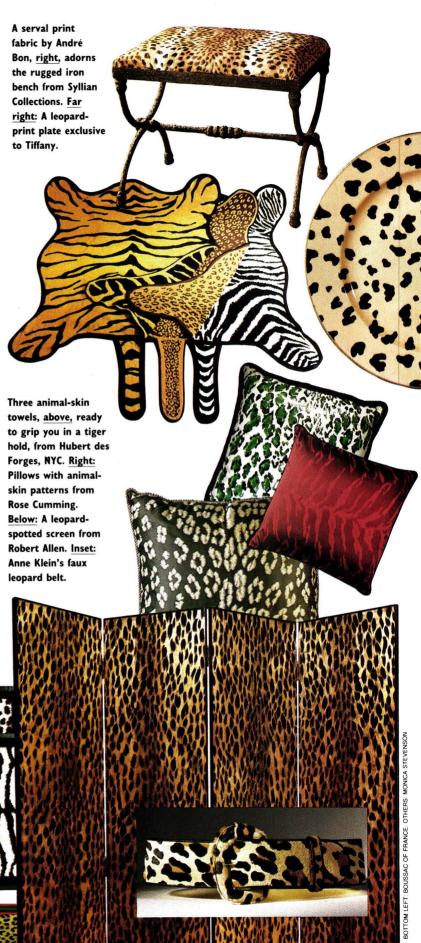
FORECASTS

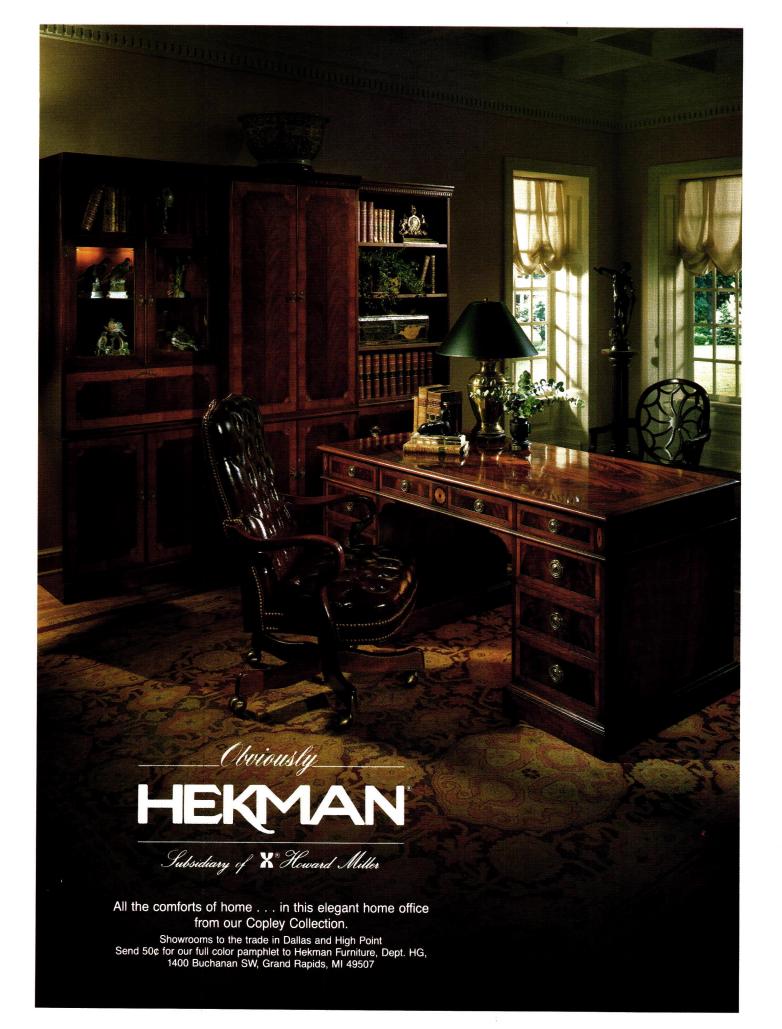
Call of the Wild

HG stalks the best in domesticated faux fur By Melinda Tweeddale

o longer does one have to go on safari to take home the hide of an exotic beast; designers are beginning to stampede the market with their faux fur interpretations. Although animal skins have been around for many centuries—think about the caveman's skirt and the ermine robes of European royalty—it wasn't until recently that everything from plates to wallpaper, from towels to scarves and belts, has become fair game for the imprint of imposture. Some of these pieces capture the fuzzy quality of real hide, while others rely on a strong graphic effect for their appeal.

Anne Klein's challis leopard-design scarf, above left. Left: A hand-knotted Tibetan tiger rug from Stark. Below left: A grand leopard urn from Robert Allen. Below: Two doormats from Grand Entrance. Bottom: Flowers and spots are the theme of the Botanik border from Boussac. Details see Resources.





WORKROOM

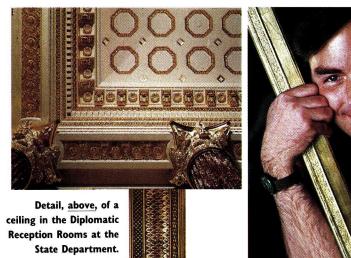
Gilt Trip

Master gilder William Adair loves to turn over an old leaf By Glenn Harrell

monastery in Washington, and the Social Saloon of the nineteenthcentury SS China.

Restoring gilded surfaces that have been damaged by dirt, layers of gold spray paint, or just plain poor maintenance is usually where the adventure begins for Adair and his team of ten artisans. The original patina must be determined so that it can be accurately re-created once the surface has been gilded. "Our philosophy is that something old should look old," explains Adair. "You don't want an eighteenth-century frame that appears showroom-new." Another puzzle is ascertaining the shape and form of ornaments that have been broken off over the years. New ones, derived from corresponding parts still intact on the piece or from a historical study of period motifs, are either carved in wood or plaster-cast depending on how they were originally executed.

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William Adair, center. Left: Water-gilded corner sample, c. 1910, included in the book Forgotten Frames, 1860-1960. Below: **Agate-tipped tools** for burnishing.

Right: Stanford White corner sample.

was sweeping floors in the Smithsonian's cabinet shop when a box of gold leaves caught my eye," recalls William Adair. "Before I could ask the old cabinetmaker what it was, he snapped, 'Put that away, it'll drive you nuts.' " Perhaps it has, but only in the most agreeable way. Nearly twenty years later, after a decade apprenticing in the framing department of the Smithsonian and two summers traveling throughout Europe worming trade secrets from venerable practitioners of the art, Adair is certainly one of America's most esteemed gilders.

As president of Gold Leaf Studios in Washington, D.C., and founder of the nationwide Society of Gilders, Adair follows in the footsteps of another William Adair (no relation) who, coincidentally, was court gilder to George III in 1799. He has worked on many White House projects since he set up shop in 1982, most recently gilding decorative objects and furniture for Mario Buatta's portion of the redecoration of Blair House. In 1985 he gilded the architectural detailing in the State Department's Diplomatic Reception Rooms. Other prestigious Adair commissions include the exterior limestone frieze at the Nebraska State Capitol (in which a thick Russian gold leaf was used), the cupola and lantern of the Franciscan solid gold when burnished, Adair uses the time-honored method of water gilding, which requires an elaborate labor-intensive preparation of the surface. It begins with a coating of rabbit-skin glue (other tried-and-true glues that are similarly unappealing include one derived from fish bladders and another, glair, composed of rotten egg whites). A layer of gesso, often buffed to an ivorylike finish, is followed by an application of bole, or gilder's clay. Because the gold leaf—hand-beaten to a thickness of 1/250,000 of an inch—is translucent, the color of the bole is important because it affects the overall look of the gilded work. Adair typically molds red on flat surfaces for a rich tonality, blue gray on areas of high relief, and yellow to help hide imperfections. In the past the color of the bole used by craftsmen varied by region and period—from a Chippendale reddish brown and an Adam plum in England to shades of gray in Scandinavia—thus making it an easy way for the conservator or curator to identify an object. Also varying in color is the gold leaf itself. Unequaled is pure 23½-kt gold, which, unlike other types of leaf containing silver, will not tarnish. Often, however, several types of leaf, such as white gold and lemon gold, will be used together on one piece for added contrast.

HG SEPTEMBER 1989



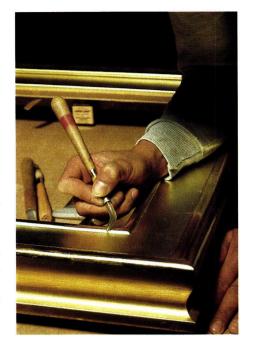
WORKROOM

With a lightly greased gilder's tip of sable hair, Adair lifts a leaf of gold and places it on a doeskin pad he holds in his hand and cuts it to size. Just prior to receiving the gold, an activating solution of alcohol and water (amusingly known in the trade as gilder's liquor) is brushed onto the prepared surface. While Adair frequently water-gilds areas of an object that he wants to highlight, he employs a nineteenth-century technique, oil gilding, for a more subdued finish on shadowed areas. In this less expensive and less durable method, a sticky oil varnish is applied directly to an untreated surface, thereby eliminating the extensive preparation required for water gilding. It can be seen on lacquered Oriental, Art Nouveau, and early American pieces where the effect is painterly and the flatter matte gold finish contrasts with the surrounding shiny surface.

Finishing the newly gilded surface is the final and, in Adair's opinion, most difficult step. "There are so many things that you can do," he says. "It's like an alchemist's bag of tricks." One of his favorite effects is simulating eighteenth-century flyspecks. "The fly

would land on the surface coating of glue, eat it, and as he departed leave a little digested smear," says Adair. While commercial imitations create them with black toothbrush spatter, Adair painstakingly paints blurred dots of grayish umber. Often a water-gilded surface will be burnished with an agate-tipped tool, washed with watercolor, and polished again. "You build it up like an artist builds up the ground of a painting to get the right degree of luminosity," he says. "When it doesn't turn out right, you have to scrape it all off and do it again."

Of the many things he has gilded, including his face for a party and his own artwork (he has a sculpture in the National Museum of American Art), Adair is most passionate about frames. In 1983 he curated a show at the national headquarters of the American Institute of Architects in which he hung the frames empty. "I called it my affirmative-action program for frames," he says. "I wanted the viewer to look at the frame as a work of art in its own right." For the Freer Gallery he restored a gilded frame designed by Whistler and in the process uncovered the artist's butterfly signature, which had been obscured by

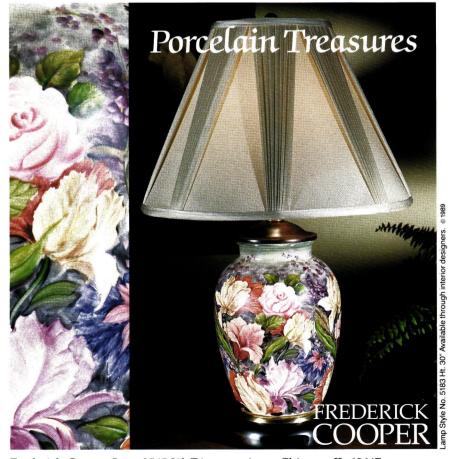


Adair painstakingly burnishes a watergilded frame to a brilliant finish.

layers of paint. Another prestigious project was regilding the frame surrounding Gilbert Stuart's The Lansdowne Washington now on loan to the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C. Adair is also active conducting frame surveys for museums such as the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Amon Carter Museum, the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, and the Chicago Historical Society, gathering curatorial information, calculating restoration costs, and matching frames with appropriate pictures. Not surprisingly, this practice eventually drums up lucrative museum commissions for him once the curators realize that, more often than not, the replacement cost of antique frames exceeds the expense of conservation.

At present, Adair is putting together a book with the Smithsonian entitled Forgotten Frames, 1860–1960, and an accompanying exhibition is in the planning stages. The idea is to educate curators, collectors, and the public alike on the development of frame styles. "The very simple truth of the matter is that the frame is a barometer of taste for each period," asserts the master gilder. "I think it is probably the most undervalued art object that is left to be discovered by today's art market." With his extensive personal collection of frames and vast knowledge of the subject, Adair just may hit gold.

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



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FOR THE GARDEN

Plein Air Chairs

Fresh furniture hybrids blur the boundary between indoors and out By Dana Cowin





he barriers separating the wild outdoors from the protected indoors are being broken down these days. Medieval stonework structures punctuated by little windows and surrounded by moats have given way over the centuries to screens of glass with grass swimming up to the foundation. As a final step in the exchange, furniture from the interior landscape is being taken out, and objects from the exterior landscape are being brought in.

Decorators are domesticating peeling urns and statues that have been standing under trees for years. Weathered by the elements, these artifacts are wrapped with an appealing aura of age. Interior and garden designer Lisa Krieger, whose house is featured in this issue, uses painted nineteenth-century iron garden furniture as her kitchen table and chairs and covers her walls with botanical prints.

Terraces, pool cabanas, and decks, conversely, are now equipped with cordless phones, stereo speakers, and more substantial furniture. Many of the latest designs are executed in metal, a durable material that works well in any environment and, when treated, is resistant to water. It can be either sophisticated or laid-back, ideal for cross-decorating.

At the cutting edge of the outdoor-indoor movement, artists are recasting classic forms in more daring molds. Early American twig pieces are now found in iron; eighteenth-century rush chairs are available in metal weave; and the standard Adirondack chair has acquired a place for drinks at seat level. HG files this report from the lawn front.

David Hess's steel weave piece, <u>below</u>, looks like a manhole cover crossed with a rush chair, from Lewis Dolin, NYC. Robert E. March's Wachusetts chair, to its right, from Sansar Gallery, Washington, D.C., takes Adirondack style into the nineties.



Branches immortalized in iron, top, hold up John Ryman's table for Zona, NYC. Top right: Architect Simon Ungers's idiosyncratic interpretation of a lawn chair, Gallery of Functional Art, Santa Monica. Above: A Gothick window seat from Lexington Gardens, NYC. Details see Resources.



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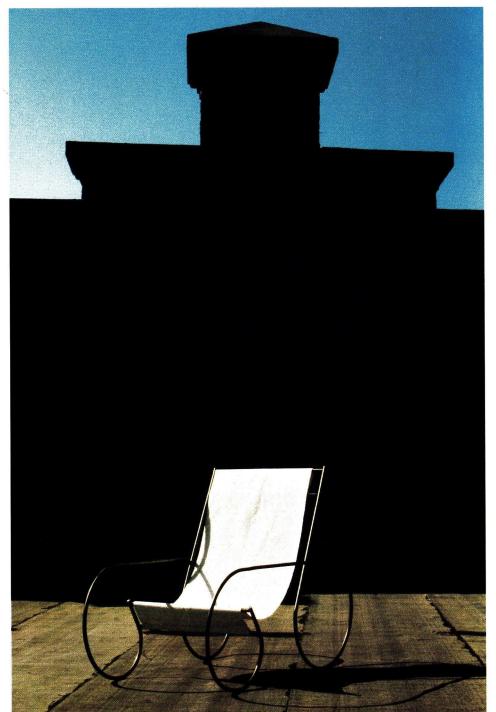
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The combination of curved steel and natural canvas makes Jane Kilpatrick's low-slung Amalgam chair, below, ideal seating for outdoors—or in—from Wynne Guild, Oilville, Va. Right from top: Decorator David Easton's Regency-inspired creation with a crossed back and delicate legs from Albemarle Collection, Amityville, N.Y., softens the hard lines usually associated with white-painted wood furniture. Bamboo takes on a new cast in this aluminum version from Tropitone's Veneman Collection, Sarasota, Fla. John Ryman's clean-lined bench, with a skinny cushion, from Zona, NYC. The Arden chair, copied from one of the treasures at Winterthur, is available at Garden Source Furnishings, Atlanta.

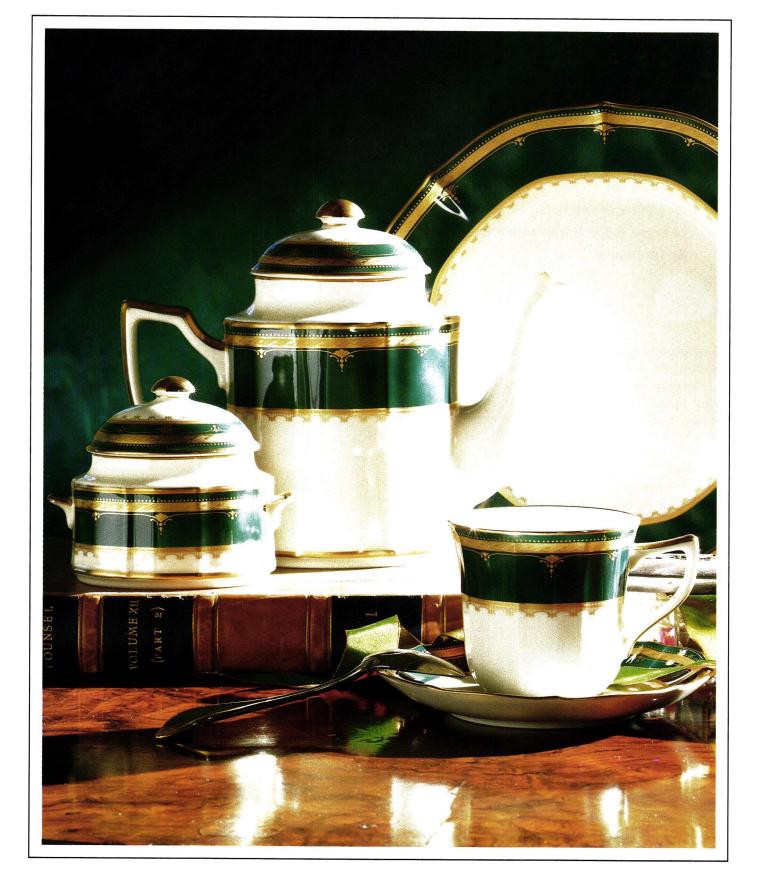












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WRITER IN RESIDENCE

Journey's End

A world traveler finds the comforts of home in the Welsh countryside By Jan Morris

riends sometimes think excessive the pleasure I get from my house in North Wales, which is called Trefan Morys partly after the ancient estate that surrounds it and partly after me. I love it above all inanimate objects and above a good many animate ones, too. I love it incessantly. When I am at home I wander around its rooms gloatingly; when I am away I lie in my hotel dreaming of it. If people show me pictures of their children, I show them pictures of my

house, and there is nothing on earth I would swap it for, except possibly something by Giorgione.

Freudian amateurs, which friends so often are, find this preoccupation unnatural. It has a psycho-obsessive ring, they say. It shows a womb longing—even a death wish, they sometimes add, especially when they learn that my gravestone already stands in a corner of my library. It is a kind of fetish—one might as well be in love with a washing machine or a stamp collection. But I see my passion in a different way. I love the house not just as a thing but as a concentration of emotions and sensations con-

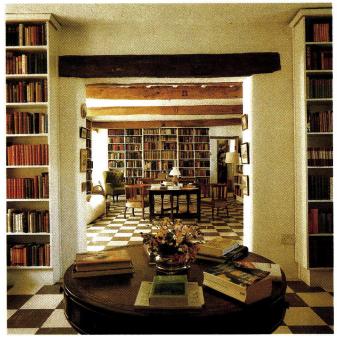
tained within a receptacle which in its style, its stance, its materials, its degree of grandeur, and its position on the map exactly represents all that I have most cherished or coveted in life. The house is not at all large, luxurious, or spectacular yet the sultan of Brunei could not build it, for it is infinitely more than the sum of its own modest parts. In my mind it is almost a metaphysical house, and Fate indeed chose it for me, though only at the third attempt. Two other houses, over the years, I have displayed to people with a mystic confidence as the final home infallibly decreed for me. One I never did acquire, one I sold; only then did destiny look up the back lane to Trefan Morys.

It consists in essence of two living rooms; one above the other, each about forty feet long. They are full of books, and there is a little suite of functional chambers on both floors at one end, linked by a spiral staircase. The building was the stable block of my family house (number two on the destiny roster, which I sold in the 1970s), and long ago our children used to light bonfires on its cobbled floors. It was built in 1774, of rough-hewn local stone and has a small slate-strewn yard outside, with a wild garden intended to suggest the bottom of a wood. On its roof is a white cupola, sheltering the television aerial and supporting a weather vane which displays, besides my initials, the points of the compass half in Welsh, half in English: E and W for east and west, G and D for gogledd and de.

Passersby, to be honest, do not much notice my house. There are many such buildings in Wales, and standing as it does in



Writer Jan Morris's
Trefan Morys, left, was
built in 1774. Below left:
One of the two long
living rooms. Below:
The upstairs living
room, with a model of a
local schooner mounted
on a crossbeam.





an unnoticeable lane among a clutter of farm buildings old and new, Trefan Morys looks nothing special. If I happen to see strangers walking by, though, all too often I grab them, shove a glass of wine in their hands, and lure them inside. And then almost invariably, particularly if they are

Welsh, some magic of the place seizes them, too, and they leave Trefan Morys nearly as besotted as I am.

This is because they recognize a numen to the old structure. There is a kind of radiance to it, and it arises I am sure because generations of good people, harmless creatures, and benevolent things have been happy and diligent in the house. There were the woodsmen, for instance, who fashioned its timbers with such care from the oak woods down by the river—each beam marked with its number still, and with the initials of my eighteenth-century predecessor at Trefan, the Reverend Isaiah Hughes, a bigoted churchman but an en-

The Golden Gate Bridge from Pacific Heights.





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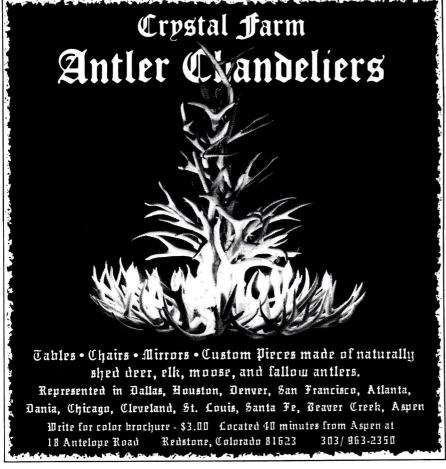
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WRITER IN RESIDENCE

lightened improver of properties. There were the stonemasons who miraculously heaved its cyclopean blocks one on top of the other. There were the carpenters who built its simple pine staircase and the glaziers who created its many-paned chapellike windows. There were the stable hands who, for so many decades before me, lived in the building above their horses—excellent men without doubt, who laughed a lot up there and entertained themselves merrily with beer and stable songs.

Owls inhabited the place for many years, and I have commemorated them with an engraved window. Bats, mice, sundry birds, multitudinous insects, and a couple of cats share it not always entirely harmoniously now. There is a slightly over-squashy and claw-frayed sofa, and models of three local schooners—made for me over the years by Mr. Bertie Japheth of Trefor—are mounted on crossbeams above, an arrangement I thought unique until I noticed the Venetian galley in Carpaccio's picture of Saint Jerome. Silent in their white cases stand those benign old friends, my books, and through the rooms there often sounds the ancient and glorious language of the Welsh.

In the middle of it all, at the end of it, and in a mystical way—I like to think—at the beginning of it too, there stand I, owner and lover of the place. As you see, it is a complex pleasure, but then all the best ones are, and in one sense my friends are right. Not only do I immensely admire my house and all it stands for but have come to cherish it in a distinctly erotic way. I feel myself in intimate physical rapport with its old oak and frequently talk lovingly to its walls and empty spaces. When I come back to it after a long journey, opening with its big eighteenth-century key its crooked blue-painted front door-when I enter its presence once again, I experience more than mere relief or comfort but something undeniably akin to lechery.

Now there is something for the Freudians! But more neurotic still, you may think, is my last thought about Trefan Morys: that if on the one hand I love my house more salaciously than I should, on the other hand my house, I long ago came to realize, is perfectly infatuated with me.

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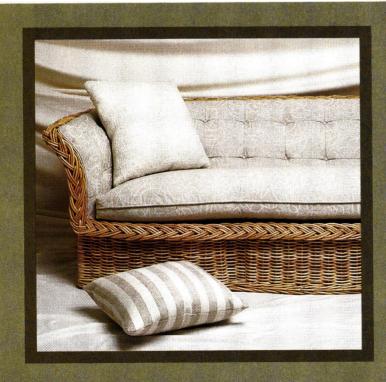
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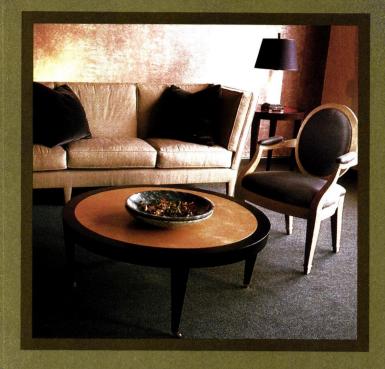


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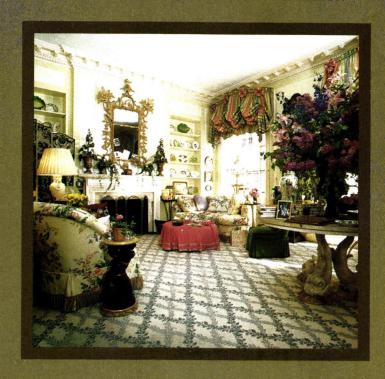
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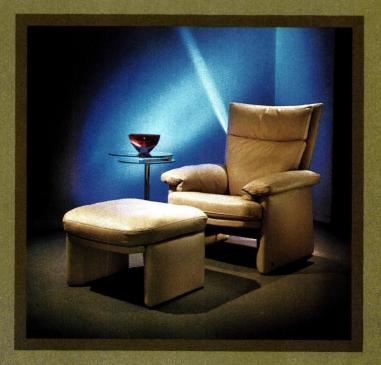


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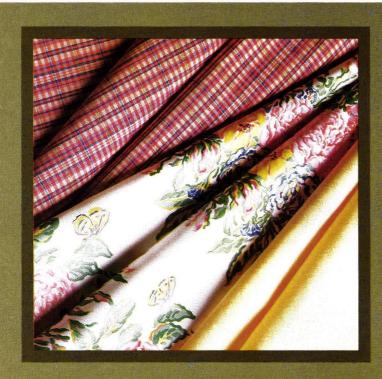




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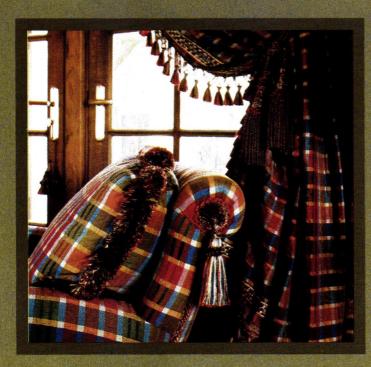
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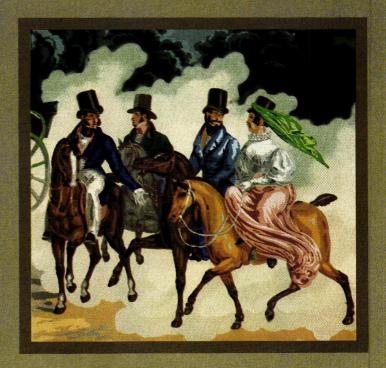


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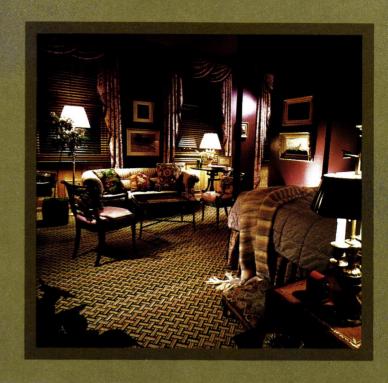
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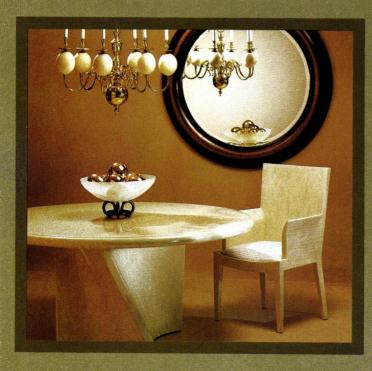
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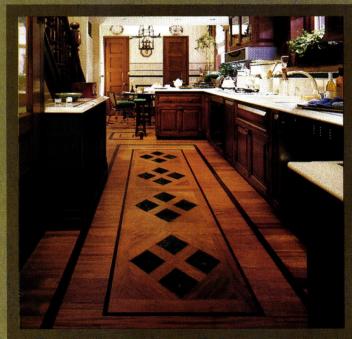
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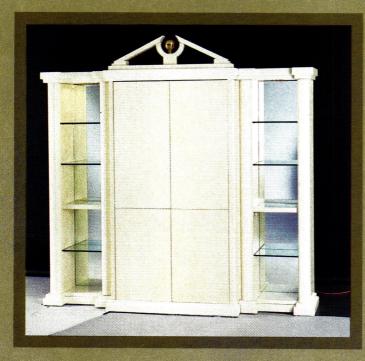
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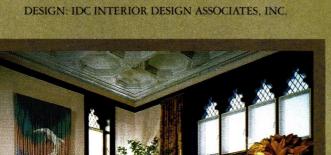
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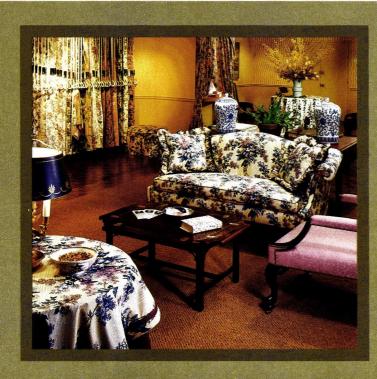
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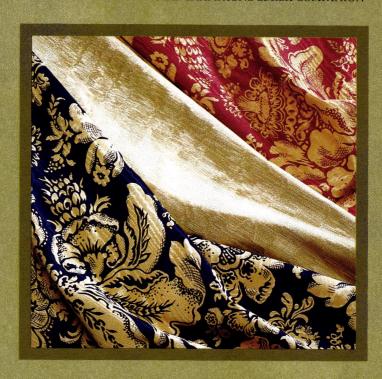
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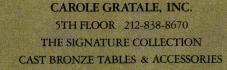
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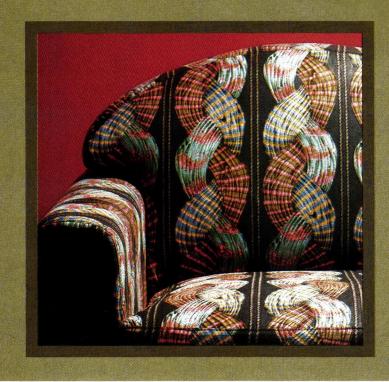
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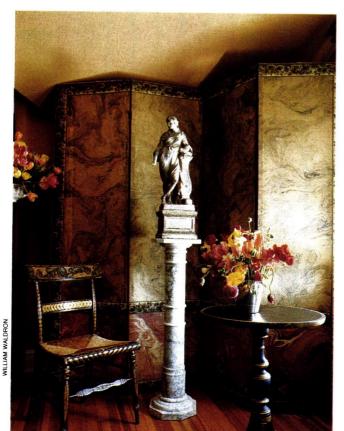
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EDITOR'S PAGE

n September our thoughts turn back from the garden to the house, which seems like an ideal moment to take stock of decorating trends reflected in the wealth of material we constantly review at HG. The term "personal style," hackneyed though it is, leaps to mind when considering the distinctive and occasionally surprising mix of pieces cropping up in so many houses. An instinct for self-expression underlies the list of decorating trends that follows. Extraordinary furniture: Chippendale and Sheraton brown furniture have been replaced by charming painted Regency pieces and, traveling across the Channel to the Continent, extravagant gilded pieces in the style of the French kings, extraordinary Empire swan's heads and ormolu mounts on finely burnished or painted wood, and mirrors and objects so intricate and richly detailed that they might have been dreamed up by Coleridge for the pleasure palace of Kubla Khan. Playful historicism: A greater knowledge of history allows for more informed and amusing interpretations—witness Lisa Krieger's own brand of Neoclassicism, and Renzo Mongiardino's reinterpretation of nineteenth-century Austrian and German interiors for Giancarlo Giammetti's Tuscan villa. Telling details: In the Nathanson house in L.A., designed by the late Kalef Alaton, and in the Boston town house of decorator Bill Hodgins, decorative trims and subtle shifts in patterns, texture, and ornament are hallmarks of individuality. Fantasy: Many of today's most memorable interiors have less to do with their exact time and place than with the imagination of

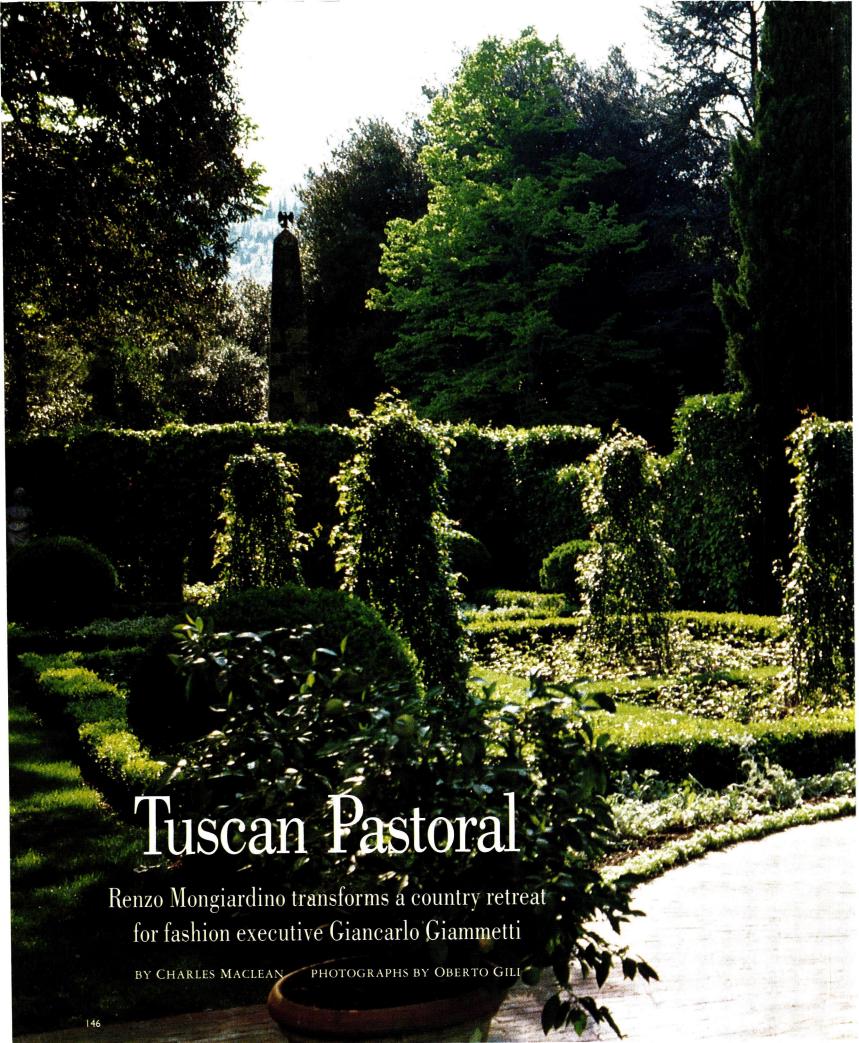
The quasi-Baroque allegorical statue of Winter and playful screen of Italian marbled paper with an English wallpaper border represent the less formal elements of a splendid Neoclassical cottage in Connecticut.



their inhabitants, as in Mario Villa's tropical and transcendentally spiritual studio in the French Quarter of New Orleans. *Eclecticism:* Another overused but relevant term. A new license to mix and match pieces, even of different levels of quality, can result in such comfortable and civilized interiors as adman Peter Rogers's charming New York apartment. *Luxurious fabrics:* Pastel cottons are being partially eclipsed by printed linens, woven fabrics, and woolens in saturated colors, though wonderfully textured creams and beiges accented by rich wood and gilded pieces always look right. Taken together, these trends signal a welcome sophistication in decorating and lots of good stories for HG.

Editor in Chief

Many Vorograd







his is my first country house," Giancarlo Giammetti declares as we stroll along a well-kept avenue of cypresses high on the slopes of Mount Cetona. "So I may not be able to answer all of your questions about living in the Italian countryside." The disclaimer carries a lot more charm than conviction. Well versed in every detail of running La Vagnola, the picturesque fifty-acre estate he bought three years ago on the Umbrian-Tuscan border, Giammetti takes the pride and interest of a gentleman farmer in his pastoral refuge from the hurly-burly of the fashion industry.

As business partner of Valentino, emperor of haute couture—they have worked together now for 29 years—Giammetti leads such a high-pressured international existence that a quiet weekend among his olive groves can seem like the ultimate luxury. A sure sign, he admits with a comfortable laugh, that he is getting older.

Before Giammetti discovered Cetona, his home away from Rome was next door to the Peggy Guggenheim Collection in Venice, until the crowds began to spoil the romance of owning a house on the Grand Canal. "The only times I could go there were when all the other tourists went there—I have one month's holiday in August like everyone else. Here life is more peaceful, more relaxing."

Giammetti and I stand and admire views of the rolling Tuscan countryside, which have hardly changed over the millennia. He points out an Etruscan tomb, one of twenty or so remains of that mysterious civilization which litter the property. Olive groves, terraced vineyards, fields of poppies and sunflowers stretch away to distant hilltop towns, the gilt domes of their churches ablaze in the early sun. The classic backdrop of so much great Italian painting, there is something too good to be real about the loveliness of La Vagnola's setting.

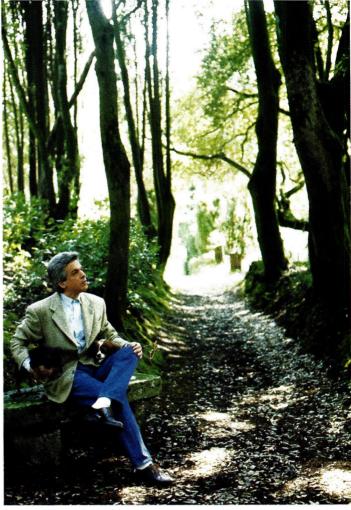
The house, which dates from the sixteenth century, forms one side of a piazza in the center of Cetona. Iron gates swing open by remote control to admit video-approved visitors through an ancient arch-

way. Inside the grounds, the town is suddenly left far behind. There is a feeling of having stepped directly into an enchanted landscape. Tucked into the flank of a cliff and shaded by tall chestnut trees and cypress, the house—named after the Terrosi-Vagnoli family, whose land once reached all the way to Siena—seems a natural extension of the garden. But looking out from within, the effect is reversed. Formal arrangements of box hedges and lemon trees in big earthenware pots make a series of garden rooms that give the impression of a leafy summer annex.

Paolo Peyrone, a pupil of the English landscape gardener Russell Page, helped organize the park. Giammetti wanted a garden full of English flowers and would send him pages torn from magazines of delphiniums and phlox and roses—a glossy profusion of color. "But Peyrone said, 'Let's get a bit of green first, and then we'll decide what flowers to have.' And the more green he put, the more I understood that the best color in a garden, especially in Tuscany, is green."

The greening of La Vagnola was a concept shared by the aptly named architectur-



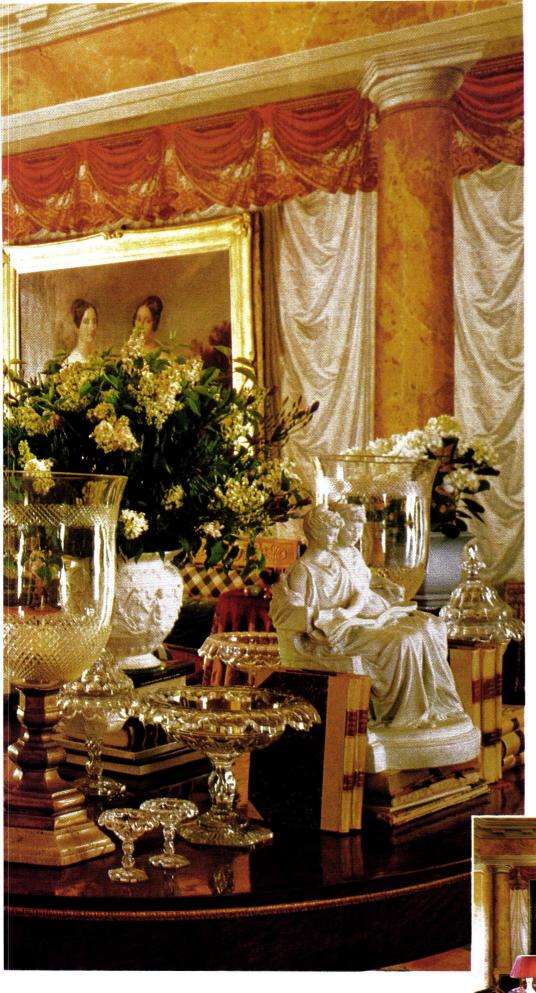


plivia, a King Charles spaniel, opposite, poses on an Empire settee that belonged to Princess Mathilde, Napoleon's niece. The 19th-century portrait hangs against early 19th century French hand-painted wallpaper. Above: Giammetti unwinds with Olivia and his dachshund, Claus, on a woodland path near his house. Above left: Obelisks flank the entrance to a formal garden of box hedges.

Left: German and Italian glassware beneath 19th-century watercolors of grand Austrian and German interiors that inspired many of Renzo Mongiardino's designs for La Vagnola.







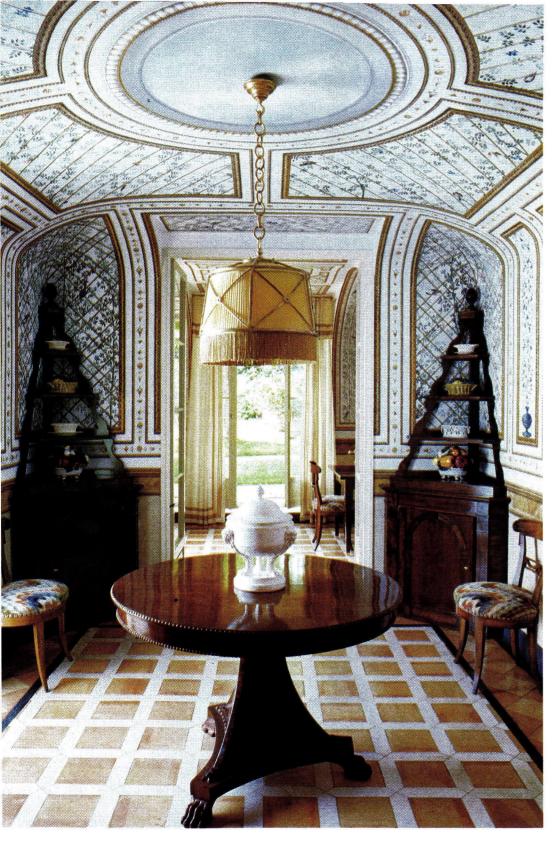
al decorator Renzo Mongiardino, who recognized at once that the heart of the house was its garden. "When I first brought him here," explains Giammetti, who made up his mind to buy the house in three hours without having seen the interior, "the only thing Mongiardino said was we needed to build on a big room to project the house into the garden. "Without it," he said, "the house will never work."

n the battle that followed with the Landmarks Commission (under whose protection La Vagnola falls), Giammetti realized the importance of getting the local people on his side. He discovered that they had enjoyed free range of La Vagnola's gardens until 1950, when the house was bought by an English colonel who barred the public. Giammetti offered to reopen the park to the people of Cetona one day each month.

He scored further diplomatic points when he presented the town with a painting of Garibaldi, a popular figure locally, who once spent a few days at La Vagnola between campaigns. In a corner of the garden stands a bust of the Great Liberator and a bronze copy of the letter he wrote thanking the landowner of the day for his hospitality. Giammetti tells the story of how some of the villagers believed that "Firmato" at the bottom of the letter, which means "Signed" in Italian, was Garibaldi's first

In the main drawing room, left, trompe l'oeil columns that match the existing real ones were applied to the early 19th century wallpaper painted to look like swagged curtains. The sofas and Empire chairs are upholstered in a Valentino checked fabric for the home which repeats in the curtains. The crystal in the foreground is antique Baccarat.

Below: At the opposite end of the room, school of Zurbarán paintings flank a collection of mid 19th century Italian marble vases. Details see Resources.



Inside the grounds, there is the feeling of having stepped directly into an enchanted landscape

name and accordingly gave it to their sons. But it was Giammetti's decision to employ mostly local craftsmen to carry out alterations on the house that finally won the support of the Communist mayor and townspeople. After a six-month delay, Giammetti got the go-ahead to build his drawing room on the park.

he interior of La Vagnola has undergone its most complete transformation since the eighteenth century when two separate buildings were joined to form the existing structure. There is no mistaking Mongiardino's influence on the spirit of the facelift. Walls, floors, and ceilings all bear his indelible signature of elaborate hand-painted papers and Byzantine ceramic invention. The kitchen, a TV den in the tower, and some children's guest rooms were left to the elegantly spare vision of Tommaso Ziffer, a young decorator friend of Giammetti's.

The second stage of Mongiardino's plan involved persuading Giammetti to buy a set of early nineteenth century watercolors of grand Austrian and German interiors. Oddly reminiscent of the decor found in

an inspired mix of marble and local terracotta tiles to pave the floor in the entrance to the dining room, left. His designs for the walls and ceiling were inspired by rooms in Florence's Palazzo Pitti. The tiered corner cupboards and the fringed light fixture are also Mongiardino originals. The table and side chairs are 19th century Italian. Below: A sleeping lion guards the entrance to 18th-century man-made grottoes that honeycomb the cliff above La Vagnola.



La Turkerie, a magnificent frescoed pavilion that stands in the middle of the garden, was built by the Terrosi-Vagnoli family in 1837 in honor of a visiting pasha.



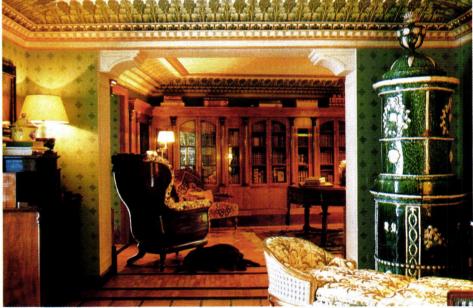




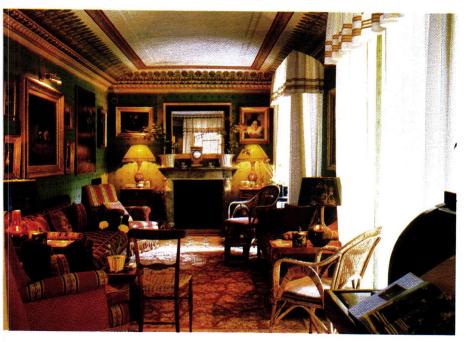
Tuscan houses during the seventeenth century, these conversation pieces provided the inspiration, design, and color schemes for the most important rooms. The sketches, which now hang in the garden room, are amusing to read either as a key or as testimony to La Vagnola's stylistic pedigree.

t is not always easy to gauge the relationship between decorator and client. Giammetti, who studied architecture before turning to fashion, found that Mongiardino could be magisterially stubborn but that working with him was like being reeducated in his own taste. "He takes the line that when he has given you a good shell, you can do what you want in a house. When he has to make sofas and curtains and arrange the flowers, he always hates the house afterward because it doesn't reflect the personality of the owner. The only complaint I (Text continued on page 241)

The light-filled garden room, above, has walls made of Bohemian glass tile. Top right: Sophia Loren was the inaugural guest in this sumptuously appointed bedroom, crowned with a lacy ceiling designed by Mongiardino. Center: The reading room opens into the library where books are shelved in a cabinet modeled after a historic Venetian design. The towering green and white ceramic stove, c. 1790, is used for decoration only, unlike the Louis XV duchesse, which is more comfortable than it looks. Right: La Vagnola, tucked behind chestnut trees, looks onto a green garden dotted with boxwood in earthenware pots. A monument to Garibaldi stands in a corner.









Mongiardino's ornate designs for the ceiling and walls of the ground-floor living room, left, were drawn in the studio, then applied in place. The sofas are covered in contemporary needlepoint. Above: Beyond the gates, the formal compartments of the garden give way to the rolling Tuscan countryside. Below left: A garden room appointed with a lily pond, arched hedge, and antique statues.



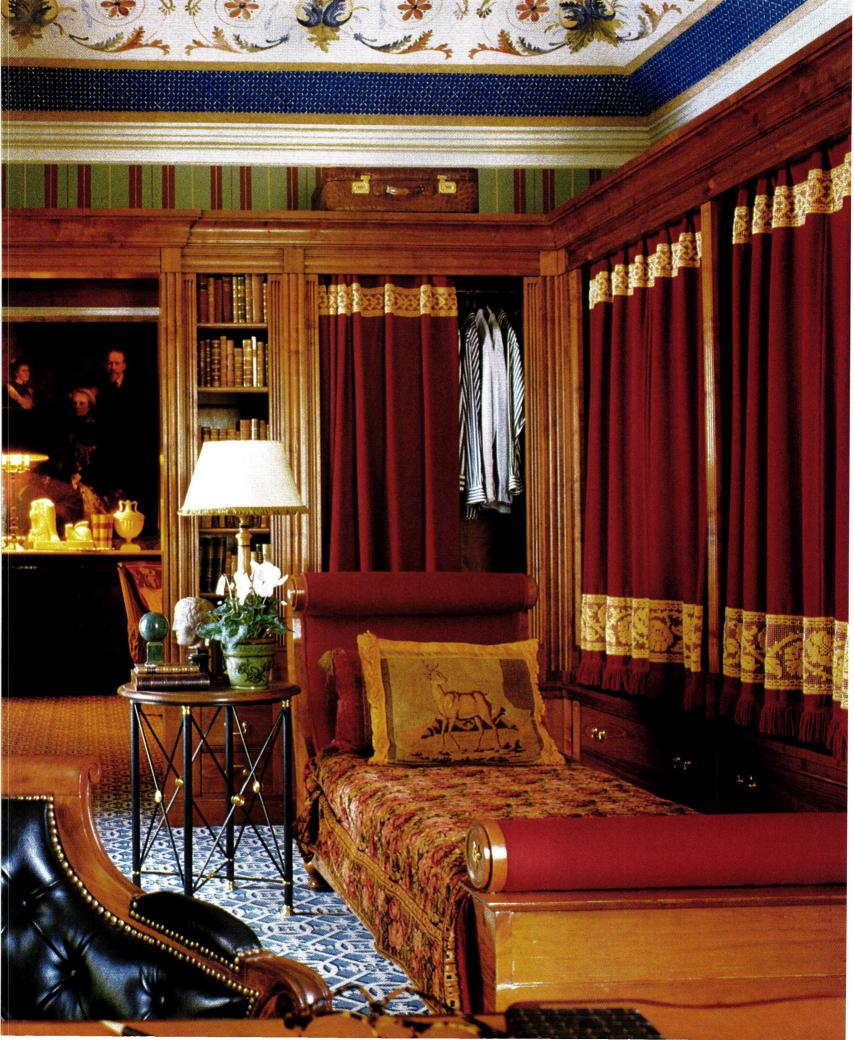




Tommaso Ziffer, a young decorator friend of Giammetti's, designed the all-white kitchen, above. Right: The master bedroom features its original sky-blue ceiling painted with Classical borders, a 19thcentury sleigh bed with a vintage canopy, and a 19th-century needlepoint rug. Left: Giammetti's framed collection of Victorian plaster seals hangs in a corner of his bedroom.











The Big Picture

Grand scale meets
fine detail in the
house of Los Angeles
art collectors

BY PILAR VILADAS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER

he realm of glamour in Los Angeles, once reserved for the movie business, has come to encompass a new kind of cultural elite, toomen and women who are active in the arts, politics, and other fields. Jane and Marc Nathanson are a case in point. They are working people—he is the CEO of Falcon Cable TV, she is a real estate agent with the firm of Alvarez, Hyland & Young—whose extracurricular activities amount almost to second careers. They are well-known art collectors, and Jane is a founder and trustee of the Museum of Contemporary Art. They are active fund-raisers for the Democratic party. And they are cofounding an AIDS treatment unit at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center.

The glamorous backdrop for this actionpacked existence is a rather grandly scaled 1927 Mediterranean Art Deco villa decorated by Kalef Alaton, who died last spring. The house is big enough to let the Nathansons entertain in the service of their various causes and display their contem-

In the Nathansons' oval entrance hall, Frank Stella's Loomings, 1982, confronts a sweeping staircase with an Art Deco cast-bronze balustrade. A George Segal figure is silhouetted within a passageway to the dining room.

porary artworks by artists ranging from Franz Kline to David Salle. The house seems such a perfect setting for the Nathansons' highly visible life that it's hard to believe they arrived here more by accident than by design.

The couple was living in another house of roughly the same vintage decorated by the late Michael Taylor when they decided to do some minor renovations. When they learned how long "minor renovations" would take, they chose to move. What they wanted, according to Mrs. Nathanson, was "a small house on a big piece of property. What we got was a big house on a small piece of property."

nd what a house. Although it was quite dark and had been stripped of much of its original architectural ornament over the years, the building had, as Jane Nathanson says, "great bones" and the kind of large wall spaces needed to accommodate the scale of many contemporary paintings. Kalef Alaton worked with Mrs. Nathanson for a year before she and her family moved in, transforming the house into a series of bright uncluttered spaces that are luxurious without being fussy. The rooms, with their stepped, coved ceilings, were painted white. Wood floors were refinished and left bare.

Period and reproduction tables and chairs were used judiciously, providing a counterpoint to the upholstered pieces, which were designed by Alaton and made in his workshop. Covered in an elegant Indian basket-weave silk and trimmed with an overscaled cotton bullion fringe, these sofas and chairs balance a Moderne voluptuousness with a strong contemporary scale. Here and there, clusters of objects that the Nathansons collect—Chinese lacquer boxes, antique English match strikers—dot the tabletops, but the overall effect is spare, the better to show off the couple's first love—their art collection.

The grand oval entrance hall is empty

Indian silk upholstery and white walls in the living room set off contemporary artworks such as Ed Ruscha's 1986 Faster Than a Speeding Beanstalk, above the fireplace, and Sam Francis's Untitled, 1979, near left. The coffee table is from Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, Los Angeles. Details see Resources.







Among the artworks in the dining room are Frank Stella's La Colomba Ladra, 1984, left, and Cy Twombly's Chalkboard, 1970, right. Near the Twombly stands a Charles X chest on a gilded base. Atop the chest are antique blanc de chine vases. The black granite dining table with chiseled edges was designed by Kalef Alaton; reproduction Regency chairs are from Marcello Mioni, Los Angeles.





Antiques mix easily with contemporary art, as in the living room, above, where a Régence writing table and Rose Tarlow bench sit in an alcove beyond the Sam Francis painting. Below left: In the gallery, Robert Rauschenberg's Artesian, 1980, hangs behind a grouping of Frank Gehry's cardboard furniture and an ancient Jerusalem jar on a table by Sirmos.



The house seems such
a perfect setting for the
Nathansons' highly visible life
that it's hard to believe they
arrived here more by
accident than by design



For the swimming pool, left, Kalef Alaton designed oversize lounge cushions. The pool occupies much of the backyard. Instead of a "small house on a big piece of property," says Jane Nathanson, "we got a big house on a small piece of property."

save for a large Frank Stella on the wall facing a dramatic curved stairway. In the living room, works by Sam Francis, Robert Motherwell, Yves Klein, Roy Lichtenstein, Ed Ruscha, and David Salle make even a jaded art-watcher sit up and take notice. In the dining room, the encounter of Cy Twombly's *Chalkboard* and a Charles X chest is an arresting sight. Between old and new, spare and ornate, there is a creative tension.

he only exceptions to the understated setting for this drama are behind the scenes. Alaton designed the powder room, for example, as a rugged study in ribbed concrete—an homage, perhaps, to Michael Taylor, since it was something that Mrs. Nathanson wanted as a reminder of her former house. And for her own bathroom Alaton pulled out all the glamour stops, installing multifaceted mirrored walls, white marble counters, and rock crystal fittings and using white terry cloth for the upholstery and curtains. You can just picture Jean Harlow headed for the bathtub in a white satin dressing gown.

"We tried to keep the house young and comfortable," says Mrs. Nathanson, "so that its formality wouldn't be overbearing." This is exactly what Alaton understood about the house; he brought out its inherent grandeur without sacrificing its warmth. "I trusted his taste," Mrs. Nathanson continues. "Kalef was always a gentleman. He was really creative, and he always listened to us." Just as important, one of Alaton's great strengths was that he not only listened to the client, he listened to the house. \(\bullet \) Editor: Joyce MacRae





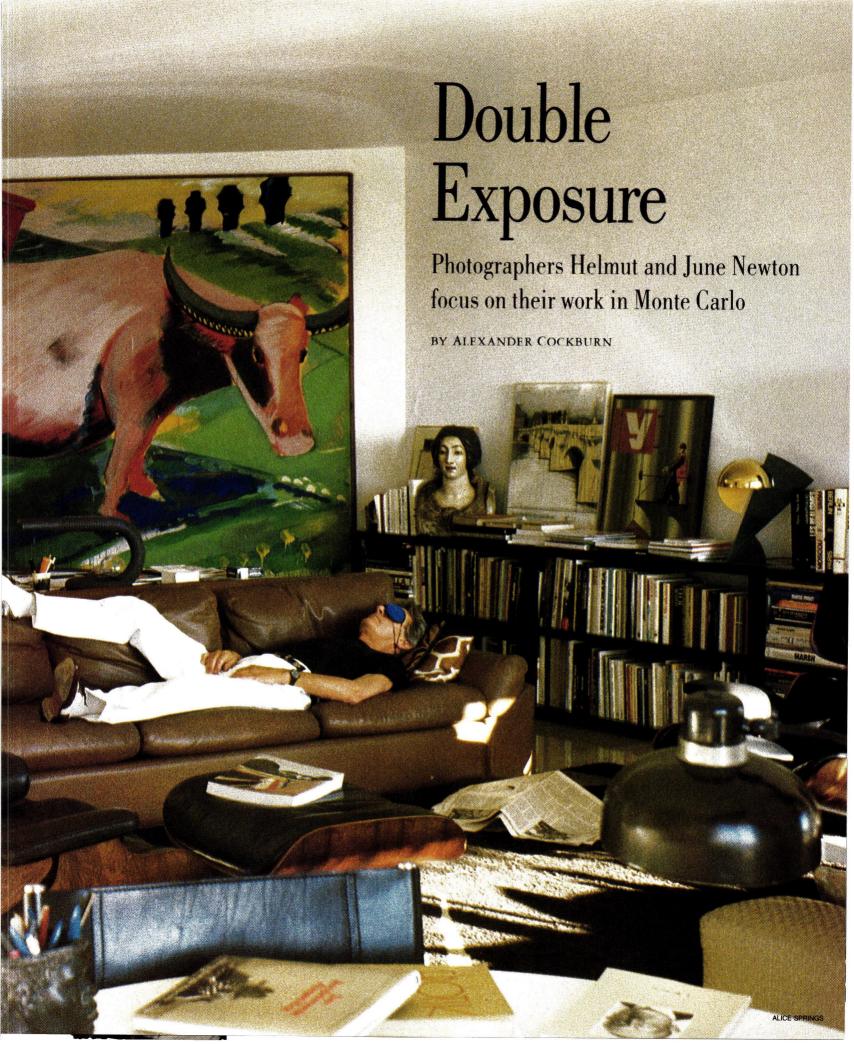
The predominantly neutral color scheme is carried into the master bedroom, above, where sisal carpeting, Biedermeier furniture, and the same Indian silk upholstery used in the living room accentuate the warmth of abundant daylight. Left: In Jane Nathanson's bathroom, white marble, rock crystal, and mirrors re-create 1930s-style glamour.

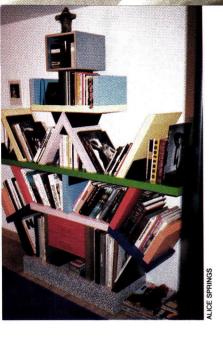


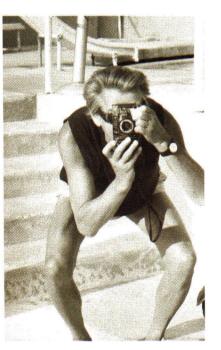
Alaton pulled out all the glamour stops. You can just picture

Jean Harlow headed for the bathtub in a white satin dressing gown











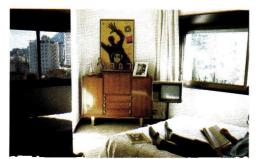




Scenes from a life spent behind the lens. "I'm not very pushy," says Newton. "People always ask me, 'How do you get women to take their dresses off?' The first no, the slightest doubt, and I say, 'Don't do it.'"



Newtonian menace, <u>above</u>. "I do like the concept of sin, of what is forbidden but not forbidden," says Newton. <u>Below:</u> June Newton, who does her own photography as Alice Springs, in a relaxing moment at home.



a drag. But I did it, and after I got off the stage, Gilberte came up to me and said, 'You were terrible, you said all the wrong things.' "

Newton laughs explosively. His eyes are darting glances at the telephone and he finally seizes it. "I've got to see my princess today, and I'd better see if she's there. I'm not bragging, but I'm responsible for her ballet photography." He dials between increasingly cryptic sentences. "Ballet's her baby, because of her mother."

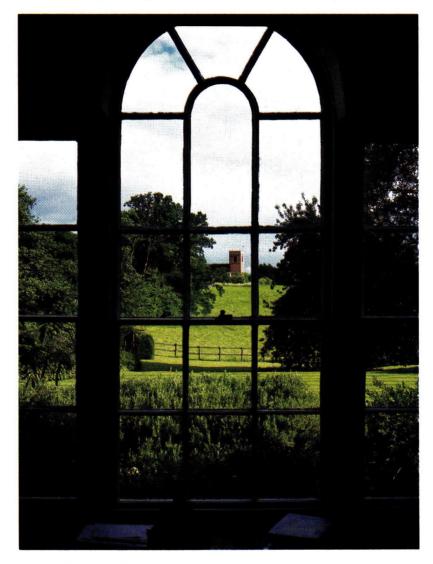
omeone in the palace of the Grimaldis evidently picks up the phone. "Oui, bonjour, c'est Newton." The word Newton is said on a note of rising, confident affirmation. New-TON. Across the desk Newton looks at me with a trace of irony before proclaiming into the mouthpiece, "Est-ce-que la princesse Caroline est là?" But the princess isn't at home, and Newton leaves word she should call back.

We go back to talking about photographers. Another great idol of his was the photographer, Yva, to whom he had been apprenticed at the age of sixteen in Berlin. "I worshiped the ground she stood on. She did wonderful work, mostly fashion. Very sexy." Almost without a break he adds fiercely, "I get so angry when they talk about women photographers." Suddenly I realize Newton is talking not about his teacher in Berlin but his wife, June, whose portraiture under the name Alice Springs has earned much praise in recent years. "June's a good photographer. Women might see things differently. In fact, they do because they are women, but that doesn't mean they are better or worse. There are some very gutsy women photographers around."

By now Newton is pacing about, and the view of Monte Carlo out the window takes his attention.

"It's lovely living in Monte Carlo if you've got work and if you're old. It's not for a young person. People say, 'Why are you living here? Is it just for the tax?' Tax rates here help, sure. I was paying almost seventy percent tax in France. Every day I got mail from the government. It was totally Kafkaesque. Instead of taking pictures, I spent most of my time going to the bloody accountant. So when I got to sixty, nine years ago, I said to June, 'What are we doing here in Paris for five months every year?' We (Text continued on page 236)

The Vicar's Walk



An English garden preserves the timeless patterns of life in a country parish

BY CAROLINE SEEBOHM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

he house, as it so often does, inspired the garden. Belonging until the 1950s to the vicars of the Berkshire parish of Beenham in southern England, this late Georgian house reflects the serenity and prosperity of the period when it was built. Its view across the garden and over the fields to St. Mary's Church expresses the typically eighteenthcentury English spirit of man surveying his

acres and professing himself satisfied in the eyes of God.

The present owners, Charles and Mary Keen, knew better than to tamper with this outlook. Yet the garden was both unsatisfactory and neglected. "We knew we must respect the feeling of the house when we redesigned the garden," says Mary Keen, herself a professional garden designer and author of *The Garden Border Book*. The

Keens dug new flower beds and added an herb garden, an orchard, and a large vegetable garden decorated with a series of fruit- and flower-covered arches. Throughout they chose plant materials that would harmonize with the period feel of the landscape and that are, in Mary Keen's words, "quite ordinary and informal."

The present garden, consisting of approximately two acres wrapped around the







Traditional herbaceous borders line the way to a secluded walk, opposite. Top: Clipped beeches are being encouraged to grow even higher to dramatize a formal allée. Above: Pale 'New Dawn' roses at the entrance to the kitchen garden, set off by the deeper pink of 'Mme. Isaac Pereire'.

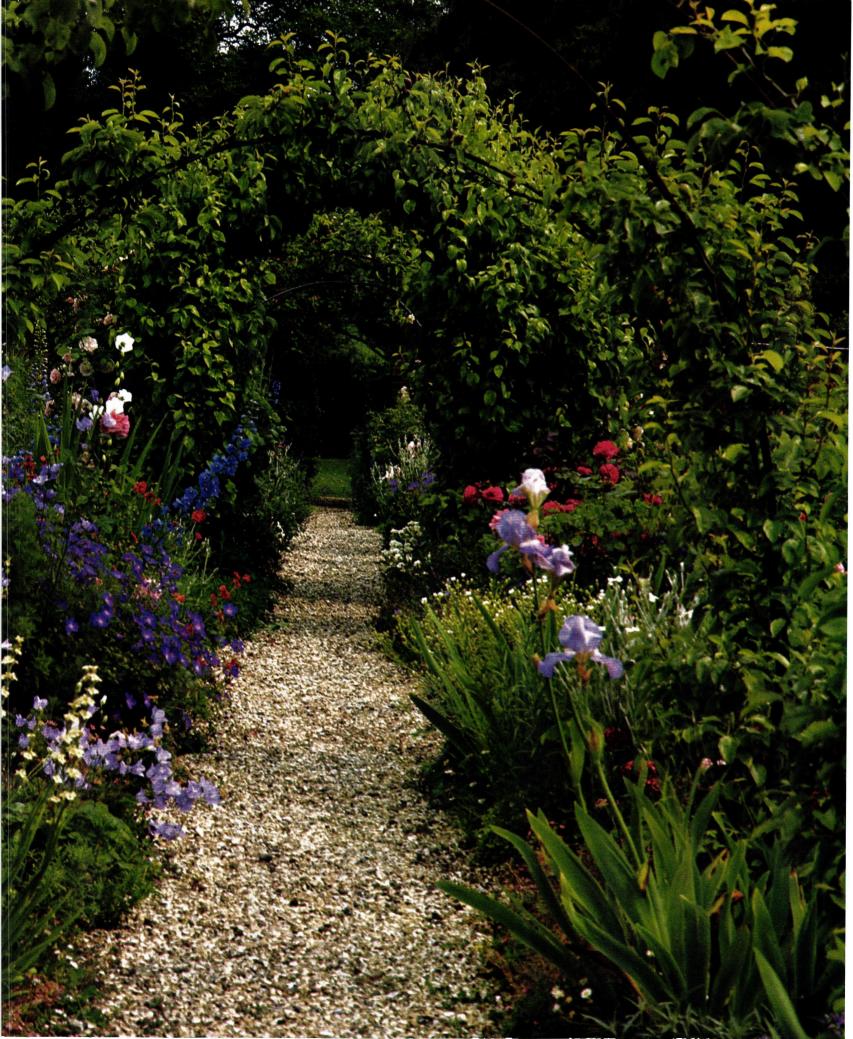
"I like the idea of people sitting where they can't be seen. I can never find anyone in this garden"

house, was embarked upon fourteen years ago. Mary Keen did not draw up a master plan when she designed her own garden. When she can, she prefers to work from the ground up, so to speak, walking around the property and planning as she goes. Her first priority was to make a kitchen garden, for she loves to eat what she plants. (For a summer lunch she digs up new potatoes and cooks them fresh from the ground.) What is now the kitchen garden was a chicken run. "We laid out the paths in the kitchen garden first and planted the yew hedge behind the swimming pool," she says. "We had no money, so it was all very slow." The herb garden evolved as an eyepleaser from the kitchen window. Although the space faces north, the herbs grow well enough, and the brick paving that was chosen gives the garden a Mediterranean atmosphere. Beyond the herb garden to the north was a shabby vegetable garden, which was taken out and replanted with standard fruit trees to make a charming orchard.

t the south side of the house, the garden opens up to splendid vistas of rural landscape, and in the distance, the church. A huge magnolia that almost covered the terrace was destroyed by honey fungus and fell downfortunately, as it turned out, for the Keens could then design a border, build up the steep bank that runs to the ilex, and add three Irish yews "to make the terrace garden more self-contained." An even newer addition is a small flight of steps leading up from the lower to the upper lawn, balancing the old steps that lead down from the south side of the house.

Looking out toward the large lawn and fields beyond, Mary Keen wanted more variety and interest, so she carved new beds out of the garden near the Vicar's Walk (a box hedge and path running down the side of the property to the church) and planted them with wild roses, geraniums, and foliage plants. The wide curve of the first bed on the left provides a secret garden behind, where one may linger undisturbed. "I like the idea of people sitting where they can't be seen," she says. "I can never find anyone in this garden. I spend hours calling the family in to meals."

Mary Keen, like all passionate gardeners, is full of likes and dislikes. She loves enclosed gardens, but in this case the sweep of the landscape dictated her layout.





She loves moving from a space filled with bright sun and color into a dark shrubbery: "I like each area to be and feel different." Expressing an aversion to pinched, narrow paths, she believes a garden should be made to walk through. She has a very set walk around her garden, which she has carefully planned for herself. "You need to think how you walk around your garden," she urges. She asks questions all the time as she walks. "Where a large clipped yew now stands, there was a rockery and a weeping willow. Should we plant another tree there? Trees take time. Might we use a mature tree to fill in? Can we afford it?"

The constant evolution of this garden is one of its charms. History is always in the making. "The point about this garden is that it is quite complicated and ambitious," Mary Keen admits. "Yet for the first five years we had no help at all. People shouldn't be put off making an elaborate garden. You can have a wonderful garden without full-time gardeners. You simply have to be relaxed about maintenance. I'd like my garden to be twenty percent tidier." She shrugs. She uses the plants that she knows will grow and not give trouble. When she makes her beds, she starts planting from the middle and works outward. The daisies on the lawn are intentional. "A garden is more than three-dimensional," she says, summing up. "It must feel comfortable as well as look nice." •

From Private Landscapes: Creating Form, Vista, and Mystery in the Garden. Text copyright © 1989 by Caroline Seebohm. Photographs copyright © 1989 by Christopher Simon Sykes. To be published in November by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. All rights reserved.

Peonies, poppies, iris, delphiniums, and penstemon, right, bloom in front of a Gothick gazebo in the kitchen garden.

Above: Plants spill out over brick paths and terra-cotta pots in the north-facing herb garden. Rosa Mundi helps soften the geometric enclosure.









Creole Comforts

New Orleans has become home for designer Mario Villa

BY NANCY LEMANN PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WALDRON

n New Orleans there is a bar called Napoleon House, originally built to hide the emperor in exile. He was to have come into Louisiana through Bayou Barataria and live out his days in the French Quarter. But it was not to be. Instead Napoleon House turned out to be the prettiest bar in New Orleans, with ceiling fans, tables with white tablecloths and plain chairs, and palm trees in the courtyard. Opera is always playing.

If you live in New Orleans, you go there with your old friends and sit for hours. A few doors down on St. Louis Street is an adjacent building that was formerly part of Napoleon House. You enter through an iron gate, and like all façades in the French Quarter, the elevation leads to mysteries unheralded—labyrinthian staircases and slave quarter galleries surrounding a courtyard with banana trees and palmettos. The staircases are so old that they are sinking. The sounds of calliones can be heard from the riverboats on the Mississippi. White stucco walls and gardens and the softer air of the tropical town make these courtyards in the Quarter fit for many reveries. Here is

Palms, saints, and verdigris abound in designer Mario Villa's studio. The leafy daybed draped in linen is his own design. The architectural chair is pulled up to his worktable.



"Artists, we are selfish," Villa says.
"We live in our own little world"



A bronze shell chaise longue, left, is paired with an angular copper and bronze torchère. Above: The doorway into the front room frames a table of the Three Graces dancing and a papier-mâché sculpture by Villa. Below: This swag chair and pierced metal lamp keep company with a few family photos.





On the pickledwood desk the Arc de Triomphe lamp protects a bronze Winged Victory, both by Villa. The horse statue is by Arthur Kern and the alabaster vase is from Pakistan. The chair is part of Villa's collection of furniture decorated with palm fronds. Magdalena is by Watt after Correggio; a mysteriously veiled painting is propped up against the wall.

a place where you can dream, and so it is a likely place to find the designer Mario Villa, of Nicaragua and New Orleans, known for art furniture in verdigris, influenced by the Gallic heritage of New Orleans and his native Nicaragua.

t was a grandiose plan, the scheme to bring Napoleon to New Orleans, which has always held strong ties to France. L Many grandiose plans tend to emanate from here, and some, such as Mario Villa's, are executed just as grandiosely. There are three themes in his studio: saints, palms, and verdigris. There is a frond from Palm Sunday over the bed, and fronds in marble vases. Everything is draped in white linen and muslin, the fronds reaching up toward the moldings of the old high ceilings and white walls. The palms add to the tropical aspect and are in their elegance "like a proud woman," he says. Religion is an important part of his life, and he feels very close to God. It seems so: there are icons everywhere, from Mexico and Venice. The verdigris, or oxidized bronze, of the furniture and a swag motif lend a patina of age and Beaux-Arts style.

He lived in Managua until the age of fourteen. During the revolution, his family moved (*Text continued on page 236*)



Micaraguan-born designer Mario Villa, <u>above.</u> Right: Villa's furniture in its natural habitat. His clients are far-flung, but he is attached to New Orleans.









Pared Down Penthouse

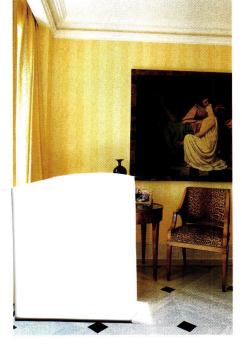
If adman Peter Rogers's New York apartment doesn't look good, he doesn't look good

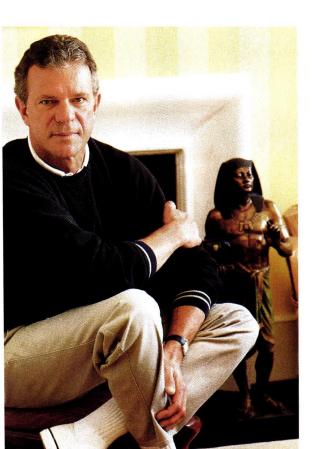
BY AMY VIRSHUP PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WALDRON

Peter Rogers, below. Right, clockwise from top left: A 19thcentury English silver drinks tray rests on a rare late 18th century marble chimera center table from Niall Smith. The Biedermeier chair with a leopard print is also from Niall Smith. Hoboken Wood Floors recreated a traditional kitchen-floor pattern in wood for the living and dining rooms. The 19th-century Venetian scenes are auction finds.









s the head of the advertising agency that bears his name, Peter Rogers is known for marrying striking visuals to spare, equally memorable prose. He has created ads for Arnold Scaasi ("Me and my Scaasi"), Bottega Veneta ("When your own initials are enough"), and Vidal Sassoon ("If you don't look good we don't look good"). Most of his ads carry a simple defining line and nothing else. "I try to edit everything down, not only the pictures but the words as well," he says. In a Peter Rogers ad, less is more.

And so it is in his recently completed apartment. When he decided to move west from Beekman Place, Rogers first looked on Park Avenue. But he couldn't give up his views, so he settled for a penthouse on an Upper East Side side street. It's not a large place—two shipshape bedrooms, a kitchen, living room, and dining room, surrounded by a wraparound terrace—but it's the "coziest apartment I've ever lived in," says Rogers. The apartment is cozy, though it has none of the clichés of coziness: it's not overstuffed with furniture or knickknacked to death. The bedrooms are simple, like ocean liner staterooms—all the storage space is built into a wall of mirrored closets, so there are no chests, just beds and night tables.

The penthouse's previous owners had covered every available surface in paisley and carpeted the floor in shag, so Rogers definitely had some editing to do. With the help of contractor Bryn Evensen—a friend who'd only recently abandoned finance for the family contracting trade—Rogers opened the place up, taking out narrow archways and combining the maid's room and kitchen to create room enough for a real cook.

A former adherent of the "Elsie de Wolfe beige school of decorating," Rogers decided he wanted color this time. He'd been planning to do the walls in the current faded, mottled style, but after "too many Italian dinners in SoHo," he instead covered the walls with yellow-on-yellow striped wallpaper (the bedrooms have the same stripe in two shades of tan). "People said don't do yellow, it disappears at night, but they were wrong," Rogers says. "You just have to find the right yellow." Then he put in pickled white wood floors with insets of black—a pattern picked up from the traditional black and white tile of the kitchen—and carpeted the bedrooms in

leopard spots, an accent which is repeated throughout the apartment.

Because he spends most weekends—winter and summer—at his Fire Island beach house, Rogers wanted an easymaintenance terrace. So instead of flowers, he planted evergreens all around its perimeter, which have the added virtue of looking good year-round. From every room guests are offered a glimpse of the city framed by a bit of green privet hedge. To add color, Rogers puts out pots of geraniums or tulips.

Born in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Rogers came to New York after two years in the army and immediately went to work for Warwick & Legler on the Revlon account. (In a neat twist, after 25 years Rogers will again be working for Revlon this fall when the cosmetics company brings out its Arnold Scaasi perfume.) From Warwick, Rogers went to work for Jane Trahey; after a dozen years

he purchased the agency from her.

On days when his clients have been particularly difficult, he likes to make a big vat of gumbo—"I am from that part of the country"—or pasta sauce and then throw it in the freezer to await guests. "Cooking is my therapy," he says. "That's why I like a big kitchen."

Rogers is an old-style collector, buying what he likes where he finds it. Much of what he's found is Biedermeier. Rogers, ever the editor, says he likes it because "everything's pared down; it's not ornate." Though his collection comes from a variety of sources, Rogers says, "when it comes to antiques, if I have a mentor, it's Niall Smith."

The curtains framing the living room's view are in Milano cotton taffeta from Clarence House. The armchairs are covered in Medieval Moiré from Grey Watkins.





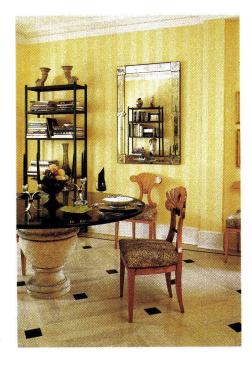
"I'm not an investment purchaser," he says. "I just buy what I like." A large canvas of lovers was found in a small shop behind a church in Torcello. A painting of window washers which hangs in the guest bedroom was first seen at a dinner party in a SoHo loft. And he stumbled across the mirror framed by a herd of antlers in an Upper East Side shop.

n the dining room, leopard-seated Biedermeier chairs surround a table cobbled together from a piece of slate and an urn found in a Los Angeles antiques shop. (The L.A. dealer made Rogers buy the pair, so he sold the other one to a friend.) The table is flanked by a pair of Venetian glass mirrors and black vitrines picked up from Niall Smith. Clearly, Rogers doesn't believe a room has to be all of a piece. His design theory: "Whatever you like, if it works."

Rogers's most recent discovery is Christie's East. "It's the best way to get paintings of Venice, which is my favorite place in the world," he says, and with his auction finds he's turning one wall of his living room into a panorama of Venetian views. "I love water, period," he adds by way of explaining his obsession with that canalled city. "I love walking at night, it's like a dream. There's a lot of mystery there, around every corner."

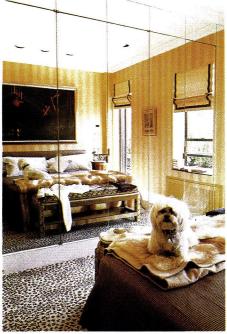
The key to successful bidding, he adds, is not endlessly deep pockets, but strategy: he goes to sales of American paintings to buy scenes of Venice. That way, when the one odd lot comes up, the competition's not interested. He's taken to dropping in at auctions every weekend he's in town, just to see what might be of interest. How often does he buy? "Let's put it this way," says Rogers. "It's better if I go away on weekends."

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



Rogers's design theory:
"Whatever you like, if it works"





In the dining room, opposite above, Rogers created the table from slate and an urn he bought in L.A., then surrounded it with Biedermeier chairs. Marble fruit from Zona. Opposite below: Chairs are covered in ponyskin stenciled to look like leopard. Left: The antler mirror frame is from Ann-Morris. Above: In the master bedroom, Maxie, Rogers's Lhasa apso, stands guard. The leopard-print carpet is from Stark.

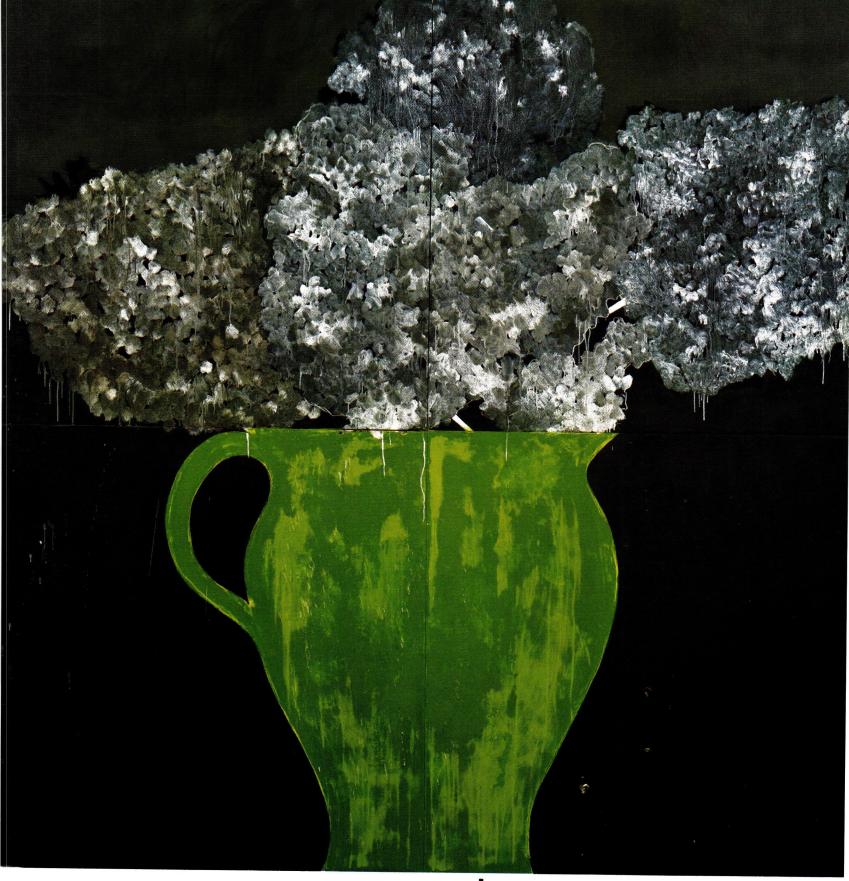


The Sultans of Sag Harbor

Painter Donald Sultan and his family compose a vivid still life on Long Island

BY DODIE KAZANJIAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC BOMAN



In the plank-walled stairwell off the dining room, opposite, is one of a series of enlarged Polaroid portraits by Donald Sultan of people who visit him in Saint-Tropez. A Second Empire lamp sits on the 19th-century French country dining table. Chairs are Austrian Biedermeier. Sultan bought the 18th-century console table in Saint-Tropez. Checkerboard pattern is painted on wooden floor. Above: Hydrangea in a Green Pot, October 30, 1987 by Sultan.



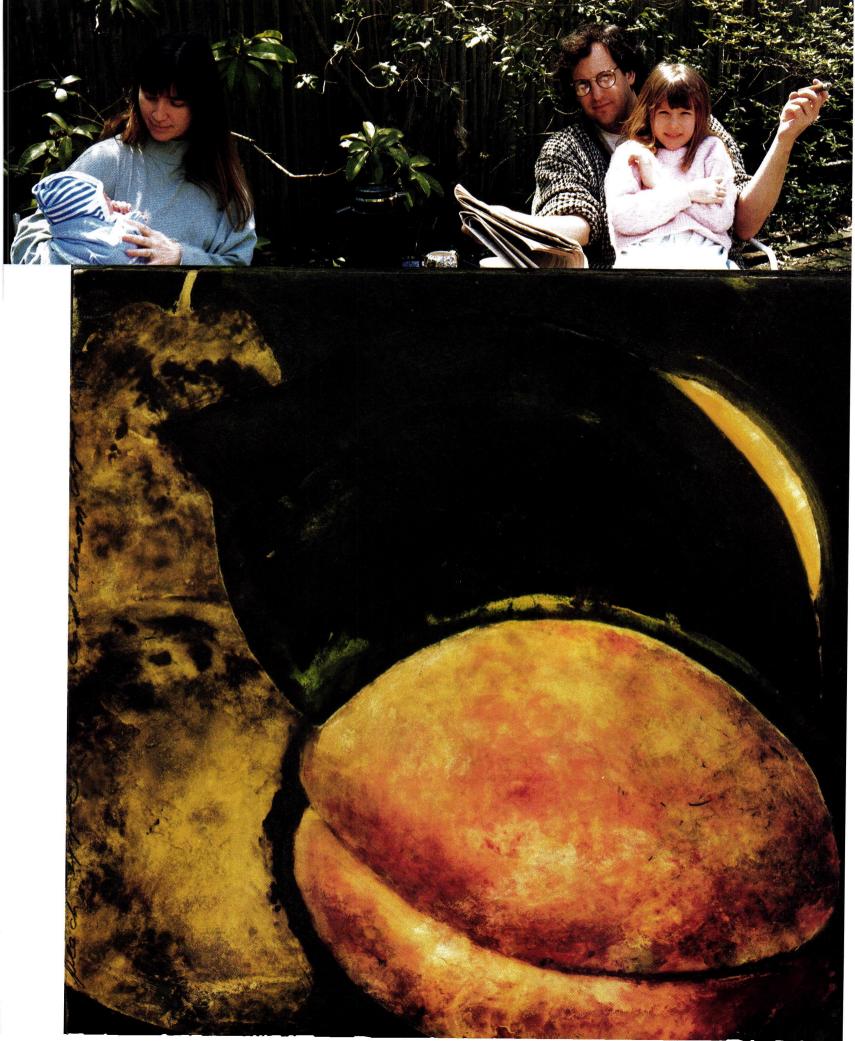


onald Sultan hasn't hung any of his still-life paintings of pears or lemons or hydrangeas in the house he bought two years ago in Sag Harbor, New York. But it's impossible to walk into this eighteenth-century saltbox without seeing them.

The green glazed Vallauris pitcher that is such a powerful image in his painting *Hydrangea in a Green Pot, October 30, 1987* is filled with breadsticks (not hydrangea) on the kitchen table. Four Bartlett pears are grouped on a plate on the dining table. In the parlor, grapes are arranged on another dish, also from Vallauris, which he found in the south of France.

"I like the idea of things being offered, which is kind of what a still life is," says

A turn-of-thecentury kerosene lamp lights the antique French kitchen table, above. Breadsticks stand in a Vallauris pitcher Sultan bought in Provence—the same pitcher he painted in Hydrangea in a Green Pot. Beyond the dining room door, an Austrian Biedermeier cupboard. Opposite above: Susan and Donald Sultan with their son, Penn, and daughter, Frances. Opposite below: Peach, Pear, and Lemon, April 11, 1987. Left: Etchings from Sultan's 1987 Freesia series, printed in Paris by Aldo Crommelynck, hang above old wicker in the living room.

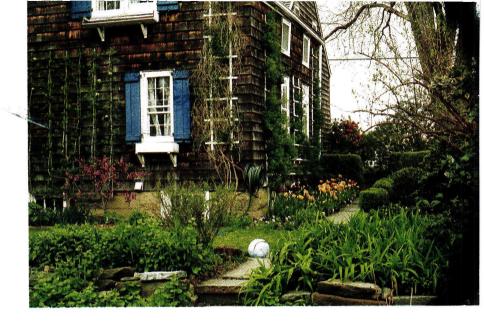




The front hall,

above. Above right: A pear tree is
espaliered against an 1860 addition to
the 1750 shingled saltbox behind a
peach tree in bloom. Right: In the parlor
French café chairs, custom-made
to Sultan's color specifications, surround
a pedestal table covered with a wool
plaid. Below: Quinces, January 5, 1988.







Sultan, who is writing a book on the subject for Viking. "So when people come in, it feels like there are things there for them. In the Hellenistic period, Greek hosts used to put a little still life of fruits and vegetables in your room. Eventually, instead of the real food, they would have a painting of it, which would change seasonally."

The actual flowers that Sultan arranges on the tables at Sag Harbor echo his paintings. "I tend to like things that are living. That's why I like cut flowers and fruits and other things you have to change all the time. It's part of the way you live. It's not a question of pickled living. That's why I don't put my paintings up all over the house. I don't think of them as decorative objects. And since I'm with them most of the time, I like to have one place where I can free-associate."

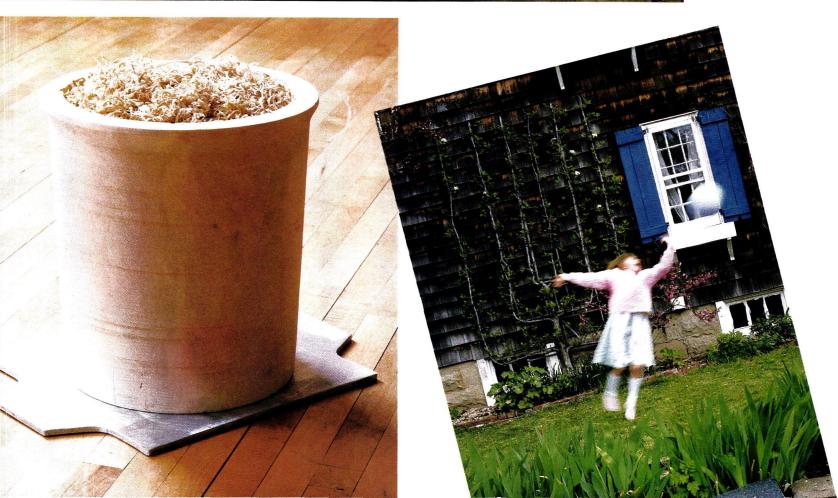
The house is tiny. The original part was built in 1750, and the kitchen, dining room, and two upstairs bedrooms were added about a hundred years later. Instead of Sultan's paintings, there are his enlarged Polaroid portraits of visitors to the

house where he and his wife, Susan, stay each summer in Saint-Tropez, a house that once belonged to Paul Signac. In the Sag Harbor living room is a series of etchings by Sultan called *Freesia*, printed in Paris by Aldo Crommelynck. An early black-and-white photograph by Cindy Sherman hangs by itself over the fireplace. And in the parlor, there is David Mamet's handwritten text for a children's book he collaborated on with Sultan.

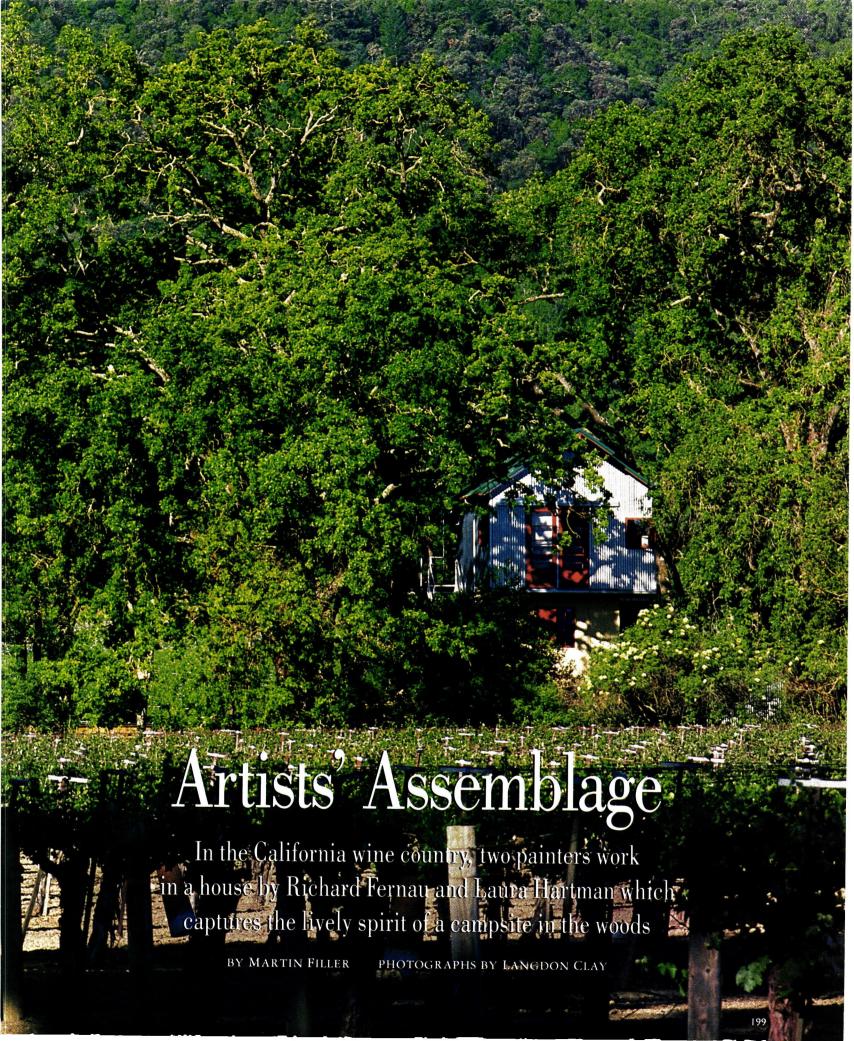
onald Sultan does no painting here: "I need a more industrial atmosphere. I couldn't paint in the woods." A lot of his work has to do with the contemporary industrial world and its discontent; the ground of his paintings is often vinyl tile, plaster, and a tarlike buildup of Butyl rubber. These paintings have been as large as nine by twelve feet as opposed to his small one-foot-square still lifes. "The little paintings were a way I thought to advance painting through imagery. It was a way of using things I knew, and to make (Text continued on page 241)

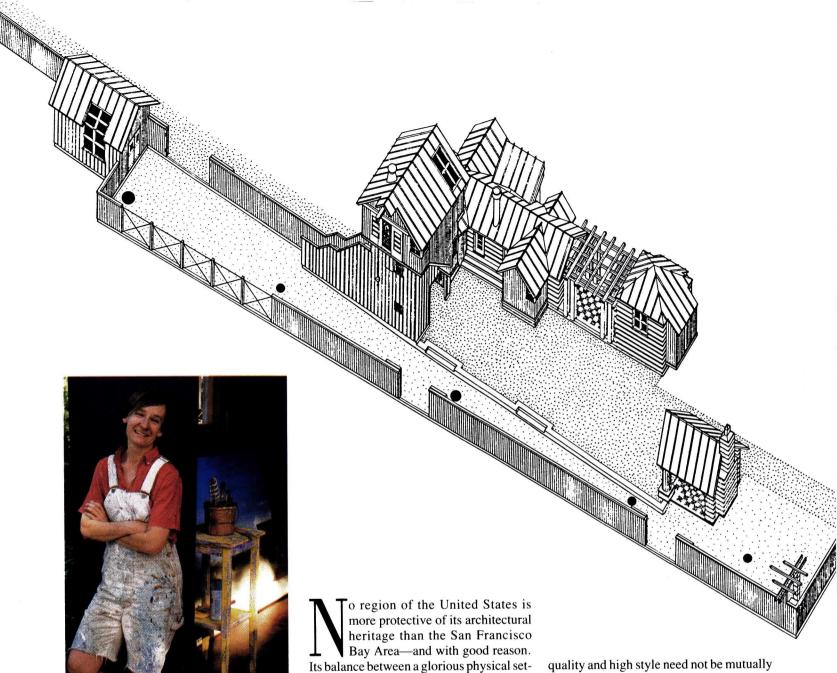


The master bedroom mantelshelf, left, supports a 19th-century Swedish ship model below two Sultan Polaroids. At the foot of the bed is an English blanket chest. Carpet is Chinese. Wallpaper was installed by previous owners. Below left: One of Sultan's first sculptures, Wood and Wood, 21 lbs, January 17, 1989. Below: Frances Sultan plays in the garden.









The layout of the house, top, grew out of two considerations: the desire of Mandy Wallace, above, and Helen Berggruen, opposite, for separate studios and the need for the new scheme to occupy the footprint of an old structure on the site. The long narrow plan, which reflects the shape of the plot, is opened up by projecting volumes that expand the interior spaces.

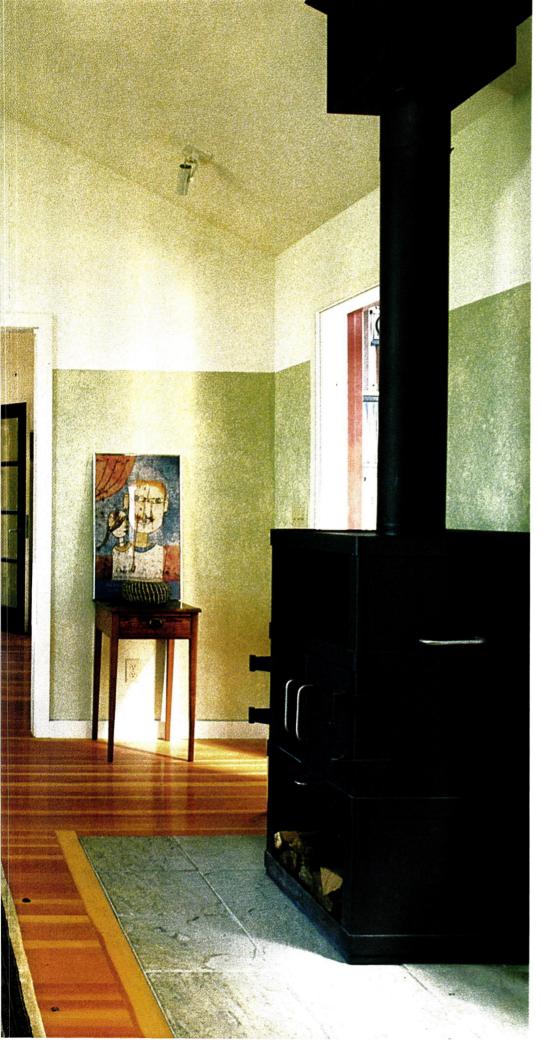
To region of the United States is more protective of its architectural heritage than the San Francisco Bay Area—and with good reason. Its balance between a glorious physical setting and a tradition of innovative but thoughtful design has made it a model of American architecture at its most sensitive. As the wine-producing valleys north of San Francisco become increasingly populous, the question of how to continue the best of the Bay Area style—ecologically respectful, aesthetically pleasing, and admirably humane—becomes ever more crucial. So much pseudo-historical and neo-everything construction has been perpetrated there lately that one common response has been a dour woodsy format based on local farm buildings.

But can architecture more challenging than that have a legitimate place in a setting of almost unparalleled natural beauty? The Berkeley-based architects Laura Hartman and Richard Fernau think so, and their most recent project demonstrates that high quality and high style need not be mutually exclusive in northern California. Their house for painters Helen Berggruen and Mandy Wallace in the rural reaches above the Bay Area marks a milestone in Hartman and Fernau's progress among the promising designers in that talent-rich part of the American architectural landscape.

Helen Berggruen has lived in this agricultural valley on and off since 1970. Most of that time has been spent on a heavily wooded one-acre plot surrounded by some of the most prized vineyards in the world. This remarkably self-contained glade wedged between two creeks is a veritable microenvironment, created by about twenty towering valley oaks enclosing the plot like a gnarled and leafy palisade. After several years of caretaking for a friend who owned this bit of uncultivated land, Berggruen had the chance to buy the property. It







was scattered with several shacks and a farm worker's house, and when she and Mandy Wallace began thinking about building a more substantial residence there, the image of a cluster of small structures still had great appeal for them.

For practical reasons, that configuration made perfect sense to Fernau and Hartman as well. Clients and architects all agreed that none of the magnificent trees should be disturbed, which therefore limited the placement and form of the new design. Zoning restrictions made it necessary to reuse the existing septic system on the property. Thus the footprint of the original house had to be retained. But instead of inhibiting the scheme, these requirements set up a strong framework within which the architects' design decisions could be made with complete confidence.

either Hartman nor Fernau believe that architecture in this valley must mimic the somewhat dreary local aesthetic that Fernau wryly dubs "the pony died," a reference to self-conscious and nostalgic Western design. The house is a lively, almost antic composition but avoids the overexuberance that can make a playful building exhausting. Working on models with movable components, the architects and clients toyed with a variety of arrangements before coming up with their ultimate version.

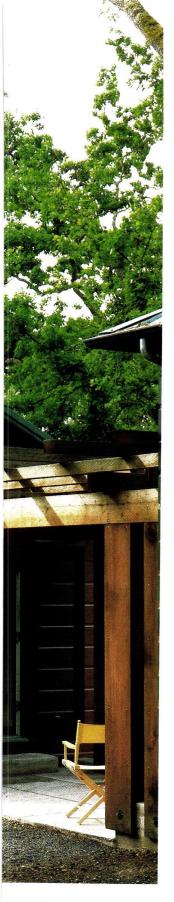
The format is a loose confederation of small pavilions with pitched green-painted metal roofs and unpainted corrugated metal walls. But the vigorous forms and vivid materials are virtually invisible until the forecourt of the house comes into view. To their credit the architects clearly knew just how far they could go with experimentation without violating the valley's visual integrity. The protective ring of oak trees allows a much bolder design than a more exposed site would permit.

The most striking element of the house is the 35-foot tower forming the highest element on the property. The upper story of

In the living room, a painting by Helen Berggruen, to the left of the doorway, and, to the right, a poster celebrating the donation of paintings by Paul Klee to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by her father, art dealer Heinz Berggruen. Paint finishes in the living room and throughout the house are by Mandy Wallace and Maria McVarish.



Although the house occupies only a small portion of the one-acre property bounded by two creeks and surrounded by vineyards, opposite center, the courtyard between the studio tower and the living quarters, above and opposite top, adds to the feeling of spaciousness. Opposite bottom: The kitchen is in keeping with the air of sophisticated rusticity.



the tower is given over to a large lightfilled studio for Helen Berggruen. On the floor below it is her bedroom, and from both vantage points she can look down at the wooden studio used by Mandy Wallace. That tidy little building—connected to the studio tower by a tall green-painted wooden fence—is outpost as well as sanctuary, a miniature statement of the qualities at work in the entire compound.

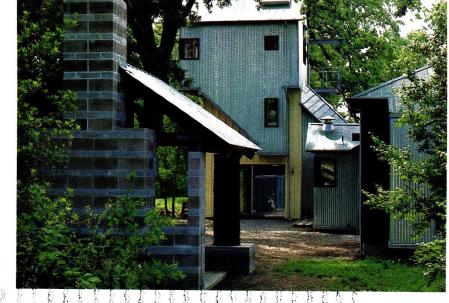
Separate work areas for the two painterresidents was an essential requirement. Fernau and Hartman were able to accom-

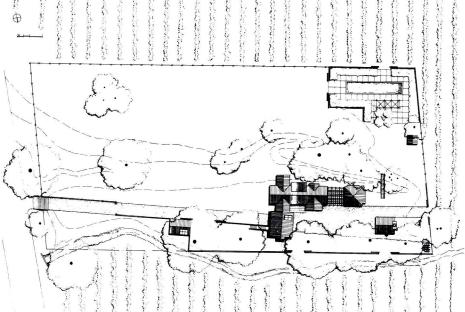
modate a high degree of privacy within such a small setting by employing an intriguing interplay of stacked and sequential spaces, which make the house seem larger than it is. That illusion is heightened by the judicious positioning of windows throughout. Several rooms have double windows that meet at a corner. The kitchen alone is illuminated by three windows, two doors, and a skylight. But nowhere have the architects given in to the temptation to rely on win-

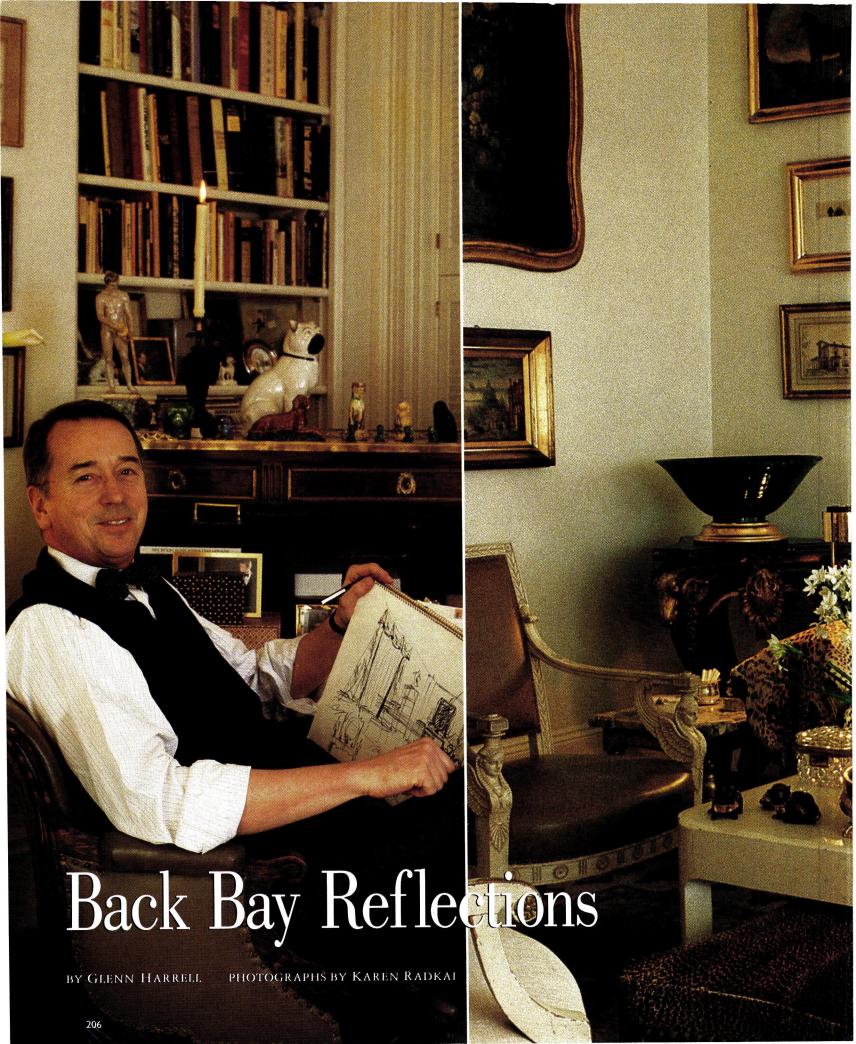
dow walls, which often spell the end of architectural quality as they make lazy use of views of the great outdoors.

There are, nonetheless, a number of small celebrations of the rural life expressed in this captivating design. The barbecue pit, a freestanding structure with a pediment supported by columns of shaggy redwood trunks, is like an updated version of the Primitive Hut, the eighteenth-century notion of what man's first building might have looked like. Yet there is no cuteness here, even though a lighthearted spirit pervades every aspect of the scheme. This is in one sense a play house, for the informal spaces, casual materials, and simple finishes do not permit pretentious attitudes to take root. But it is also a place for serious work by the occupants as well as proof of a keen design intelligence shared by the architects who created this inspiring home for two other artists.

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron









nce the residence of Lydia Pinkham, inventor of turn-of-the-century America's most popular remedy for "woman's weakness," William Hodgins's 1872 town house in the Back Bay section of Boston is special for another reason. Its traditional front bay is crowned by one of the few belvederes he's seen in the area. Despite the dilapidated state of the house when he viewed it as a prospective buyer, Hodgins was won over by its personality and charm. After installing his decorating business in the basement and on the ground floor, he renovated the upper floors as an apartment for himself in 1972. "Because the office was just downstairs, creating a real sense of privacy was very important to me," he says.

Hodgins wanted the living room to be a romantic space where he could comfortably entertain a few friends. Glittering surfaces and jewel tones stand out against a neutral shell of white walls-textured by Robert Sinclair to resemble linen-and pale Scandinavian-looking bleached wood floors. The flickering light of candles and burning logs in the fireplace reflects off two mirrors, one built-in, the other above the mantel, and the gilded surfaces of furniture and picture frames. These highlights also intensify the rich palette of details such as an eighteenth-century English tabletop painted to simulate pietre dure, the dazzling orange and purple border of an early nineteenth century Turkish carpet, and a large French emerald green bowl.

The decorator's passion for animals and exotica is apparent everywhere. A custommade overstuffed sofa with gilded bun feet—a prototype Hodgins has since adapted for other houses—accommodates a leopard skin over one arm, a fox fur across its back, two pillows in a floral and

leopard print, and a third in a salmon silk. A stenciled leather faux leopard bench, a gift to Hodgins from his mentor Albert Hadley, is tucked under a sleek coffee table crafted by Yorke Kennedy using the Oriental technique of applying linen to wood and then lacquering the surface. Goats' heads carved in full relief adorn a Regency stand, sphinxes support the arms of a pair of Directoire armchairs upholstered in taupe leather, and a majolica elephant planter holds a purple primrose.

In contrast to this discreet profusion of ornament, the master bedroom is intentionally spare. The centerpiece is a late nineteenth century Canadian bed of Honduran mahogany Hodgins found on a trip to his native Ontario. "I sent it down to Boston, thinking I had a wonderful huge four-poster, which it was," says the sixfoot-six decorator. "But beside me, it looked minuscule." His solution was to have the bedposts made almost a foot taller to suit both his own height and the scale of the room. To accentuate the four-poster's architectural lines, he had it painted en grisaille and left the tester unadorned. The gilded lions' heads on a pair of American Empire armchairs glower at Hodgins's favorite piece, a Louis XVI bureau à cylindre fitted with a seemingly endless number of compartments under its roll top.

The decorator's guests enjoy luxurious seclusion in a fourth-floor room with its own private entrance. Says Hodgins: "You feel as though you're in a whole different world, a sanctuary where no one can get at you." To intensify this room's coziness, he chose a geranium chintz with a light background. The white ceiling, wainscoting, and pale carpet offset the lush floral pattern. Similarly, the dark rich accents of a pieced Aubusson rug and nineteenth-



platters. Left: A calm foil to the floral motif is provided by the white ceiling and wainscoting and an off-white carpet from Rosecore. The mirror was painted by Robert Jackson.

Opposite: Hodgins discovered the master bedroom's 19th-century Canadian four-poster in his native Ontario and had it painted en grisaille. Carpet from Colefax & Fowler.



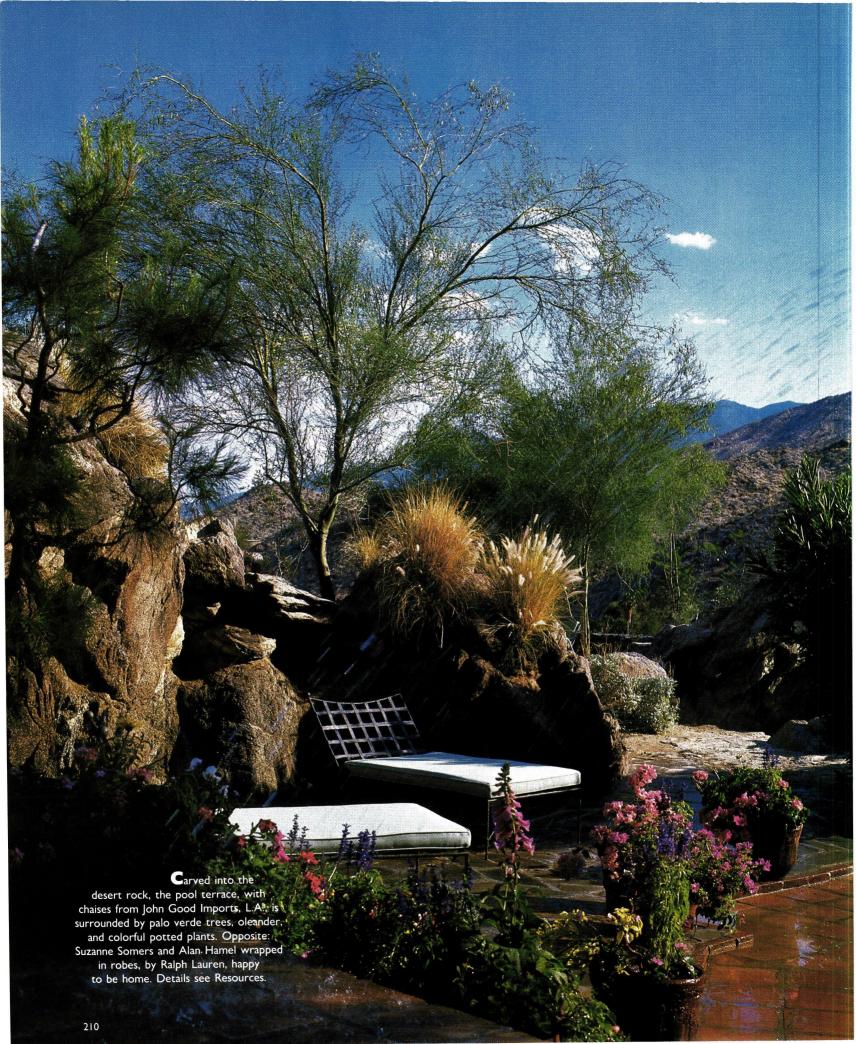


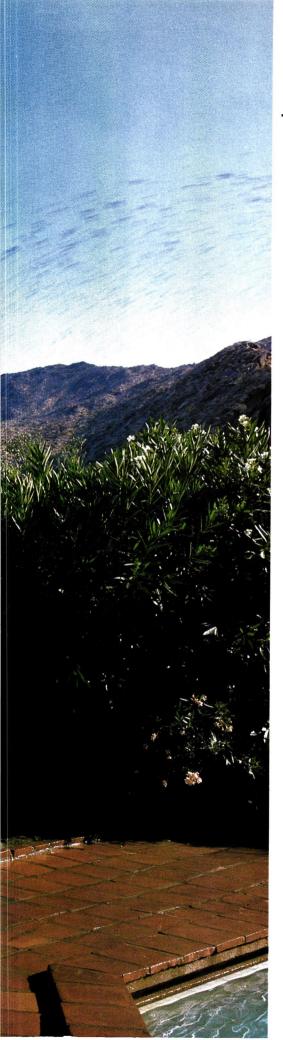
A Victorian wouldn't have batted an eyelash at this combination of styles

century English découpage lamps are balanced by wall-mounted creamware platters and a series of playful monkey prints. Opposite an upholstered sleigh bed is an eighteenth-century Danish secretary—''a delightful hybrid,'' notes Hodgins, pointing out signs of English influence. An early nineteenth century French oak buffet doubles as a bookcase and a stage for another tableau of objects.

A Victorian of Lydia Pinkham's generation wouldn't have batted an eyelash at this confident combination of period styles and flamboyant motifs, but for Hodgins it embodied a move toward restraint. "For me this apartment was a real departure point," explains the decorator. "It was the first time I really pared things down. Maybe I no longer needed the security of having lots and lots of things around me."







A Somers Place

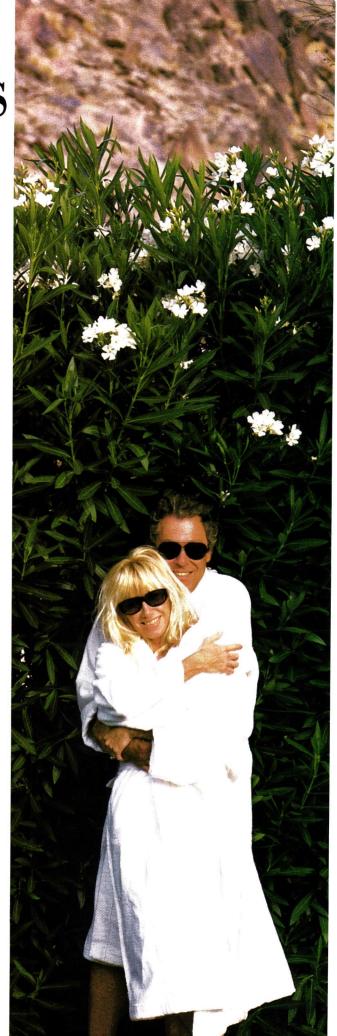
Suzanne Somers and Alan Hamel find a little piece of Provence in Palm Springs

BY PILAR VILADAS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL COMTE

t the start of the nightclub act that she performs in places like Las Vegas, Lake Tahoe, and Atlantic City, actress Suzanne Somers appears onstage wearing a Carmen Mirandastyle fruit headdress and a beaded yellow satin bolero with a shocking-pink lining singing Buster Poindexter's "Hot, Hot," Just what you'd expect from the woman who was television's blond bombshell in the hit series *Three's Company* and more recently in *She's the Sheriff*.

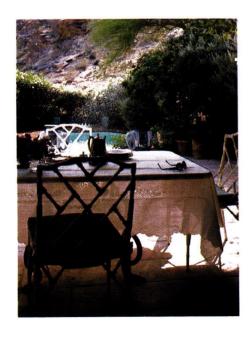
But if you'd expect Somers to live in a slick blond-bombshell house, you are in for a shock. There's nothing show biz about the Palm Springs retreat she shares with her husband and manager, Alan Hamel; instead, you think you've walked into an enchanted cottage. "Exactly," Somers says, smiling her thousand-watt smile. "My public image," she concedes, "is really flashy. But there are two sides to me, and one is very very domestic."

The day I visited, the domestic Somers took me on a tour of the house. It was very hot outside. She was dressed in a voluminous linen skirt and blouse and wore no makeup. Her platinum hair was pulled back into a loose ponytail, and she wore striped espadrilles on her tanned feet. Scattered among gardens and terraces lined with oleander hedges and palo verde trees, the house is actually a cluster of little pavil-





The house feels like some tiny romantic village in the south of France





Somers and Hamel inherited many things in their house from its previous owners, including, in the living room, above, the antique Chinese screen, Spanish yew wood chairs, and the painting of Columbus about to set sail. Far left: The living room terrace with its vintage wrought-iron furniture is ideal for afternoon tea. Left: A pair of ceramic elephants stand guard over the swimming pool.

ions containing various living areas nestled into the rocks of the San Jacinto foothills like some tiny romantic village in the south of France. But then, the reason that Somers and Hamel bought the house was that it reminded them of a hideaway in Provence. "We come here to energize," she says. Her husband, who was one of Canada's most popular television personalities before going behind the scenes, concurs: "I get my best ideas here."

omers and Hamel are the third owners of the house, which was designed by Palm Springs architect John Porter Clark and built in 1938 for noted art collector Wright S. Ludington. He sold the house to Kay and Louis Benoist, owners of Almadén vinevards, who added a guesthouse, and Somers and Hamel bought it from Kay Benoist twelve years ago. "It's a work in progress," explains Hamel. "Everything evolves very slowly." The couple's organic approach to change extended to the furnishings, many of which they inherited from the previous owners. After wondering what to do with this legacy, Somers and Hamel decided it looked fine where it was. So with a little rearranging and a few modifications, the fifty years of accumulation—a mixed bag of European antique chairs and chests, paintings, and drawings—still inhabit the house and look right at home.

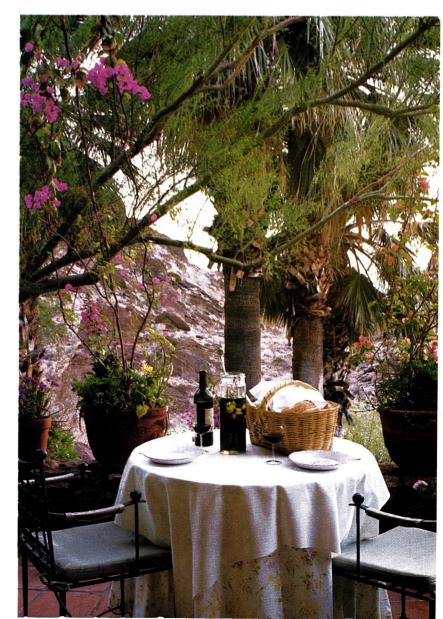
Simple comfortable upholstered furniture serves as a foil for the antiques and artworks in the living room. In one of the guest bedrooms, country furniture is paired with a collection of dolls—gifts from her fans. And in all the bedrooms the actress's passion for beautiful linens makes for a luxurious night's sleep. As she enthuses over the appliqué work on a set of Italian sheets, Somers confesses that she has yet another set on order. "I guess I'd better get another TV series," she quips.

A dressing room off the master bedroom houses family photos and drawings by Hamel's daughter, Leslie, who designs Somers's stage costumes. Show business seems to be a family affair: Hamel's son, Stephen, photographed Somers for the cover of her book *Keeping Secrets*, and Bruce Somers, the actress's son by her first marriage, is a film student at UCLA.

Still, warm and inviting as these rooms are, Somers and Hamel spend most of their time on the terraces and in the gardens surrounding the house. Alfresco breakfasts



A shady haven from the desert sun, the gazebo, above, is filled with old wicker furniture, including a sofa that once belonged to Gypsy Rose Lee. In the late afternoon birds flock to the surrounding trees. Right: On the other side of the house the dining room terrace. shaded by palo verde trees, offers views of the palms and hills beyond. This terrace, with chairs from John Good and table linens by Porthault, is one of the many outdoor rooms that make the Somers-Hamel house the epitome of relaxed indooroutdoor living.

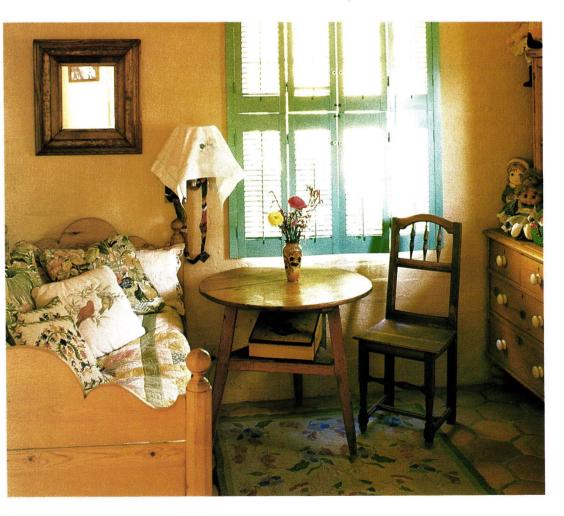




The view from the living room balcony, above, reveals the gazebo and the bedroom pavilion beyond a wall of oleander.

A covered walkway ties the living-dining pavilion to the bedrooms. Below:

Down the hill, the guesthouse has two bedrooms. The smaller one, shown here, is home to a collection of dolls that are gifts from Suzanne Somers's fans.



are served on the terrace just outside the dining room, the rose garden is where Somers often gives lunches, and the living room terrace, which overlooks the swimming pool, is the perfect spot for afternoon tea. A short distance from the house an orchard is populated with grapefruit, lemon, lime, apple, peach, apricot, and macadamia nut trees. "Every one of these outdoor spaces is really a room," she says, "and we use them all day long, following the shade. Once we get up in the morning, we never really go indoors again."

ne of the nicest of these outdoor rooms is the gazebo, which is part of a weathered-white wood-covered walkway that Somers and Hamel added to shade the walk from the bedrooms to the living-dining pavilion. The gazebo-furnished with old wicker pieces, one of which belonged to Gypsy Rose Lee—offers the perfect vantage point from which to contemplate the desert. "It's a great place to nap, and I wrote a lot of my book there," adds Somers, referring to her candid best-selling account of life as the child of an alcoholic. Somers is the honorary chairman of the National Association for Children of Alcoholics, and she frequently speaks in public on the subject. As her book makes painfully clear, she traveled a long and difficult road to the busy, happy, and comfortable life she and Hamel now lead, and this sense of contentment permeates their house. They have houses in Los Angeles and Las Vegas, but Palm Springs is the place that feels most like home to them. "By living here, we add years to our lives," she says.

Plans are in the works for a new kitchendining pavilion—Somers is an excellent cook and avid hostess. A place for it is being carved out of the rocks by Olav Engum, a mason in his eighties whose stone walls are a local legend. Somers would like to add other buildings in the future: "I'll be working on this place the rest of my life."

In addition to overseeing the orchard expansion, Hamel has added two beehives to the domestic mix: "I think beekeeping is what I'll do in the cocktail hour of my life," he muses. When he's on the road, he takes along a videotape of the house and gardens, complete with the sound of chirping birds, to stave off homesickness. "I really wouldn't leave here," Hamel contends, "if I didn't have to." Would you?

Editor: Joyce MacRae





"We get up in the morning and never really go indoors again"

Somers's passion for fine linens and old fabrics is evident in the Porthault cotton voile sheets and the antique baby's dress that hangs next to the bed, above. Right: Somers relaxes in the gazebo. Far right: The shaded walkway leading from the gazebo to the bedrooms.







Country Neoclassic

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WALDRON





Once a gardener's cottage, the place is still filled with plants. Above: On the porch the painted mid nineteenth century cast-iron bench is Rococo Revival. Below: The white stucco façade and arched doorway are reminiscent of Spanish Colonial architecture. Right: The interior, however, is an experiment in Neoclassical style. The swagback sofa is paired with two heavy slipper chairs. The chair at left is upholstered in Étienne Strié Texture from Brunschwig & Fils. Copy of a canvas from Thomas Cole's The Voyage of Life is flanked by Wedgwood basalt urns on carved wood capitals.



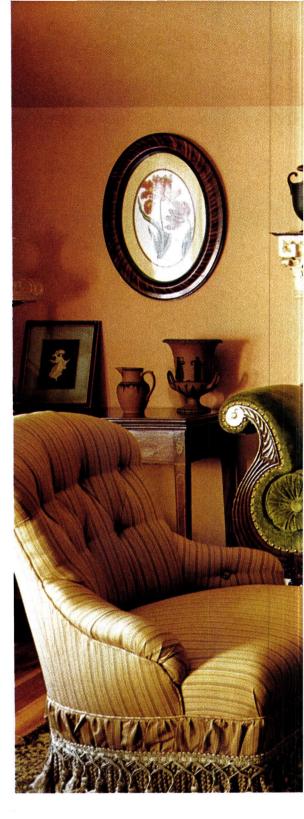
n the Connecticut shore in a lovely part of Southport there is an old gardener's cottage hidden in a hollow surrounded by woods and a line of bright yellow blooms. The red tile roof and white stucco façade, which imitate Spanish Colonial style, and the spectacular view of the Long Island Sound create a grand setting for the life in this little house. For in five rooms connected to an old greenhouse and a three-car garage, a wonderful experiment in Neoclassical style is going on.

There, in her own place, interior and garden designer Lisa Krieger has set a challenge for herself. A longtime devotee of Neoclassicism, an authority on Federal furniture, and once associate curator of Gracie Mansion, the mayor's residence in New York City, Krieger has developed not only a fine collection of furniture and decorative arts from her chosen period—roughly 1770 to 1830—but also a truly Neoclassical attitude toward living with it. She treats architecture, garden, and interior design as an integrated whole.

Like Alexander Pope, who in his epistle to Burlington counseled the lord to "Consult the genius of the place in all," Krieger wants her collection to be in harmony with the architecture of the house she occupies. This was not difficult in the past when she inhabited a landmark 1820s town house in Manhattan. The paterae, old Boston sofa, gilded bossed mirrors, and urns looked perfectly natural in formal square-cornered rooms with corniced overdoors and crown moldings.

Now, however, her quirky cottage has scarcely one square corner in it. Radiators and low closets are scattered about inconveniently. Crown moldings are nonexistent. Furthermore, Krieger is only renting, so major alterations are out of the question. How, then, to consult the genius of the place without abandoning her own taste?

Krieger looked to the roots of her taste to make a marriage of austere goddesses and cozy corners. "Ever since I was a child, I've loved Greece—Greek art, Greek gods, Greek vases," she remembers. "I've never felt comfortable with froufrou things, with the Frenchy, with the Rococo." But in the small house it has become clear to her that the Neoclassical must be rescued from its bloodless and cold image. "I always found a real romanticism in the Neoclassical style," she says, "and that is what I've tried to convey in this house."







In the sitting room,
left, the playful screen of Italian
marbleized paper with an English
wallpaper border and the quasi-Baroque
statue of Winter are balanced
by the more formal prints from William
Hamilton's book on Greek vases.
The chest is attributed to New York
craftsman Richard Allison, c. 1815.

"I never felt comfortable with froufrou things," says Krieger, but she knew she had to rescue the Neoclassical from its cold image



Krieger's dog, Lilly, right, poses on a c. 1830 American Empire rug in front of hand-painted wooden boxes. Far right: Papered with Régence from the Williamsburg line by Katzenbach & Warren, the bathroom is light and airy.





The cozy bedroom, left, offers a respite from the 20th century. The New England cherry bed dressed with a hand-crocheted spread, the Long Island quilt and pillow made from a Baltimore crazyquilt fragment, and the bandboxes in the Massachusetts Federal dressing table are all American 19th century.



She chose purity of impulse, not purity of period. One great motive of the English Neoclassical style, she feels, was the dramatic and simultaneous opening of the ancient world and the New World. The wonders of culture were joined with the wonders of nature, and, to Krieger, the dual focus is best revealed in three paintings in the sitting room. One is a copy of the Youth canvas from Thomas Cole's The Voyage of Life in which an angel among sinuous trees points the way down a river to Paradise in the clouds. Another, by a student of Gilbert Stuart, shows Alexander the Great presenting his mistress to a god. The treatment is perfectly stately but Alexander's extended arm is too long and his mistress is reminiscent of an eighteenthcentury merchant's bride. The third is a painted serving tray, possibly showing Belshazzar's feast, on which the exotic subject matter is combined with pristine turns of the figures' wrists and hands worthy of the best Neoclassical statuary.

Beyond this idea, however, Krieger makes a more emotional point in her house. She admires in the Neoclassical its strength and its grace, the pairing of masculine and feminine sides. The green swag-back sofa that anchors the sitting room is emblematic: its strong form and dark wood complement its curving line. Likewise, the bold acanthus-leaved curtain rods above the room's two windows are tempered by the fact that one of the four leaves bends down instead of up.





prints, plates, and overflowing vases are evidence of the floral motif throughout the house. Below left: A wallpaper fireboard, originally used to close off the hearth in summer. Opposite: American 19th-century wrought-iron garden set and wire plant stand provide the perfect transition from outside to in.

A large nineteenth-century screen, made with an English Border around Italian marbled paper, and a quasi-Baroque allegorical statue of Winter are counterpoints to more formal pieces like the Wedgwood rosso antico pottery and the prints of vase decorations taken from William Hamilton's definitive book on Greek pottery.

hen, too, among Krieger's favorites are the painted pieces in which a formal dark wood or a purely utilitarian object meets color and scenery. An early nineteenth century English drop-leaf library table is mahogany and rosewood, but its surface is decorated with a painted musical trophy composed of a flute, a torch, a quiver, sheet music, and an

urn. In her office two wallpaper fireboards, once used to close off the hearth opening in summer, display lightly colored idealized country scenes. Downstairs in the dining room is a set of simple chairs, with Classical anthemion splats, that are painted apple green. A cornice board with pictures of lighthouses stenciled in the ears surmounts the door to the kitchen.

The play of opposites is most delicately mediated by Krieger's choice of paint for the walls. In this house, instead of choosing color to emphasize architecture, she picks up soft and delicate tones from important objects in each room. The sitting room takes its light terra-cotta color—"Some people call it Creamsicle," she jokes—from (Text continued on page 240)





Bedtime Story

BY DANA COWIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MUNDY



The linear motif of the four-poster hand-forged steel Campaign bed from Michael Shannon Associates is carried out in the linens. Pillowcases with wide gray and white stripes lean on those with a narrow rule, both from Palais Royal. The pale color palette is shared by the Windsor Plaid comforter from Frette and a Jan Groover photograph (courtesy Robert Miller Gallery, NYC). The Antelope rug is from Stark Carpet.

he bed, like other highly evolved household species, is continuously changing. Ascending from the ground, this primordial form acquired short legs and feet as early as 3000 B.C. courtesy of the Egyptians. Elaborate canopies, or testers, were added during the Renaissance to protect the sleeper from insects, nosy servants, drafts, and bits of dirt falling from the ceiling. By the eighteenth century a genus touting several classifications had emerged: the lit à la polonaise had iron supports leading into a dome draped in the most luxurious fabrics, the lit à la duchesse had a canopy attached to the wall or ceiling, and the lit à l'anglaise sported boards on three sides to fit in an alcove. At the end of the twentieth century, a variety of styles, both reproductions and originals, exist, including solid Federal beds, sumptuously tented nineteenth-century four-posters, and eighteenth-century early American pencil-posts. The following pages offer a natural selection of the latest designs in beds, photographed in the newly renovated Beaux-Arts Police Building, formerly New York's police headquarters and now a luxury co-op.

Editor: Anne Foxley

In a harmonious detail of texture, line, and color, soft grays are interwoven with yellow and white. Details see Resources.



STYLED BY JOHN RYMAN





The masculine flavor of the room, above, is drawn from the Federal-style mahogany Railroad Baron's bed designed by M. Craig Cabinetmaker and is augmented by the richly textured Bali comforter, coverlet, pillow shams, and sheets from Frette. The antique Serapi rug is from Stark. Left: A closer look reveals intricate stitching on the rust and green comforters. Opposite above: A 19th-century French scenic screen from the Little Antique Shop, NYC, establishes an elegant European feel that is continued in Mark Hampton's Scandinavian bed with subtly fluted posts and rosettes created for Hickory Chair Co. The base and headboards are upholstered in Silk Plaid from Osborne & Little. A combination of pure color and attention to detail distinguishes the lace-trimmed white sheets and pillowcases from Wamsutta and hand-stitched comforter from Frette. The rug is from Stark. Opposite below: Winnowing choice bits and pieces of 19th-century English beds, Mario Buatta arrived at this Poster bed for John Widdicomb. The skeleton, available in a number of finishes, can be outfitted with a canopy of any material. The floral bedding from Revman Industries was also designed by Buatta. The rug is from Stark.







Modeled after one of the first pure American designs, the Pencil Post bed, below, is a copy by Leonard's Antiques, Seekonk, Mass. The eight-sided posts taper to a point, and the headboard is peaked. The mortise and tenon joinery is a functional holdover from the mid 1700s, but the holes in the footboard, which would have been strung with rope, are simply decorative. Left: The Ralph Lauren Home Collection plaid blanket, sky-blue sheets, and checkered pillow add to the rustic country look. Opposite above: Embroidered with garlands of golden flowers, Cannon Mills' Court of Versailles bed linens suggest the luxury of another era. The pillows and shams are from Cherchez and N.K.A., both NYC.





In the Renaissance, elaborate canopies were added to protect the sleeper from insects, drafts, and bits of dirt falling from the ceiling



whimsical bed from Patina, above, is watched by hand-carved parrots on four twisted wood posts. The headboards and footboards are painted with a floral design found on a Venetian cradle. The Vienna comforter is from Frette. All plants and flowers from Very Special Flowers, NYC. Down pillows and comforters from Scandia Down Shops and Descamps. Mattresses and box springs from Simmons. Furniture and accessories from Florence Sack, Ltd., Capo D'Acqua Antiques, Howard Kaplan Antiques, Pine Country Antiques, Greenwich Auction Room, and Andrew Kolb & Son, all NYC.



SOURCES

SAMPLES

Sweet Dreams

HG turns up the best in bed linens from pillow shams to neck rolls By Anne Foxley

he cool kindliness of sheets, that soon smooth away trouble"—words that convey what we want from a well-made bed even though the sentiment was expressed by Rupert Brooke early in this century. Today, stress is eased by patterned pillowcases that offer serene voyages to faraway places. Mesa Verde pillows by Osborne & Little for Revman transport the Southwest anywhere. Cowhide-print shams by Martex suggest the wild wild West. And silk Charmeuse, with gold lamé, from La Scala Riesner is the stuff of Arabian nights.





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CARS

Talk of the Town Car

A redesigned Lincoln brings new urbanity to luxury driving By Pilar Viladas ager Ross H. Roberts.

The best change is in the Town Car's handling. I have never been a fan of big cars because they give you no feel for the road. But a drive in the new Town Car changed my mind. Speed-sensitive, variable-assist power steering gives you greater control at high speeds while it makes steering easier at low speeds, as when parking. Rear air-spring suspension improves handling even further, yet it is incorporated into the existing body-frame construction so that none of the vehicle's famous "rolling feel" is sacrificed. Other standard

ly. Doesn't the car look smaller? Relax. Lincoln knows that to Town

Car owners bigger is better—the car hasn't shrunk an inch. In fact, the redesign has added more shoulder and hip room to the interior. The glove compartment has been substantially enlarged, and the Town Car's trunk is the biggest in its class—22 cubic feet—big

enough for four sets of golf clubs, as you know if you've seen Jack Nicklaus's TV commercial for the car. "We're uncompromised on size," says Ford vice president and Lincoln-Mercury general man-



The 1990 Lincoln
Town Car, left, sports
a new aerodynamic
exterior. Below:
Greater shoulder and
hip room have been
added to the already
roomy interior of
earlier models.

f you're one of those hopelessly old-fashioned people who think that a Lincoln Town Car is only for somebody's great-aunt, think again. The car, which was born in 1980 as an offshoot of the Lincoln Continental, is now the top seller in Ford's Lincoln-Mercury division which has captured nearly 23 percent of the luxury-car market. Captains of industry, such as record and film mogul David Geffen, are whisked around town in Town Cars. Donald Trump is negotiating a lease for fifty of them for his newest Atlantic City casinos. And at the end of Paul Bartel's satirical movie *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills*, several of the characters ride off into the sunset in Town Cars. And why not? The car is roomy, comfortable, quiet, and it has an indefinable yet unmistakable cachet. And now the 1990 Town Car has a new look and feel.

A new look? If you're a Town Car owner—one of those consumers who belong to the conservative half of the luxury-car market, according to Lincoln-Mercury's research—you're probably seeing red right now. Change the Town Car? What's wrong with it the way

it is? Not to worry. Lincoln has made extensive changes to the car without erasing any of the characteristics that Town Car owners know and love. The Town Car of the 1990s has shed its boxy body in favor of a new aerodynamically contoured exterior with aircraft-style doors and flush window glass. This streamlined silhouette significantly reduces the car's coefficient of drag and wind noise, making the already hushed ride even quieter—so much so that the Town Car is being touted as the quietest automobile in the world. Wait a minute, you say suspicious-

features are a five-liter V-8 engine, front-seat air bags, rear-seat lapshoulder belts, and a new electronic instrument cluster with message center (Town Car owners aren't big fans of high technology, but it's helpful, for instance, to know how many more miles you can drive before you run out of gas).

Among the options are antilock brakes, a CD player and JBL sound system, an electrochromic, automatic-dimming rearview mirror, an electronic-memory seat with power lumbar supports, and a power decklid pulldown—carspeak for a trunk you don't have to slam down because it latches automatically. These features are standard in the top-of-the-line Cartier Series, as are special trim and colors. Pearlescent exterior paint is available in titanium, champagne, and crystal blue. Inside, the lightest interior colors Ford has ever used, except white, include titanium and bisque with corresponding pale wood finishes.

Of the more than 200,000 cars Lincoln expects to sell in 1990, at least 120,000 will be Town Cars, which will sell for \$28,000 to

\$33,000. And the manufacturer expects that about 5,000 of those cars will be sold for limousine conversion—an increasingly important aspect of Town Car sales. The Town Car in its unextended state has also become a popular alternative to the limousine when a limo is too big or inappropriate for the occasion.

But whether you're doing the driving or being driven around, if you aren't afraid of making a not-too-grand entrance and want a superb ride on the way, the Lincoln Town Car proves that bigger is sometimes better.



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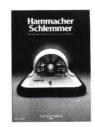
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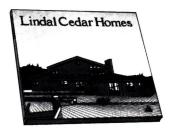
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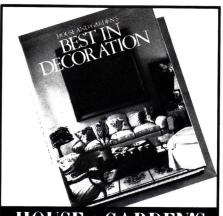
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Creole Comforts

(Continued from page 184) to Florida. He became a man swept away from his identity. He went on to New Orleans, maintaining his residence there at a time when, his work much in demand, he might have been better off in New York. But he had fallen in love with the city. "When you lose a country, you need an identity," he says, and his attachment to New Orleans provides that.

He was trained as an architect there and started a gallery showing his own work and that of other local artists. He ran out of money in 1984, when it seemed that New Orleans, known for a sort of ceaseless economic decline, could not support the gallery. So he designed a piece of furniture for the Contemporary Arts Center and a sort of bonanza ensued.

Some of his most interesting work has been furniture for restaurants, two notable examples of which are the defunct Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel in New Orleans and Cave Canem in New York. There have also been designs for shows in Germany, Sweden, Tokyo, and San Francisco as well as a oneman show at the Gallery of Applied Arts in New York. His gallery is now expanded to Chicago, and his clients are from all over Europe—Paris, Venice, Basel, Zürich and now Tel Aviv. He travels to Europe, the Middle East, the Orient, California, New York, and Chicago attending to his clients. But he is attached to New Orleans. It is a place to dream, which is the work of an artist, as he notes. Its resemblance to Latin America is in the Catholic population, the lush tropical vegetation, and the local attire of white suits. It is a slow, dreamlike, innocent, and godly place.

He says he creates dreams for people. One client came to him and said, "I want to sleep under coconut trees." So he designed a bed in brushed bronze that looks exactly so. Another client said, "I want to wake up like Bot-

ticelli's *Birth of Venus*," and Villa designed that bed, too. From his balcony you can see the Mississippi River, beyond the high dormers of the French Quarter houses. He likes New Orleans on a foggy day, he says, because you can dream.

"Artists, we are selfish," he says. "We live in our own little world. Then we feel guilty because we don't live in the real world. But tell me, who lives in the real world? What is the real world? Everyone lives in their own world." He is somewhat mysterious and quite dramatic, true to his native place, and speaks in a heavy accent, like a man who has lost his country. "I speak English bad. I'm losing my Spanish. So I'm taking Italian-I need a language." Here is a fellow who belongs to the world, as he says, but stays on in New Orleans, true to himself. When you live in New Orleans, you definitely are in your own world, and this is very good for the artist. Have a drink at Napoleon House and you will see why.

Editor: Babs Simpson

Double Exposure

(Continued from page 173) were spending the other seven months in the south of France, along the coast at Ramatuelle, and in Los Angeles."

So June and Helmut decided to move, got their Monaco residency papers in eight days flat, which shows what a man of the hour Newton has been this past decade, the Monegasque royal bureaucracy plainly being well aware that their applicant, as one of the prime artificers of modish sensibility in the beau monde and even demimonde on both sides of the Atlantic, was a catch well worth reeling in with alacrity.

Soon Newton had found a lab in Monte Carlo under the care of a gardener turned photographer which gave him better technical service than he had ever found elsewhere. His negatives are stored in a waterproof and fireproof safe in his office downtown. "So now," he says with satisfaction, "I do all my photography around Monte Carlo. I can make it look like any city I want. No traffic problems. Weather better than in New York or L.A."

He brightens visibly as June, his wife of forty years, enters the room. "I've hundreds of things to tell you," he says, "but not in front of him." He points at me warningly and then falls into strategic planning on where we should have lunch. Rampoldi's? Perhaps too stiff. What about La Pinède down by the sea?

Perfect. He seizes the phone. "C'est New-TON." Reservations are made, and with Helmut impetuously at the wheel, we plunge through the streets in a VW Golf. A vintage VW sits in the garage of the high rise.

The conversation turns briefly to a well-known Hollywood actress, famed for her drinking. "I like the physical aspect of her now," Newton said thoughtfully. "A big derrière, those beautiful legs. The skin that is white, but not quite fresh."

"Oh, Helmy, not quite fresh, how can you say that!"

"But good skin. Very interesting."

"Bruises all over," June says by way of finale.

"I never knew prudery as a young man," Newton muses. "At fourteen at the swimming club in Berlin I fell madly in love. We wanted to make love but didn't know how to do it. Then the girl had to go away for a swimming contest for the weekend, and when she got back, I'd found out what to do. I had my own room with its own entrance and we went ahead and did it. Then I went into the kitchen and I was starving and I told my mother everything. She was a little bit upset, but she said, 'I'm going to increase your pocket money so you can buy French letters. I don't want you bringing home stuffed pigeons,' meaning a girl who was pregnant.

"So none of your fooling around with perverse erotic themes comes from guilt?"

"No, but I do like the concept of sin, of what is forbidden but not forbidden."

By this time we are sitting comfortably under an umbrella by the side of the Mediterranean looking at a sea which, as Newton points out, is as black as the plastic with which Fellini represented the ocean in his film about Casanova.

The conversation turns to voyeurism. I tell them the story related in Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon II*, how Princess Caroline's mother had once agreed to undress in front of a lighted window while Hitchcock spied on her through a telescope.

"But it's Schnitzler's Fräulein Else!"
Newton slaps the table. "It's a story about a young girl who's staying in a grand hotel with her aunt. The mother writes the daughter that the father is being made bankrupt because of some dishonest thing he's done. In the hotel is an elderly man who tells the girl he will save her father's reputation if he can have her. In the end he's in the game room, and the daughter comes down the stairs with nothing on but a fur coat and he gets to see her naked. So he's there in the shadows and she just walks through the room. It's marvelous! I understand that, you see."

I could indeed see why he understands it, since Newton had just given a glowing evocation, courtesy of his beloved Schnitzler, of the mise en scène for a Newton photograph. It had long seemed to me that a lot of Newton's work refers, mostly in irony or parody, to the Nazi culture and aesthetic from which he escaped. Newton readily agrees, citing his famous photographs of large blondes as having just those antecedents in Nazi iconogra-

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BY TINA LEE

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Drexel Heritage Furnishings Inc. 800-447-4700

Expressions Custom Furniture 800-253-9249

Hehman Furniture 800-253-9249

Henredon Furniture Industries 800-444-3682

Kittinger 800-876-2378

Thomasville Furniture 800-225-0265

Wesley Allen Brass Beds 800-541-3027

Wood-Mode 800-635-7500

H o m e F a s h i o n s

Armstrong World Industries, Inc. 800-233-3823

Duette by Hunter Douglas 800-32-STYLE

DuPont* "Stainmaster" Carpet 800-4-DUPONT

Karastan 800-234-1120

Laura Ashley Home Collection 800-223-6917

Raintree Designs 800-422-4400

Tabletop

Georg Jensen 800-223-1275

Lenox China & Crystal 800-635-3669

Noritake Company, Inc. 800-562-1991

Orrefors 800-351-9842

Reed & Barton 800-343-1383

Royal Copenhagen 800-223-1275

Double Exposure

phy of Aryan supergirls. "My pictures are always based on reality. Like Edvard Munch, who said, 'I don't paint what I see, I paint what I saw.' I photograph what I saw. I don't do that S and M stuff anymore," he adds with a hint of nostalgia. "My car used to have chains, always chains in it. I used to tie up girls all the time."

That subject exhausted, Newton recalls how he and June fled London in 1956 and came to Paris without a penny in their pockets, riding in a Porsche.

"You know, Helmut," I say, "you're a high roller."

"I'm not, but I love the expression."

"High rollers have faith, arrive bankrupt in Porsches."

"We've always done that. We've never had any money."

"And we've never had debts," adds June rather prudishly.

"Well, now you've got money, surely, Helmut? At least I hope you have."

"I've even enough to lose on the stock ex-

change. I never lost a minute's sleep. I didn't even tell June."

"So how old were you when you were able to say to yourself, 'I'm not going to die starving'?"

"Pretty recently."

"By the seventies you felt OK?"

"No, it's never OK. That's why I want to buy something now rather than rent. Before it all goes down. We've decided. This is the place. Monte Carlo is perfect. A helicopter to Nice airport. A camera bag, an ordinary lens, and one for close-ups. I travel light."

"You seem a pretty happy couple," I say to June as Helmut once again attempts contact with the Grimaldi bureaucracy to confirm his date with Caroline.

"We've had our ups and downs. You can't stay married without them. But yes, we're happy. Otherwise, he would never have stayed around. Neither of us would. We like each other's company." She is the art director for *Helmut Newton's Illustrated*, the 32-page folio of his ongoing work published at irregular intervals.

"C'est New-TON!" comes a confident roar from his study.

Editor: Paul Sinclaire

Country Neoclassic

(Continued from page 222) the color in the William Hamilton prints of Classical images. The office walls are cloudy blue, in harmony with the background color in one of the fireboards and also with the quality of the hazy blue sky seen out the window over Long Island Sound.

The dining room was the biggest challenge to paint because the green chairs invited a too-cute country cottage treatment. Krieger found an elegant solution while looking at a restored Robert Adam room in a Philadelphia museum. Following Adam, she chose a compatible pink for the walls but firmed it up with gold and black details and furniture, including a stenciled and gilded New York gentleman's dressing table. The table, which serves as a sideboard, is topped with a French egg-shaped hot-water urn, circa 1780, of gunmetal, copper, brass, and silver.

Ease and strength were the twin goals of the Neoclassical poet, and Krieger has emulated these virtues with a peculiarly delicate and epicurean sensibility reminiscent of Mrs. Delany or of Horace Walpole and other eighteenth-century writers whose love of life she cherishes. Her playfulness is real, not ironic—even her china depicts Etruscan vases, patterns, and plates on its surface. In the kitchen is an out-size Wedgwood cheese dish with gods and goddesses running round it like figures in a video game.

Most pleasing among her conceits is the floral motif that runs from room to room throughout the house. Since she does not own the surrounding property, her ability to transform the garden is limited. Instead she displays a collection of botanical prints of hollyhocks, tulips, and poppies, flowers she likes to grow, in vibrant colors but with their shapes isolated and almost as abstract as the palmettes and acanthus patterns that decorate the gilded mirrors, chair backs, and painted surfaces of furniture. She also prizes among her numerous landscape views—everything from sand paintings to the copy of Cole's masterpiece-those that stylize trees and foliage, making icons of nature. In the informal kitchen, the transition between inside and outside is literally effected in a corner where a collection of her garden flowers hang upside down from a drying rack above a wrought-iron table and chairs created for the outdoors. On the chairs, of course, the splat is a cut-out palmette.

Here, in not much more than 1,200 square feet, are ease and strength, color and tradition of a sort that Alexander Pope would not have imagined but might well have approved.

**Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

Sultans of Sag Harbor

(Continued from page 196) them important again. It wasn't just about size, because my feeling is that a small painting can be monumental. It can hold up against large works. Nobody would say that they'd rather have a giant Kiefer than *The Arnolfini Marriage* by Van Eyck.''

Donald Sultan bought the house in Sag Harbor to get away from it all ("if you can get away from it all") with Susan and their two children. Susan Sultan is in the process of producing her first movie, based on Jane Bowles's novel Two Serious Ladies. Susan met Donald when they were both twenty and students at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Now 38, he's been wearing the same blue jeans, navy and white L. L. Bean sweater with a sizable hole at the right elbow, and British National Health glasses ever since I've known him-about two years. He's had a retrospective that originated at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago and ended up at the Brooklyn Museum. His paintings are owned by the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Walker Art Center, the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, and many others, and his work is in great demand among collectors. He's planning to do the

stage sets for a Shakespearean production to be directed by David Mamet in London next year. He had his first show of sculpture last spring, and his paintings continue to fetch ever more money at auction.

"The auction prices, the focusing on how much money people make as a measure of their success, has created an enormously jaded view of art in general, which I don't think is healthy," says Sultan. "Not for the culture, not for the artist, and not for the spectator. It turns one of the great things a culture can provide into something cynical."

Donald Sultan is now thinking about adding fish to his still-life repertoire. "Oysters are a good idea, too." But he's very selective about which objects he paints. "The fruits I pick are because I can make them look like other things. When I paint a pear, I'm not only trying to make it look like a pear. Depending on the way I've arranged them or by the way I've drawn their particular shape, they can be either male or female images." (This would be true of oysters, too.) "It's not a forced thing. It's a question of sensuality. Some people see nothing."

Sultan is brash, self-confident, and immensely appealing, and there is definitely a Sultan style to the house in Sag Harbor. "I've always had a theory that one should lurch one's way through style," he says, explaining that he's not a collector, but an "eclector." He himself bought the Austrian

Biedermeier cupboard and a Second Empire lamp in the dining room, the nineteenth-century French country table and chairs and the large turn-of-the-century kerosene lamp in the kitchen. And it was he who decided to use an old English baker's rack as a cupboard for everyday china. He mixed French café chairs with a Second Empire pedestal table. His idea, too, to throw wool cloths over the tables in the parlor and living room, and to have summer slipcovers made for the sofa and chairs. "I recommend slipcovers for all people," says Sultan. "They're very practical. I had these made out of canvas—the same stuff I use for the paintings."

The Sultans spend as many weekends as they can and all of August in Sag Harbor, and Donald uses whatever is blooming in the garden to make his changing still lifes. "I like flowers jammed in a pot," he says. "I hardly ever mix them. I generally use one kind." It's an English garden, with a pond, wisteria growing over an arbor, beds of herbs, and fruit-plums, peaches, quince, and an espaliered pear tree. "When I saw the garden, I realized that it alone was worth the price of the house," says Sultan. "It's very rare to find a garden like that. It's magnificent. It's all like little rooms. We're thinking of calling the place Bonsai Estate," he adds, surveying his one-seventh of an acre. "It's got what I need on it. Doesn't have anything more or anything less."

Tuscan Pastoral

(Continued from page 156) could make about him was that he left me alone a lot."

The decision to keep the best of the furniture left behind by the previous owners was Giammetti's. The Empire pieces, including a particularly fine sofa made for Princess Mathilde, Napoleon's niece, complement Mongiardino's overall design. They fit in equally well with Giammetti's own eclectic horde of antiques, which, after a lifetime's collecting, he at last has room to display. "I buy what pleases me on instinct, without worrying too much about dates or whether a piece is museum quality." The result is a house full of curiosities that surprise and delight at every turn: Chinese wooden figurines in the garden room that once adorned the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, an Alma-Tadema of a young girl receiving lessons in deportment which sits on a table in the salon, and a lacy ceiling in the Sophia Loren room (she was the inaugural guest) that is an oldworld voluptuary's dream.

Giammetti's proudest contribution was recovering the original library of 2,100 rare books that vanished from La Vagnola during the 1960s when the house was unoccupied for a time. Giammetti discovered the library's whereabouts but was unable to negotiate what he considered a fair price for its return. "I decided this was a gift I should not deny the house or myself. So I went there with a truck. Because I knew the 'dealer' hadn't come by them honestly, I put three people in every room of this guy's house and we took the books. I sent him some money later, but it was like a raid."

A resourceful man full of quiet charm, Giammetti recalls that when he went into business with Valentino in 1960, their ambition was above all to have fun. "We made it our stratagem, if you like, to be happy, to be eager to go back to work each morning." Now, with a labor force of six thousand in Italy alone, their responsibilities have grown. Giammetti, who has offices in Paris and New York, spends half the year abroad. In Rome the remaining six months, he lives modestly in a small apartment in Parioli and puts in long grueling hours at Valentino. But neither

partner has any regrets. "After thirty years we still go to work with the same enthusiasm, which is probably the key to the success of Valentino. We are still having fun."

He may now look forward to spending more time at his country retreat, but Giammetti feels he has earned the privilege. Despite his conservative nature, he seems perfectly at ease with the sumptuousness of life at La Vagnola. The house, he admits, has somehow turned out to be larger and grander—as well as more expensive—than he anticipated. A live-in staff of eight looks after the beau monde that he and Valentino inevitably draw into their slipstream.

But when he is there alone or with a few friends from Rome, life in the Giammetti household has a way of revolving around the gigantic video screen in the tower room. "You can create the most beautiful place in the most beautiful spot in the world and still end up in front of the TV," Giancarlo Giammetti observes a little wistfully as he steps out into the greenest of green gardens to discuss this year's olive crop with an old man who waits, cap in hand.

Editor: Deborah Webster

Resources

DESIGN

Page 64 Solus dresser in ebony/gold leaf/bronze/ natural ash with attached frames, by Mimmo Paladino, approx \$20,000, Big Sur sofa, by Peter Shire, \$14,665, for Meta Memphis Collection of Memphis Milano, to the trade at Urban Architecture, Detroit (313) 873-2707. Lamp Mercure floor lamp with plexiglass wings, \$270, wheeled screen of gold-leaf paper with horsehair tassels, by Patrick Naggar, \$800 per panel, for ARC International, to the trade at Urban Architecture (see above). Glass-topped table of cast bronze with matching chair, by Sandro Chia, approx \$10,000, Modus Operandi upholstered settee with removable coverlet, by Joseph Kosuth, approx \$15,000, for Meta Memphis Collection of Memphis Milano, to the trade at Urban Architecture (see above). 66 Oak/ inlaid-brass table and stool, by Lawrence Wiener, approx \$15,000, Private Lamp for Artists, by Franz West, approx \$3,000, aluminum Orogio clock, by Alighiero E Boetti, approx \$500, Rivolo chair with ash legs, cane seat, terra-cotta back, by Pier Paolo Calzolari, approx \$2,500, from Meta Memphis Collection of Memphis Milano, to the trade at Urban Architecture (see above).

DECORATION

Page 90 Merrion Square porcelain dinner plate, \$1755-piece setting, at Tiffany & Co., NYC, Atlanta, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Houston, San Francisco. Dublin Toile cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver,

Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Honeysuckle Trail cotton, 54" wide, \$30 yd, to the trade at Schumacher, call (800) 423-5881. Graber cotton, to the trade at Robert Allen, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Beach, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. Ribbon Cartouche cotton, 54" wide, \$30 yd, to the trade at Schumacher (see above). Carriage clock, \$1,250, at Tiffany & Co. (see above). Killiney Stripe 27" wide, \$27 yd, Killiney wallpapers, 27" wide, \$25 yd, to the trade at Schumacher (see above). Meadow Croft pillowcases, approx \$16 set of two, comforter, approx \$150 queen, by Martex. Mandarin Toss wallpaper border, 51/2" high, \$27 per 5-yd spool, to the trade at Schumacher (see above).

ANTIQUES

Pages 100, 104 Palissy-style ceramics are available from the following dealers: L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, 36 East 73 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 517-9176; Blumka Gallery, 101 East 81 St., New York, NY 10028 (212) 734-3222; Didier Aaron, 32 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 988-5248; Hubert des Forges, 1193 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10028 (212) 744-1857; Linda Horn, 1015 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 772-1122; Ann Lawrence Antiques, 250 West 39 St., New York, NY 10018 (212) 302-4036; Lenox Court Antiques, 972 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 772-2460; Edward R. Lubin, 3 East 75 St., New York, NY 10021 (212) 288-4145; J. Garvin Mecking, 72 East 11 St., New York, NY 10003 (212) 677-4316; Palladio, 915 North La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069 (213) 652-3162. CORRECTION In the "Antiques" column for Auaust 1989 Resources, the number for Thomas-Matthews Antiques, Kensington, Md., was listed incorrectly. The correct number is (301) 564-4971.

FORECASTS

Page 118 Natural iron bench, \$1,030, to the trade at Syllian Collections, NYC; Speake Garden Furnishings, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Serval cotton/viscose, 53" wide, \$121 yd, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard B. Hecker & Assocs., Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Hinson & Co., Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Mattoon, Seattle; Rist Corp., Washington, D.C. Cotton animal-skin bath towels, \$40 ea, at Hubert des Forges, NYC (212) 744-1857. Leopard plate, \$35 dessert, at Tiffany & Co. (see above for pg 90). Sabu chintz, 49" wide, \$39 yd, Zebra viscose/silk, 54" wide, \$135 yd, Leopard silk, 55" wide, \$135 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Turner-Greenberg, Dania; Keith McCoy, Los Angeles; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Sloan-Miyasato, San Francisco. Leopard-patterned wooden screen, to the trade at Robert Allen (see above for pg 90). Contoured leopard-printed suede belt, by Louis dell'Olio, for Anne Klein & Co., \$280, at selected stores. Leopard- and zebra-patterned nylon-on-vinyl doormats, \$35 ea, to the trade at Grand Entrance, call (415) 435-3779. Botanik wallpaper border, 15" wide, \$30 yd, to the trade at Boussac of France, NYC; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Decorators Walk, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Washington, D.C.; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Newton-Edwards, Laguna Niguel; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Taggart-Zweibel, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Sloan-Miyasato, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. Leopard clay urn, to the trade at Robert Allen (see above for pg 90). Tiger hand-knotted wool rug, \$6,000, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Cashmere/silk challis scarf, by Louis dell'Olio, for Anne Klein & Co., \$410, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

FOR THE GARDEN

Page 124 Iron twig table, by John Ryman, \$950, at Zona, NYC (212) 925-6750. Lawn chair, by Simon Ungers, \$800, Gallery of Functional Art, Santa Monica (213) 450-2827. Wrought-iron Gothick chair, \$445, at Lexington Gardens, NYC (212) 861-4390. Galvanized woven steel chair, by David Hess, \$900, at Lewis Dolin, NYC; City Artworks, Charlotte. Painted wooden Wachusetts chair, by Robert E. March, \$750, at Sansar Gallery, Washington, D.C. (202) 244-4448. 126 Amalgam chair, \$425 with oxidized steel frame and slung seat of canvas, \$600 with leather, at Wynne Guild, Oilville (804) 784-5051. Painted wooden Albemarle chair, \$870, by David Easton, call (516) 789-4877. Ceylon side chair of sand-cast aluminum with back cushion, \$391, at Tropitone, Sarasota (813) 355-2715. Iron bench, by John Ryman, \$800 with cushion, at Zona (see above). Iron Arden chair, from Winterthur Collection, \$399, by Garden Source Furnishings, Atlanta, call (404) 351-6446.

TUSCAN PASTORAL

Pages 149–51, 156 Valentino Più Tessuti per Arredamento, to order from Rivalba, Cremona 0375-43-836.



THE BIG PICTURE

Pages 162-63 K'ang Hsi lacquer with chinoiserie table, \$8,820, Brighton ebony with gilt armchairs, \$4,350 ea, to the trade at Rose Tarlow-Melrose House, Los Angeles; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Gerald Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. Bullion fringe on chairs, to the trade at West Coast Trimming, Los Angeles (213) 272-6569. 164 Goat Foot Regency-style armchairs, black lacquer/gold finish, to the trade at Marcello Mioni, Los Angeles (213) 278-0368. 165 Italian Regency-style gilt bench, \$2,970, to the trade at Rose Tarlow-Melrose House (see above). Pompeiian table (#20236), \$1,905 for matte white (other finishes available), to the trade at Sirmos, NYC; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; McClearn-Cotney, Birmingham; Ostrer House, Boston; Hargett, Dallas; JEH Denver, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; Collins & Draheim, Seattle. 166-67 Doe Foot lacquer/gilt with chinoiserie small table, \$3,600, to the trade at Rose Tarlow-Melrose House (see above). West Coast Trimming Bullion fringe on chaise (see above).

CREOLE COMFORTS

Pages 180–85 Steel and painted wood furniture, by Mario Villa, Chicago, New Orleans; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; Shears & Window, San Francisco. Personalized bed linens, special order at Linens, New Orleans (504) 568-8148.

PARED DOWN PENTHOUSE

Pages 186-91 Three over Stripe wallpaper, 21" wide, \$48 roll and a half, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. 187 Marble fruit, \$14 ea, at Zona, NYC (212) 925-6750. 188-90 Floor, designed by Bryn Evensen, Jersey City (201) 433-8177; materials from Hoboken Wood Floors (212) 759-5917. 189 Milano cotton taffeta for curtains, 55" wide, \$57 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Medieval Moiré jute/cotton on armchairs, 51" wide, \$72 yd, to the trade at Grey Watkins, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Dania, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C.; Randolph & Hein, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. 191 Somali Panther wool carpeting, 12' wide, \$116 sq yd, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118).

BACK BAY REFLECTIONS

Pages 206-07 Baudelaire cotton, 51" wide, \$99 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 186-91). Armchairs in cowhide, from Hermes Leather, NYC (212) 947-1153. Decorative texturing and glazing, by Robert Sinclair, Boston (617) 646-3271. 208-09 Geranium Chintz, 51" wide, \$81 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 186-91). Pillow on Sheraton armchair in Sea Coral cotton, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. Sierra wool carpet, \$37.45 sq. yd, to the trade at Rosecore Carpet, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Linn Ledford, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Richard Guillen, Laguna Niguel; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Wroolie & LoPresti, San Francisco; Collins & Draheim, Seattle; Wade

Carter, Tempe; Ghiordes Knot, Troy. Higford Medallion wool/nylon carpet in master bedroom, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118), Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, NYC, Chicago; Designer Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Hi-Craft, Dania; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; James Goldman & Assocs., Seattle; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C.; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach.

A SOMERS PLACE

Page 210 Chaises (#T10), at John Good Imports, Los Angeles (213) 655-6484. 213 Chairs (#T3B), at John Good Imports (see above). Cotton tablecloth (#5638A), 94" cir, \$1,142, at D. Porthault, NYC (212) 688-1660. 213, 215 Wicker furniture cushions in Mille Fleurs cotton, 54" wide, \$66 yd, at D. Porthault (see above). 215 Cotton voile sheets (#C86), at D. Porthault (see above).

COUNTRY NEOCLASSIC

Pages 216–17 Taffetas Raye Corelli rayon, 50" wide, \$58.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 186–91). 218–19 Etienne Strié Texture rayon/cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 90). 220 Antique bronze stem Solar lamp, \$1,800, from Galleria Hugo, NYC (212) 288-8444. 221 Régence wallpaper in bathroom, 27" wide, \$23 single roll, Randolph wallpaper border, 4¾" high, \$4.70 yd, from the Golden Age of Williamsburg collection, by Katzenbach & Warren, to the trade at Kinney Wallcoverings, call (800) 535-2878.

BEDTIME STORY

Pages 224-29 Ascensia down pillows, Quintessa down comforter, Scandia Signature down comforter, from Scandia Down Shops, call (800) 237-5337, in Washington (800) 367-3696. Down pillows, \$130 ea European Square, at Descamps. NYC, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. Mattresses and box springs, by Simmons. 224-25 Campaign bed, steel/brass, \$3,360 full, through Michael Shannon, call (415) 641-9444. Amboise cotton flat sheets, \$86 ea full, pillowcases, \$56 ea standard, pillowcases, \$62 ea European, from Palais Royal, call (804) 979-3911. Windsor Plaid two-tone jacquard comforter, \$750 king, at Frette, NYC, Beverly Hills. Antelope Wilton-weave rug, \$500 4'x6" size, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118). Jan Groover untitled photograph, \$3,500, at Robert Miller Gallery, NYC (212) 980-5454. Oak stepstool, \$750, Moroccan inlaid tabouret, \$1,200, Art Deco bronze lamp, \$1,200, French glass obelisk, \$350, at Florence Sack, Ltd., NYC (212) 777-2967 Moroccan inlaid octagonal table, \$2,000, at Capo D'Acqua Antiques, NYC (212) 353-9681. 226 Railroad Baron's bed, Honduran mahogany, \$10,520 queen, from M. Craig Cabinetmaker, call (803) 254-5994. Bali cotton sateen bed linens, \$720 king set (top and bottom sheet, two standard shams), shams, \$140 ea European Square, Bali cotton sateen print comforter, \$2,150 king, Bali cotton sateen embroidered paisley coverlet, \$600, at Frette (see above). Antique Serapi, \$45,000 10"x14" size, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118). Gallant Friend painting, by Reginald Baxter, \$3,000, at Andrew Kolb & Son, NYC (212) 684-2980. Black French Empire lamp, \$1,850, small alabaster covered urn, \$150, bronze Neoclassical floor lamp, \$1,850, American Empire mahogany table, \$4,500, Neoclassical marble bust, \$1,800, Neoclassical French opaline vase, \$950, Neoclassical plate with gold rim, \$150, American iron bench, c. 1830, \$2,800, at Florence Sack, Ltd., NYC (212) 777-2967. Louis XV leather hall chair, \$700, at Capo D'Acqua Antiques, NYC (212) 353-9681. 227 Scandinavian mahogany bed in cream finish, by Mark Hampton, \$2,471 queen, from Hickory

Chair, call (704) 328-1801. Silk Plaid, 48" wide, \$111 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC, Stamford; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas, Houston; Design West, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls Showrooms, Portland, Seattle. Bal Harbour Supercale cotton sheets, \$50 flat queen, \$42 fitted queen, shams, \$38 ea European, pillowcases, \$30 pr standard, by Wamsutta Home Products. Nuvola cotton sateen embroidered comforter, \$975 king, at Frette (see above). Chinese needlepoint rug, \$5,500 8' x 11' size, to the trade at Stark (see above for pa 118). French 19th-century screen, \$15,000, at Little Antique Shop, NYC (212) 673-5173. Italian marble/ gilt 18th-century cabinets, \$7,200 pr, at Capo D'Acqua Antiques, NYC (212) 353-9681. Neoclassical French porcelain lamps, \$1,200 pr, at Florence Sack, Ltd., NYC (212) 777-2967. The Poster Bed (#6303) of painted cherrywood with upholstered headboard, by Mario Buatta, for John Widdicomb, \$6,000 COM queen, call (616) 459-7173. Henrietta cotton/polyester bed linens, by Mario Buatta, for Revman, sheets, \$35 ea gueen (flat and fitted), pillowcases, \$27 pr standard, shams, \$45 ea European, decorative pillows, \$35 ea, dust ruffle, \$65 queen, comforter, \$170 queen, call (800) 237-0658. Spanish hand-knotted woven carpet, \$3,700 6'x9' size, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 118). Monet-inspired paintings, \$750 ea, Dog painting, by Thomas Martin, \$700, at Andrew Kolb & Son, NYC (212) 684-2980. The Prince of Wales Plume reproduction armchair in satinwood finish with painted decoration, \$2,950, at Howard Kaplan Antiques, NYC (212) 674-1000. Art Nouveau inlaid mahogany easel, \$4,000, at Capo D'Acqua Antiques, NYC (212) 353-9681. Venetian console table, c. 1910, of gilded and painted wood, \$1,800, Chinese porcelain lamp, \$950, at Florence Sack, Ltd., NYC (212) 777-2967. Silk lampshade, \$500 9"x13"x14" size, to order at Howard Kaplan Antiques, NYC (212) 674-1000. 228 Pencil Post bed of maplewood in Old English finish, \$1,300 full, at Leonard's Antiques, Seekonk (508) 336-8585. Annie cotton chambray top sheet, \$70 full, Annie pillowcases, \$71 pr standard, Caitlin cotton chambray fitted sheet, \$58 full, Bradley unnapped wool blanket, \$160 full, Clara cotton throw pillow, \$80, Mattress Ticking throw pillow on chair, \$70, Ticking Stripe cotton on chair, 54" wide, \$35 yd, by Ralph Lauren Home Collection American Country, at Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom; Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach; Polo/ Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Palo Alto. Needlepoint 20th-century rug, \$900, 6'x9' size, 1940s painting, by Ambrose Kennedy, from a collection at Greenwich Auction Room, NYC (212) 533-5930. Danish birchwood armchair, c.1880, \$825, handpainted Danish pine table, c. 1900, \$925, at Pine Country Antiques (212) 529-3480. 229 Parrot bed in salmon finish, \$9,750, from Patina, call (800) 635-4365. Golden Garland pima cotton/polyester bed linens, from the Court of Versailles Collection, by Cannon Royal Family, flat sheet, \$78 full, duvet, \$230 full, shams, \$80 ea standard, breakfast pillow, \$50, call (800) 237-3209. White boudoir pillows in linen and cotton, \$35-\$70, at Cherchez, NYC (212) 737-8215. Shams in silk, cotton, or linen, \$50-\$275, at N.K.A. Fine Linens & Textiles, NYC (212) 995-9050. Vienna cotton sateen embroidered comforter, \$760 king, at Frette (see above). American hooked rug, 1920s, \$350 6'x6' size, antique Neoclassical painting, \$750, from a collection at Greenwich Auction Room, NYC (212) 533-5930. Biedermeier side table, c. 1850, \$3,500, French faux tortoise tole lamp, \$475, at Florence Sack, Ltd., NYC (212) 777-2967.



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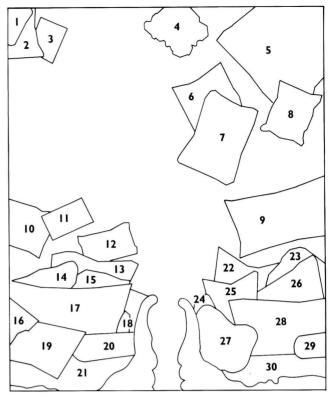
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Resources

SAMPLES

Page 230 Iron sleigh bed, \$2,750, at T. & K. French Antiques, NYC (212) 219-2472. KEY TO PILLOW COLLAGE: 1. Mesa Verde cotton/polyester decorative pillow, by Osborne & Little, \$35, for Revman, call (800) 237-0658. 2. Mesa Verde pillowcase, by Osborne & Little, \$22 pr standard, for Revman (see above). 3. Mesa Verde breakfast pillow, by Osborne & Little, \$35. for Revman (see above). 4. Delphinium combed cotton ruffled sham, by Eileen West, \$40, for Utica, call (800) 845-1661. 5. Silk Charmeuse pillowcase with gold tassel trim (#2941-K), by La Scala Riesner, \$225 king, from Coronation Collection, at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, Chicago, White Plains; I. Magnin, San Francisco; In Detail, Burlington, McLean, Rockville, Washington, D.C. **6.** Russian Hill embroidered cotton accessory pillow, \$64, at Esprit Bath & Bed, call (212) 382-

5407. 7. Boudoir silk/cotton Charmeuse potpourri-filled pillow with gold lamé (#2951), by La Scala Riesner, \$225, from Coronation Collection (see #5 above). 8. Night Range cowhide-print cotton/polyester sham, by Perry Ellis, \$40 standard, for Atelier Martex, call (212) 382-5407. 9. Siena cotton/polyester pillowcase, by Louis Nichole, \$13 pr, for Utica (see above). 10. Arabesque cotton/polyester pillowcase, \$28, at Descamps, (see above for pgs 224-29). II. Pacific Stripe cotton/ polyester pillowcase, \$25 pr standard, at Sheridan, call (800) 777-9563. 12. English Ivy cotton pillowcase, by Fieldcrest, \$50 pr standard, from Stately Homes Collection, call (800) 841-3336. 13. Boston cotton square pillowcase, \$32, at Descamps (see above for pgs 224-29). 14. Greek Key cotton pillow, from D. Porthault Studio Collection, \$61, at D. Porthault, call (212) 688-1660. 15. Boudoir silk/cotton Charmeuse potpourri-filled pillow with gold lamé (#2951), (see #7 above). 16. Siena damask pillow, by Louis Nichole, \$30, for Utica (see above). 17. Night Range cowhide-print cotton/polyester sham (see #8 above). 18. Mesa Verde striped pillow (see #3 above). 19. Russian Hill embroidered cotton accessory pillow (see #6 above). 20. Mesa Verde striped cotton/polyester neckroll, by Osborne & Little, \$35, for Revman (see above). 21. Silk Charmeuse sheet trimmed with gold-cord edge (#2951-K), by La Scala Riesner, \$1,400 king flat or fitted, from Coronation Collection, (see #5 above). 22. Ascot cotton sham, by Liberty of London, \$50, for Martex (see above). 23. Palace Garden cotton/polyester ruffled sham, \$60 standard, by Laura Ashley, call (800) 223-6917. 24. Sateen 230 combed cotton/Kodel polyester pillow, by Springmaid, \$25, call (800) 537-0115. **25.** Pacific Stripe cotton/polyester pillowcase (see #11 above). 26. Three-line embroidered European cotton sham, \$190 king, at Pratesi, NYC, Bal Harbour, Beverly Hills, Palm Beach. 27. Eros cotton sateen ruffled breakfast pillow, by Natori, \$89, for Revman (see above). 28. Palace Garden cotton striped pillowcase, \$44 pr standard, by Laura Ashley (see above). 29.



Spencer cotton/polyester neckroll, by Tastemaker, for Stevens, \$15, from Country Inn Collection, call (800) 845-1661. 30. Cottage cotton/polyester polka-dotted sheet, by Adrienne Vittadini, \$25 full flat, for Fieldcrest (see above).

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the "Shopping" column for the May issue, it was reported that Kogan & Co. is the only outlet in New York for Colefax & Fowler accessories. In fact, Cherchez was the first in New York and continues to offer an extensive range of Colefax & Fowler products. Lee Bogart in Locust Valley, New York, also carries them.

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Gandee AT LARGE

Many of Bruce Newman's fantasies are X-rated. But he's not ashamed. In fact, he's going public

n the fifth floor of the six-floor antique furniture gallery his father founded fifty years ago in Manhattan, Bruce Newman is perched on a silver-leaf bench made of three giant clamshells. His left hand is cupped over the naked right breast of an eight-foot-tall wooden Art Nouveau nymph standing next to the Birth of Venusstyle settee, and his gaze is fixed on a nineteenth-century Italian bronze brazier supported by a trio of also-naked boys with erect, and conspicuously overscale, phalluses. "Take the picture now," cries Newman with unabashed delight. "Why don't we try something else?" I suggest. We compromised on a peacock tête-à-tête.

After the photographer puts away his tripod and the plumed bird has been returned to its nest, Newman leads me to his ground-floor office where he embarks on an animated discussion of the second great passion of his life-furniture. (The first great passion of his life is his wife.) It's not just any old brown breakfront that sends adrenalin racing through Newman's bloodstream, however. It's a specific genre of furniture which the dealer originally dubbed Quality Camp but which he more recently rechristened Fantasy Furniture. Why the name change? "Because Fantasy Furniture is classier than Quality Camp," explains Newman. "And you can get more money for it." (The barebreasted nymph is one of a \$75,000

pair. The bare-bottomed-boy brazier is one of a \$45,000 pair.)

And just what is Fantasy Furniture? According to Newman, it's furniture that is "erotic, surrealistic, seductive, romantic, bizarre, robust, grotesque, humorous, whimsical, symbolistic, and seriously decadent." In other words Fantasy Furniture is a school of thought not a style, an attitude not a pedigree, a state of mind not a period. Its appeal is more visual than curatorial, more visceral than academic, and its highly decorative constituency ranges from the

ominous—a pair of carved walnut torchères that take the form of Mr. and Mrs. Satan—to the enchanting—a massive late nineteenth century desk crawling with frolicking hand-carved bear cubs.

Newman's obsession with the genre began in 1950 when his father took him on a tour of the Brighton Pavilion, the early nineteenth century seaside palace of England's Prince Regent. In Newman's mind, the Brighton Pavilion is the Valhalla of Fantasy Furniture, the font of inspiration. His eyes get almost misty when he talks about the gargantuan palm tree columns, a larger-than-life dragon chandelier, and Brobdingnagian plantain leaf frieze that fill the exotic retreat. "When I come back in my next life," he muses, "I want to be the Prince Regent. He really understood how to enjoy life." Until then, however, Newman must content himself with spreading the word about Fantasy Furniture, which thanks to Newel Art Galleries, his primary vehicle, is both a painless and a profitable task.

Although Newman prides himself on overseeing what must surely be one of the most exhaustive—and exhausting—collections of antique furniture in New York City, his heart isn't really in many of the furniture types that Newel carries: "Bauhaus? Not in my haus," he quips. "Traditional English furniture? It's great if you have insomnia." But Newman's attitude is understandable. It's hard not to be seduced by the more remarkable fare—by the sensuous curves of a dragon-footed récamier, for example—tucked in between the Swedish Biedermeier and the Mission oak like tempting sirens beckoning customers to explore more exotic lands.

Given the intensity of Newman's zeal, perhaps it was inevitable

that he would seek to convert a larger audience to the cause, that he would offer to share the fantasy, if you will, with those who cannot drop by his East 53rd Street gallery. So in an attempt to spread the word, Newman has assembled a 200page monograph on his favorite subject, entitled, appropriately enough, Fantasy Furniture, which Rizzoli unveils this month. In addition to proclaiming the gospel according to Bruce Newman, Fantasy Furniture, the book, will also serve as the catalogue for "Fantasy Furniture," the exhibition. Newman handpicked the 250 pieces included in the show, opening September 19 at the National Academy of Design in New York.

Although most of the pieces in the exhibition have been culled from Newman's collection, one or two were borrowed. For example, Newel didn't

have anything quite like the Prince of Wales's 1890 Rococo-style chair that the cabinetmaker Soubrier designed and installed in Le Chabanais, the famous nineteenth-century Paris bordello, for the prince's personal use during his frequent visits. Complete with stirrups, the two-tiered *siège d'amour* enabled the stout Edward "to amuse himself," as Newman so delicately puts it, "with two ladies at the same time." Which only goes to show you that then, as now, some fantasies do indeed come true.

Charles Gandee



HG SEPTEMBER 1989